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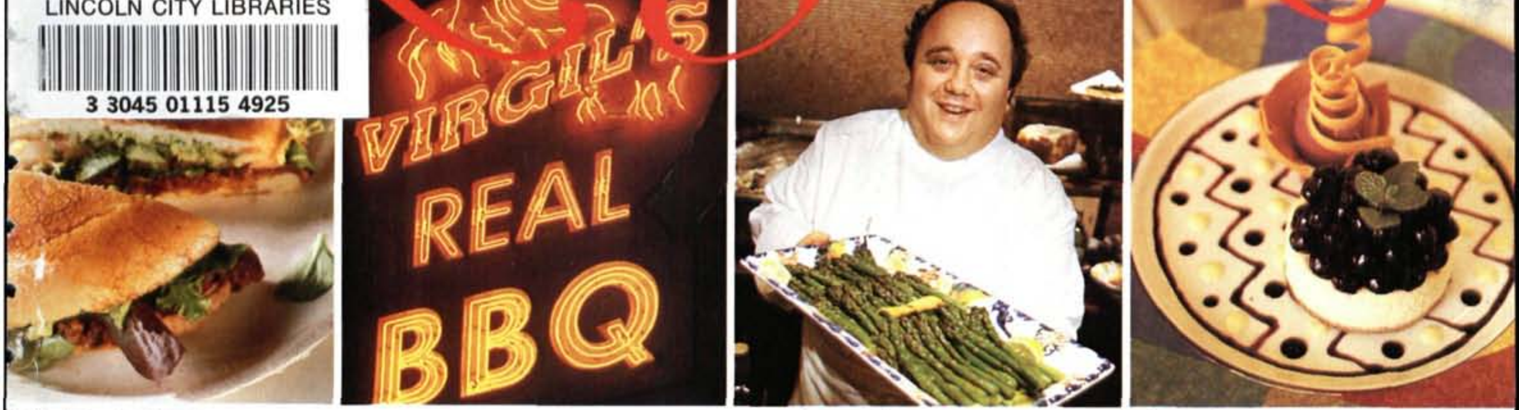

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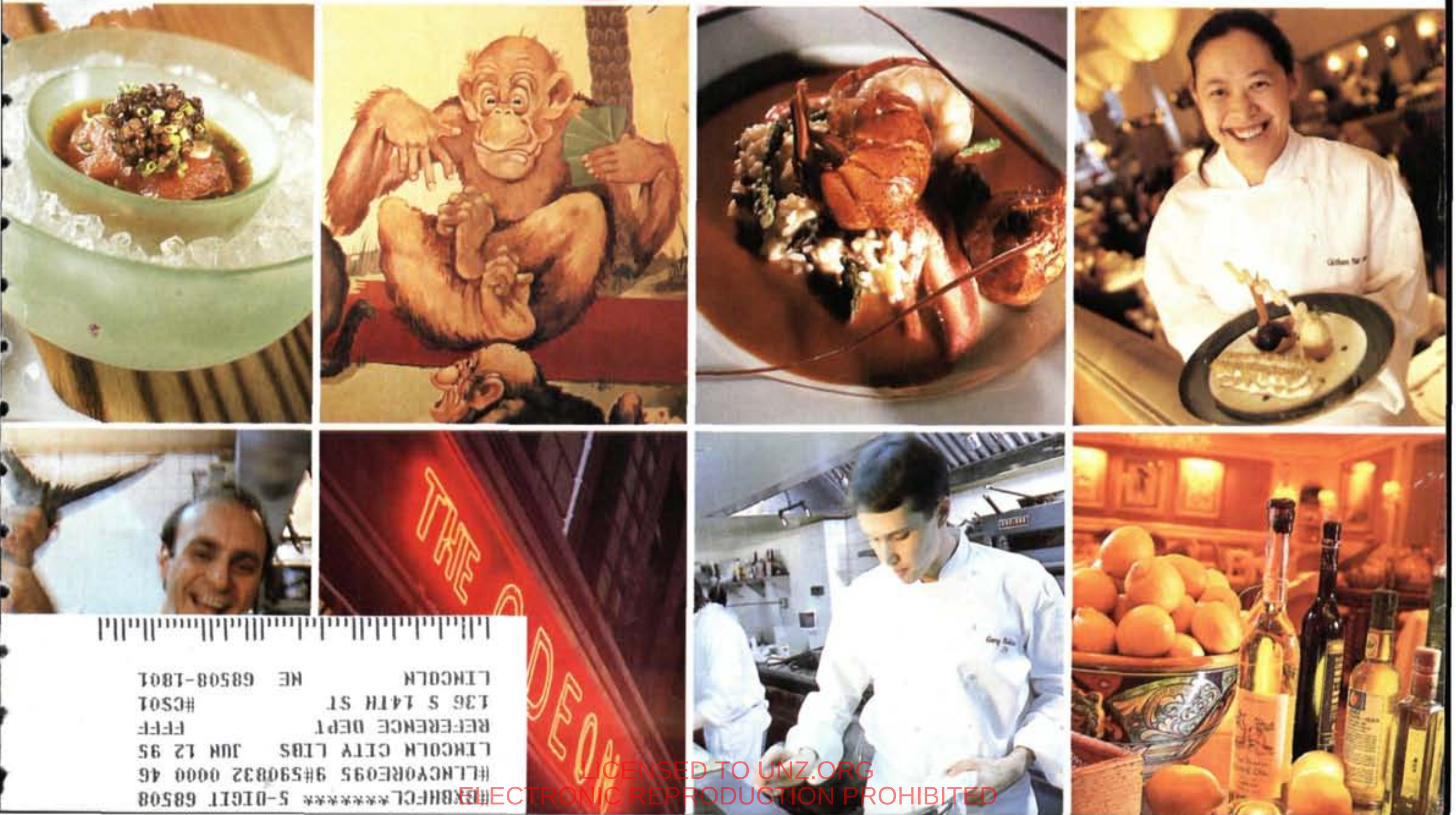

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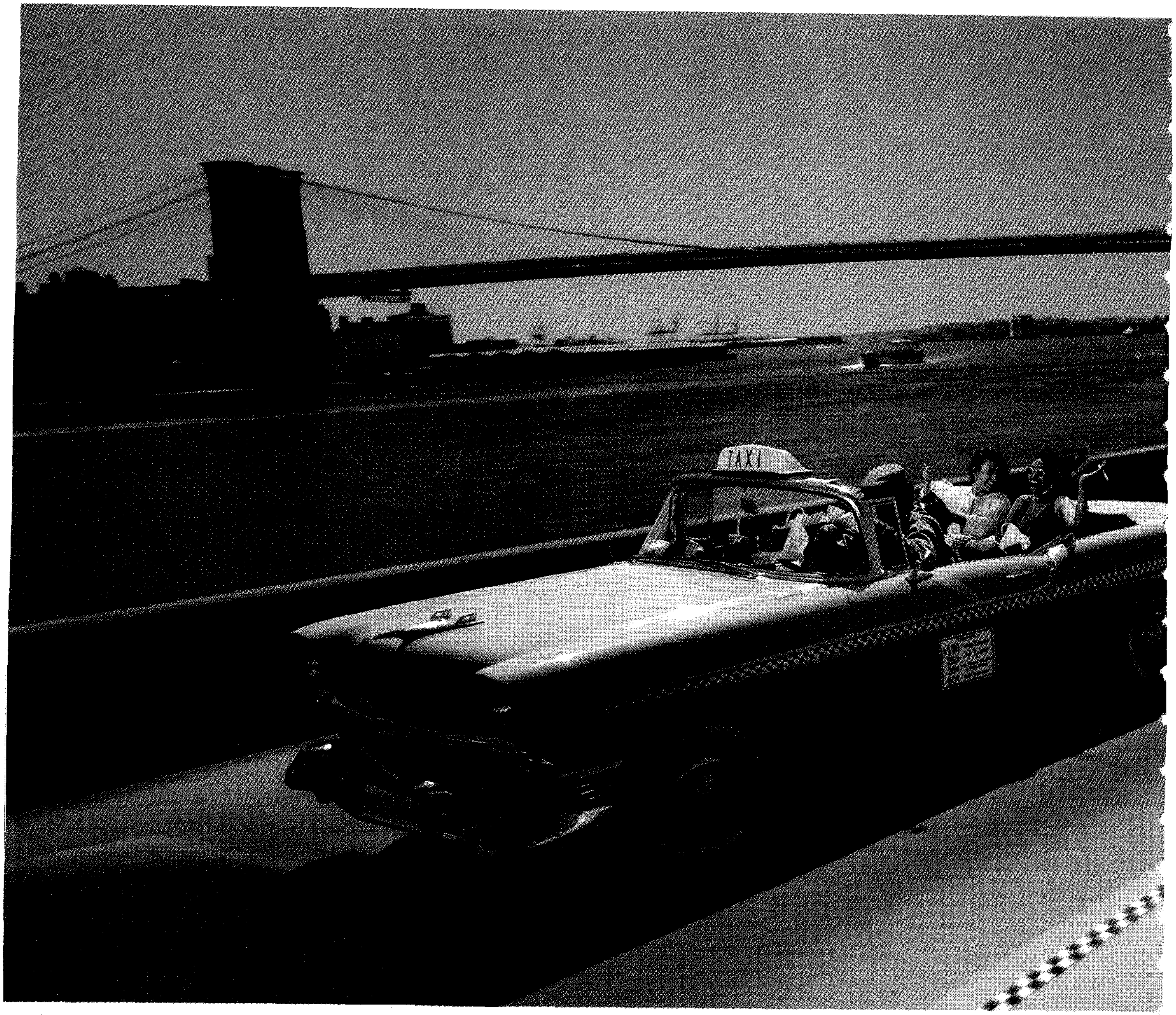

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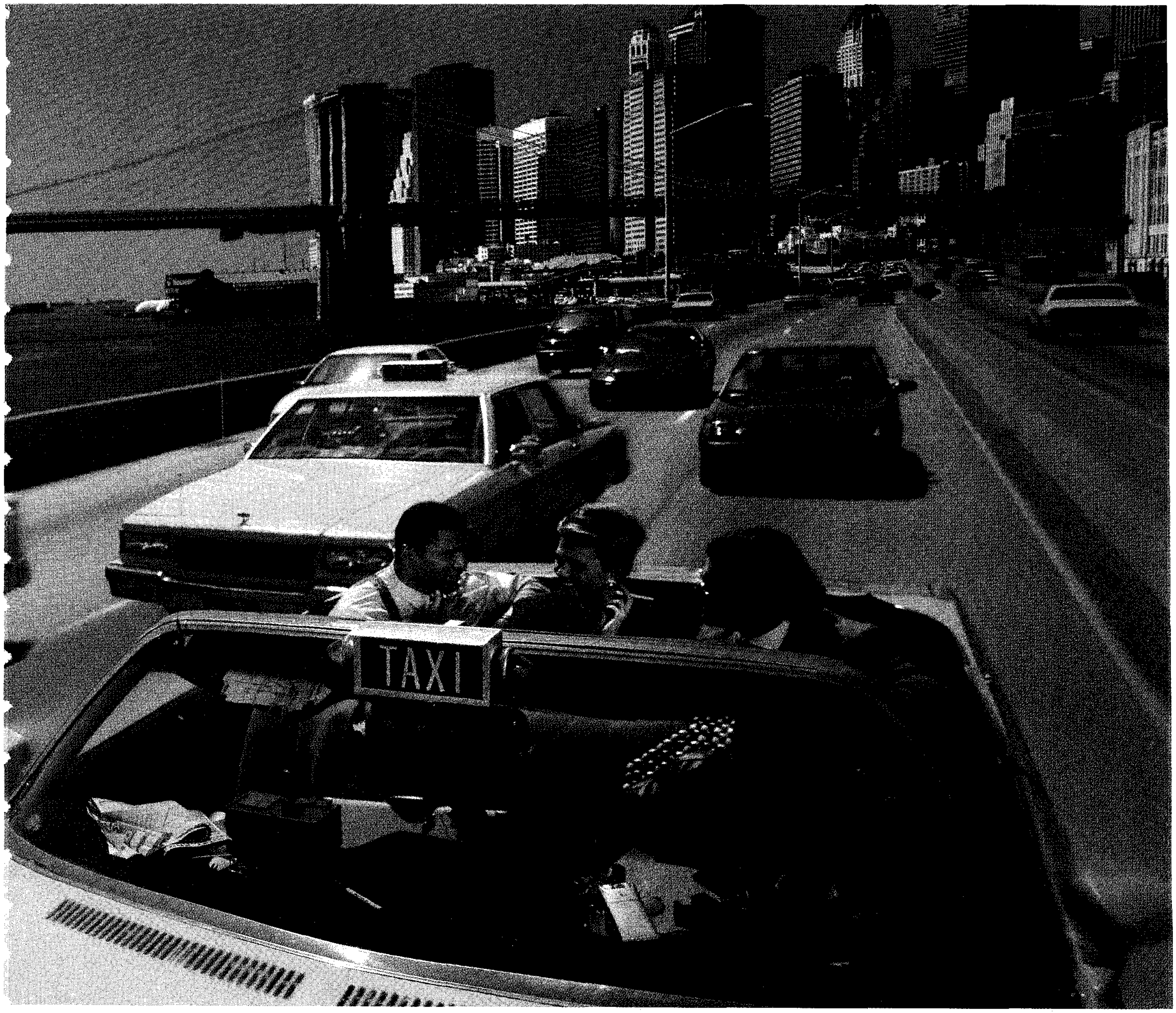

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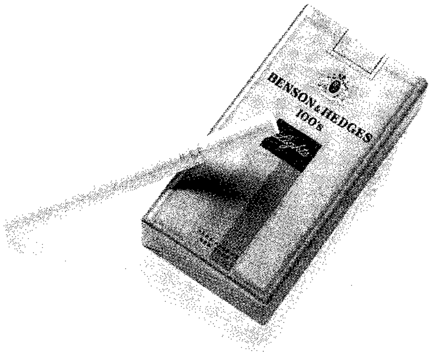
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Contents Jan. 2, 1995

> *"A woman who has lived all her life in New York looks at me and says, 'You have cities in the Midwest, don't you?' I said, 'Well, Minneapolis is a city. But most people in Minneapolis still keep chickens.' "*
>
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By T. J. English

Tom McCoy/Los Angeles Daily News

New York attorneys Barry Scheck and Peter Neufeld (right) use DNA testing to help free people who were wrongly convicted. But when the two got involved in the O. J. Simpson case, their do-gooder colleagues began to wonder: Can even the most passionate lefties emerge from that circus with their credibility intact?

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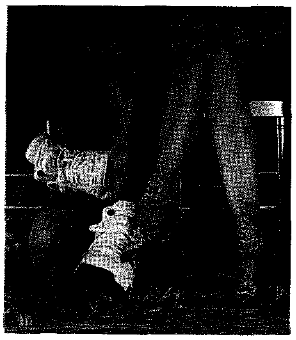

We went to a marvelous party, but unlike Noël Coward, we invited everyone, dressed them, and took amazing photos. The guests? An intriguing assortment of eight celebrated, accomplished, witty, charming, flawlessly put-together New Yorkers. And you. Plus, New Year's resolutions of the rich and fabulous. Cheers!

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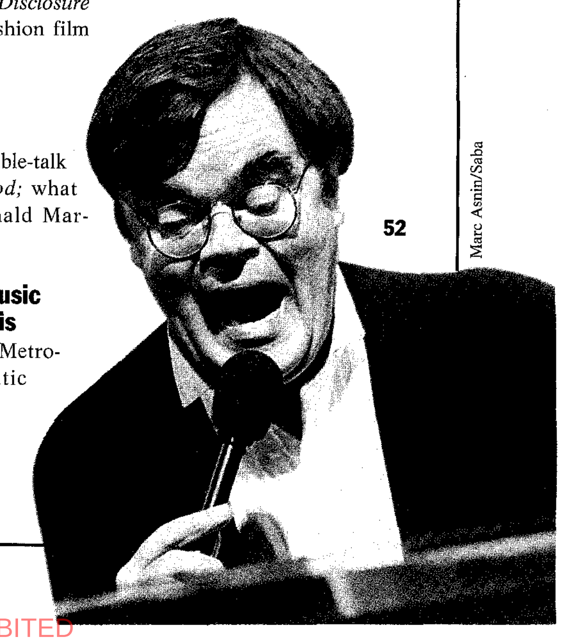

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Marc Asnin/Saba

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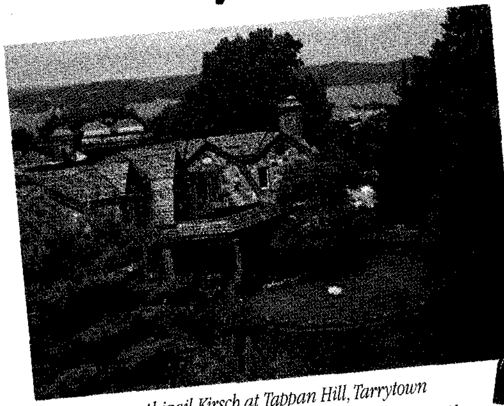
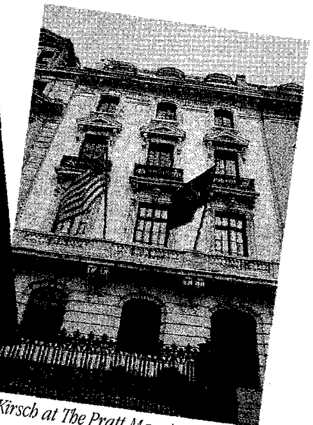
Country House. City House.



Abigail Kirsch at Tappan Hill, Tarrytown



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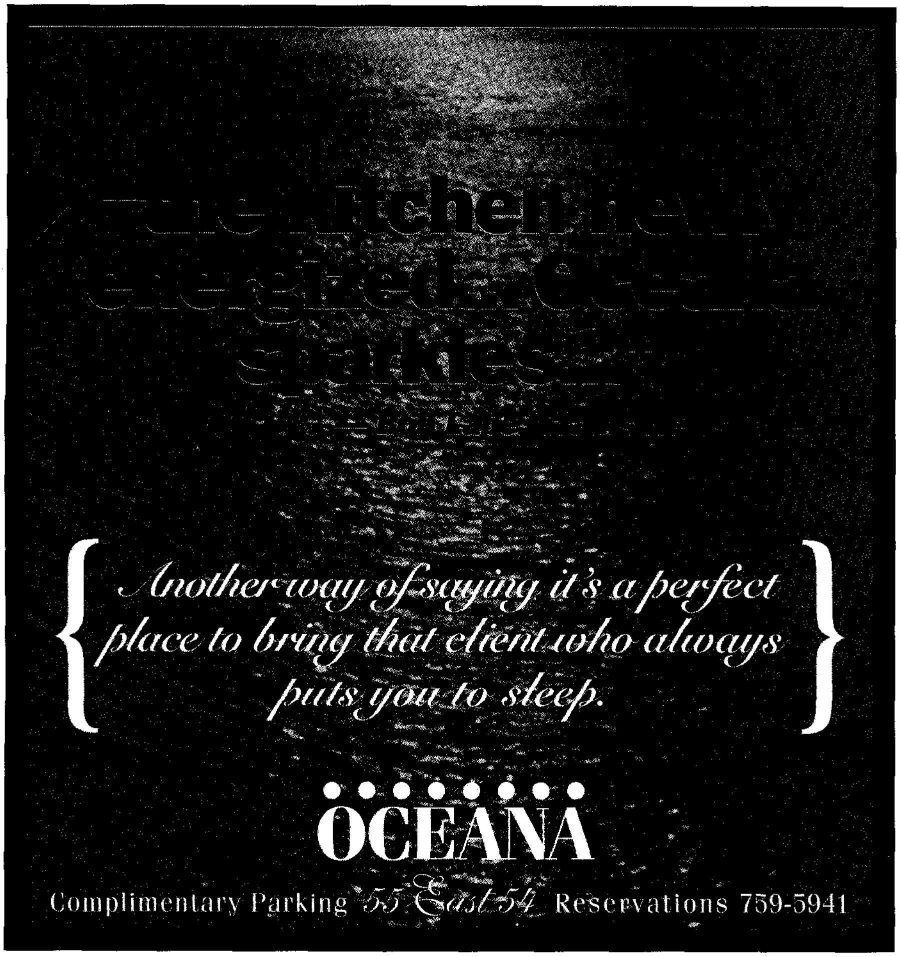

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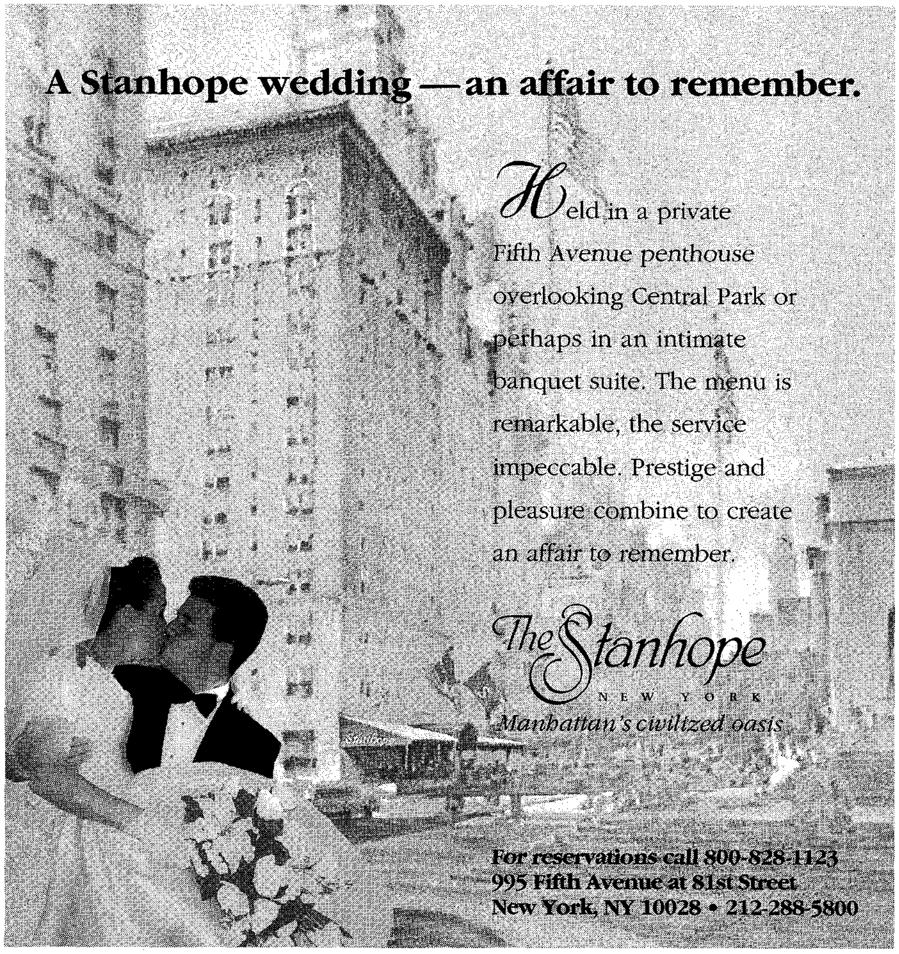

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A Gift of Glove

Bulgari snaps back; mitts for a cold snap; Camelot snapshots.

MY THANKS TO YOU FOR MY Christmas present in the December 5 issue. That's the most humane piece of advertising I've ever seen and/or felt. My gloves are "on" to DKNY and Absolut vodka! Cheers!

Jenny Jacoby
COLUMBUS, OHIO

OF ALL THE GIFTS TO BE EXCHANGED IN this Christmas season, I will treasure a tiny pair of gloves so symbolic of the true meaning of Christmas—the warmth we feel in our hearts toward our fellow man. My thanks to Absolut, DKNY, and *New York* Magazine. That's what it's all about.

Lucille McCauley
ROCKAWAY PARK, N.Y.

WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE TO RECEIVE A Chanukah gift in my *New York* Magazine! Thank you, and thanks to Absolut vodka. At this holiday season, it surely was a thoughtful gesture.

Florence Schneider
THE BRONX

YOUR INSERT FOR ABSOLUT VODKA was so clever. Not only was it delivered with a great sense of humor, but the gloves were right on target on a cold day.

E. McLaughlin
GROSSE ILE, MICH.

Bulgarians

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT YOU ALLOWED one of our former employees to use your pages to state again her false and unfounded charges and to continue her campaign to extract an unjust settlement from us ["Fools' Gold," by Jeanie Russell Kasindorf, December 12]. But the most distressing thing of all is that you provided Ms. Perangelo with a public forum to accuse me of making anti-Semitic remarks without a hint of proof or corroboration. In light of my long-standing personal and business relationships with prominent members of the Jewish community, the accusation is simply ridiculous. It is vicious, evil, and contemptible, and it has caused me profound personal pain. I absolutely and categorically deny having ever uttered such remarks.

Nicola Bulgari
MANHATTAN

I WAS DISTRESSED FOR MANY REASONS with Jeanie Kasindorf's article regarding the legal dispute between Bulgari and Elaine Perangelo. The article consisted solely of Perangelo's accusations against Bulgari and Bulgari's denial of those accusations. So fairness would have suggested, at a minimum, the use of a question mark in the title, "Fools' Gold."

In addition, five picture boxes featuring alleged Bulgari clients illustrate the article, all with captions describing them as victims of the fictitious price-hiking scheme alleged by Perangelo. However, while the first two boxes report what happened as allegations by Perangelo, the following ones describe overcharging as fact.

Kasindorf extensively reports Perangelo's accusations on price-hiking. Six specific instances are described in detail. Bulgari's reply to this deluge of accusations is refuted by a generic quote from me, stating that Perangelo's charges are "nonsense."

In the course of the extensive conversations I had with Kasindorf, I specifically denied each and every episode reported by Perangelo. I even offered to show Kasindorf—off the record, to protect clients' confidentiality—copies of the actual transaction records, which show I was telling the truth and Perangelo was lying.

Arrigo Berni
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT
BULGARI CORPORATION OF AMERICA
MANHATTAN

Jeanie Russell Kasindorf replies: Mr. Bulgari was repeatedly asked to respond to the charge of anti-Semitism, along with the other charges, and refused to speak with me about the case. In addition, Mr. Berni said that he could not discuss each individual case of overcharging on the record because he had an obligation to "protect the confidentiality" of celebrity clients. "I could show you sales records," he said, "but that would not convince you because they could have been altered."

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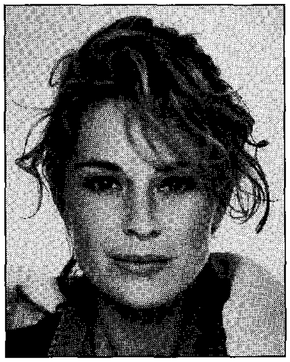

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When I agreed, he asked what it would take to persuade me that Perangelo did not have a case. I said he could ask the judge to unseal the depositions of current and former employees that Bulgari had sealed." That was the last I heard from Berni.

Home Alone

WE ARE AVID READERS OF *New York* MAGAZINE, and so we were most interested in the December 12 edition of your "Intelligencer" column ["Ovitz In; Shapiro Out"] revealing the newly acquired nesting habits of our father, Michael Ovitz.

As it has been years since we have seen him at home on a weekday, we would be most grateful if you could reveal to us the exact vantage point from which our neighbors achieved these reported sightings. Indeed, catching a look at Dad in daylight, at home, on the odd Tuesday or Wednesday, would be well worth the few hours of surveillance necessary to record this historic event.

We thank you very much for consideration of our request and again please know how much we are looking forward to reading about Dad's comings and goings in your fine publication.

Chris Ovitz
Kimberly Ovitz
Eric Ovitz
BRENTWOOD PARK, CALIF.

Rare Old *Times*

IN HIS ARTICLE REVIEWING THE CURRENT MOMA exhibit on political pictures ["Art: Politics as Usual?" October 24], Mark Stevens commented on the famous photo of JFK, *The Loneliest Job in the World.* Stevens said that Kennedy was probably posing for the photographer while reading the sports page. Ironically, his quip is remarkably close to the truth.

In the summer of 1980, I had the pleasure of talking at length with the New York *Times*'s legendary White House photographer George Tames, who took that famous picture. Tames said that when he entered the Oval Office for a scheduled photo session, the president was doing isometric exercises at the windowsill while reading a newspaper. Tames said that he started snapping pictures the instant he entered the room, and when he said, "Good morning, Mr. President," Kennedy replied, "Come in, George, I'm reading that bullshit newspaper of yours," apparently referring to the problems he was having with the *Times*'s White House coverage. It's amazing that such a historic photo has this unlikely origin.

Chuck Hardwick
MANHATTAN

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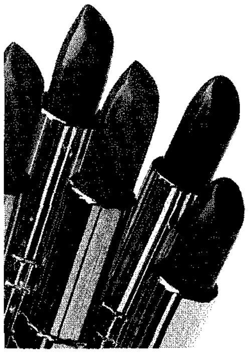

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MACY'S

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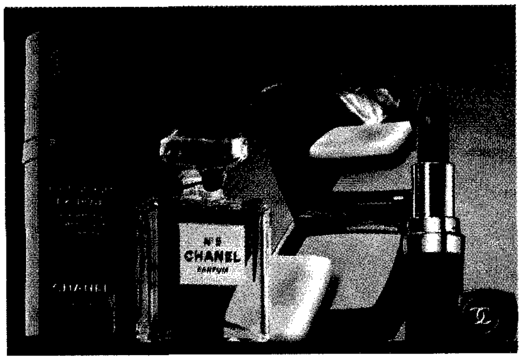
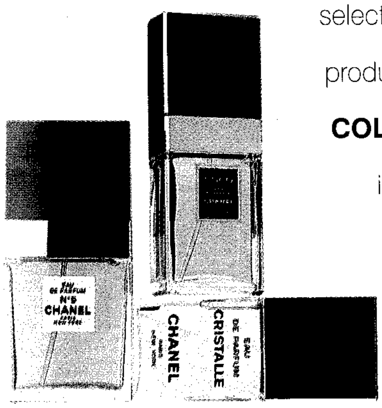
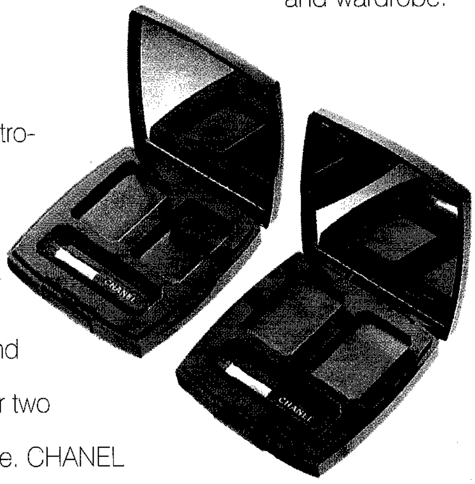


The unique link to fashion that the **HOUSE OF CHANEL** possesses makes our "colour accent" products, such as Creme Lipstick, eye shadows, and cheek colour, in high demand. Look for Creme Lipstick in six glamourous matte shades, new in-store for January '95, for the most chic and appreciated new look around.

In addition to a complete introduction to the luxurious world of **CHANEL FRAGRANCES**, CHANEL invites customers to experience **SKIN CARE CONFIDENCE**, the exclusive diagnostic system designed to select precisely the right treatment products for your skin, and **COLOUR CONFIDENCE**, the infallible system for selecting the most flattering makeup to coordinate with your natural coloring and wardrobe.





For 1995, CHANEL is introducing Lip Colour Sticks for a well-defined lip line (no sharpening required) and new Sheer Lip Gloss for two shades of endless shine. CHANEL currently has a staff of highly motivated, well-trained Beauté Analystes and Spécialistes to offer you excellent customer service.

AT THE CHANEL COUNTER

Complimentary skin care analysis is always available, as well as trial-size samples of foundation and skin care products.

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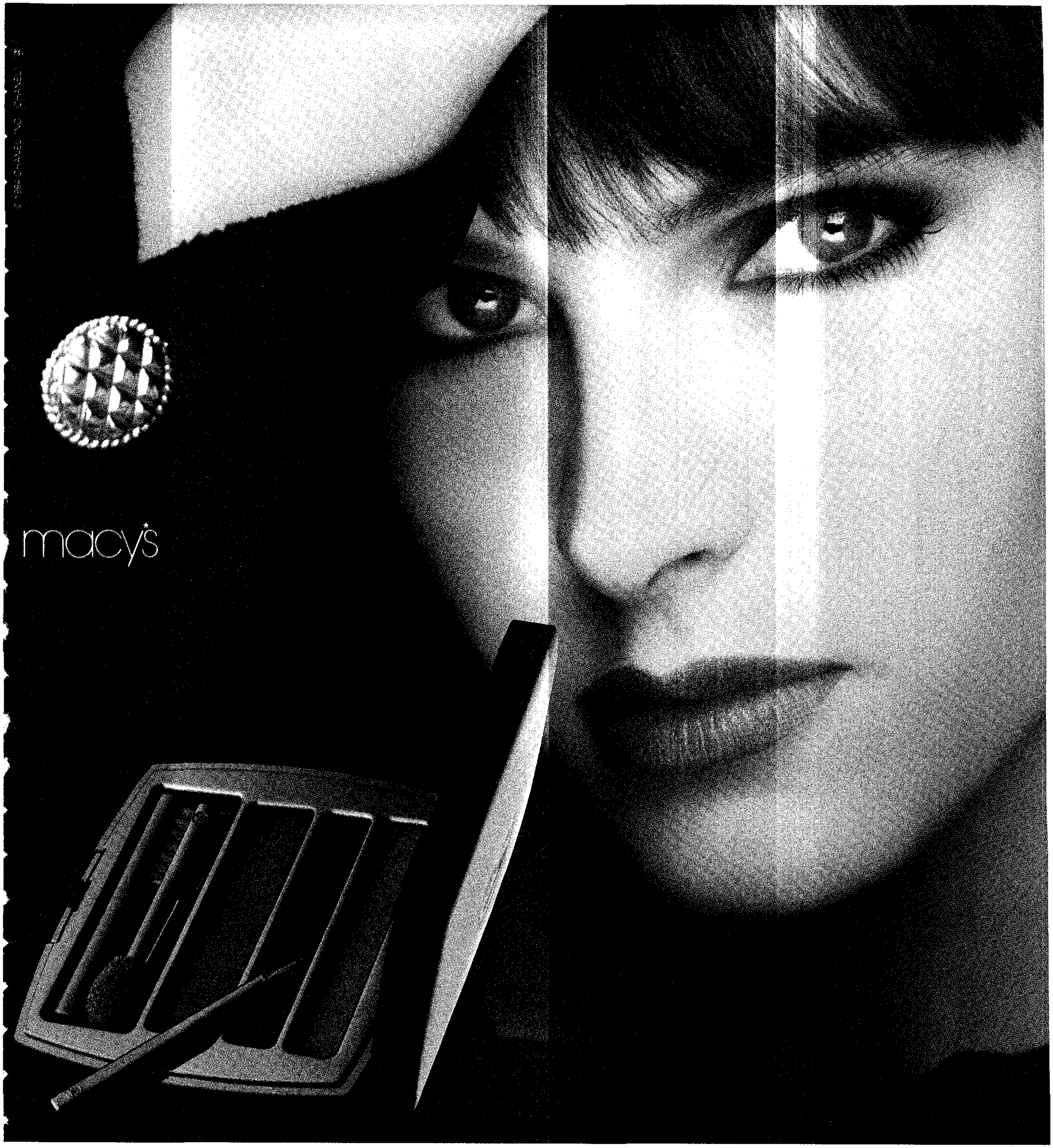
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Jump-start your skin for the new year. Fast Track 11-piece Skincare kit for $19.50 with any Estée Lauder purchase of $16.50 or more from 12/26 to 1/1.

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ESTEE LAUDER
Advanced Night Repair
ESTEE LAUDER
Fruition
Triple Revitalizing Complex

Of course, skincare is a priority at **ESTEE LAUDER**, from triple fruit acid Fruition, already used by millions of women *and* men for clearer, more even-toned skin, to Advanced Night Repair, which protects and restores skin around the clock. To say nothing of brand-new Resilience Eye Creme with remarkable enzyme technology.

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Triple
ReActivating
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Underneath
the skin you see
is the skin you want.
Now, Estée Lauder
brings it to Fruition.™

Fruition

Triple ReActivating Complex

An exclusive, gentle-acting, Triple AlphaHydroxy Fruit Acid Complex that can re-activate your skin — making it measurably clearer, brighter, smoother, more even-toned.

Our research shows:

- Up to 60% increase in skin clarity. Within two weeks!
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The results are dramatic. The more help your skin needs — the more Fruition helps.

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STARTING OVER ® is truly a miracle of modern skin care if ever there was one. (Read all about it on the facing page.) And if you're not happy with your skin, shedding the dreary layers that mask skin's good nature is the best place to start. In a day or two, your skin becomes clearer, brighter, more evenly toned and textured. But that's just the tip of the iceberg.

ORIGINS
Starting Over
To see new skin each day
1 fl. oz./30 ml

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If your young skin acts dry.
ORIGINS
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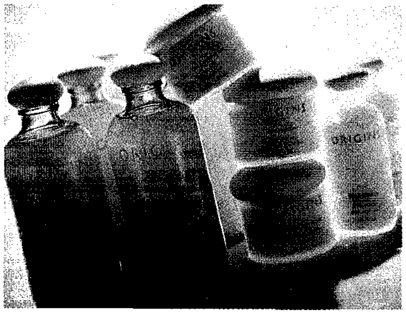
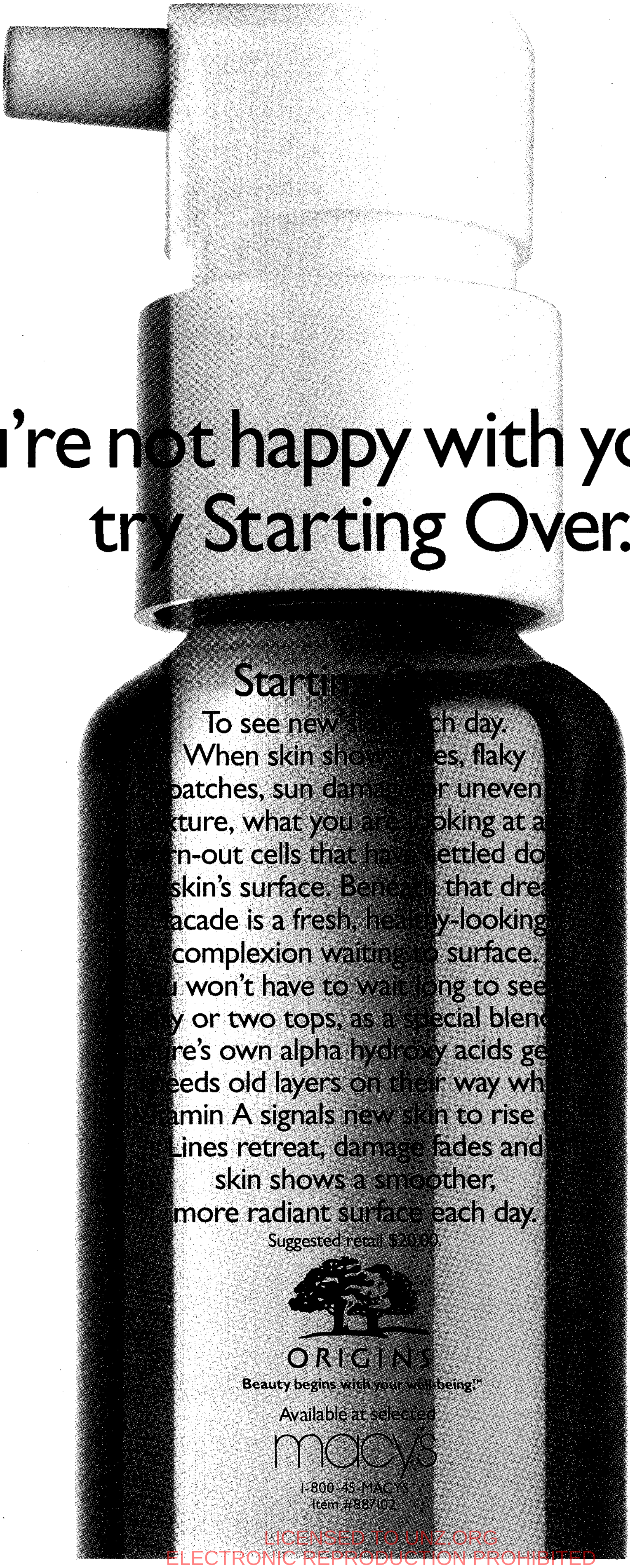
Your skin may face persistent problems—an overflowing of oil or drought-like dryness, a tendency to go haywire without rhyme or reason—troubles that go much deeper. That's where **ORIGINS SOLUTIONS** come in. They contain essential oils—aromatic concentrates of pure plant "energy" that get to the root of your skin's problems. And actually stimulate it to correct its unruly behavior. Origins Solutions look and smell unlike anything you've ever experienced. Liquid-light. Highly aromatic—not perfumy—just wait 'til you get a whiff of them!



Find the Solution to your skin's troubles at Macy's. Then ask your Origins Guide to team it with a Cream or Lotion. With this simple pair of products, you'll have everything your skin needs to look, feel, and behave beautifully.

AT THE ORIGINS COUNTER
Right now, while supplies last, discover your Solution and Cream (or Lotion) in a special size for just $10.



If you're not happy with your skin, try Starting Over.®

Startin

To see new skin each day.
When skin shows lines, flaky
patches, sun damage or uneven
xture, what you are looking at a
rn-out cells that have settled do
skin's surface. Beneath that drea
acade is a fresh, healthy-looking
complexion waiting to surface.
u won't have to wait long to see
y or two tops, as a special blen
re's own alpha hydroxy acids ge
eeds old layers on their way wh
amin A signals new skin to rise
Lines retreat, damage fades and
skin shows a smoother,
more radiant surface each day.

Suggested retail $20.00.

ORIGINS
Beauty begins with your well-being.™

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For just $30.00
try Starting Over®
and the
Skin Care Pair
that's right for you
in a special size!

Suggested retail.
Offer good Jan. 1–31, 1995

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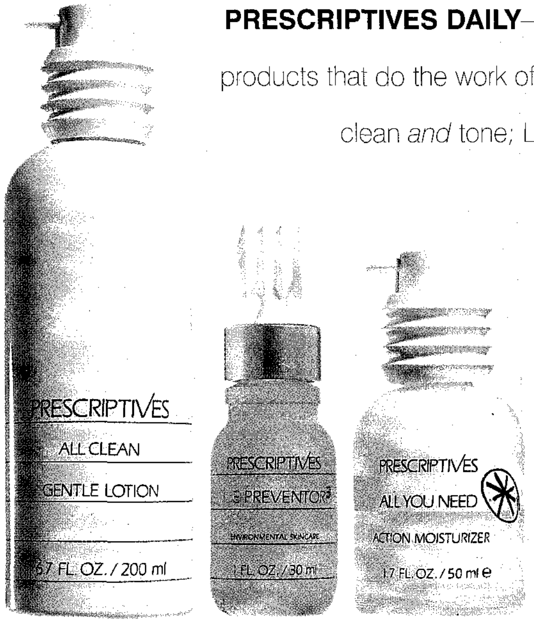
AT THE PRESCRIPTIVES COUNTER

From 12/26 to 1/7, when you're Colorprinted at Herald Square, you'll receive two free eyeshadows (a $20 value) in your Exact Color Family.

First at Macy's: **EYE SPECIALIST**. New and needed: Total skincare for the delicate, early-to-age area around the eyes. You need this visible action gel to moisturize continuously and instantly diminish the appearance of fine lines. You need it to improve elasticity and reduce puffiness. You need it as protection against the environment. Oil-free. Ophthalmologist-tested. .5 oz. tube, $32.50.


PRESCRIPTIVES
ALL CLEAN
GENTLE LOTION
6.7 FL. OZ. / 200 ml
PRESCRIPTIVES
LINE PREVENTOR3
ENVIRONMENTAL SKINCARE
1 FL. OZ. / 30 ml
PRESCRIPTIVES
ALL YOU NEED
ACTION MOISTURIZER
1.7 FL. OZ. / 50 ml e

Save time, save steps, save money with **PRESCRIPTIVES DAILY**—3 dual-action products that do the work of 6: All Clean to clean *and* tone; Line Preventor³ to protect *and* improve; All You Need* to moisturize *and* exfoliate.

Free samples now at all Macy's stores.

Have you been **COLORPRINTED?** This fast, foolproof Prescriptives-only service makes makeup choice easy by quickly identifying your exact shade of foundation and the makeup shades exactly right for you. For makeup with endless possibilities and no mistakes.

PRESCRIPTIVES
All Skins Basic
Lightweight
Natural Coverage
Long Wearing

Visit the **NEW PRESCRIPTIVES COUNTER** at Herald Square. Whether you want full-service attention or quick self-service convenience, the new counter has it all. It's sleek, inviting, and easy-to-shop.

Px
PRESCRIPTIVES
Eye Specialist
Visible Action Gel
Total Skincare
for Eyes

PRESCRIPTIVES at macy*s

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what's in store this week at Macy★s

AT THE SHISEIDO COUNTER

Pureness Premier Set: Choose one of three cleansers and receive samples of Balancing Lotion, Moisturizer, mini lipstick, and cotton, all for only $15.

The newly renovated **SHISEIDO** Counter has an expanded makeup area showcasing the "Real Time Makeup Event." Shiseido will show customers a ten-minute, streamlined makeup routine with the help of exceptional Shiseido Makeup products.

SHISEIDO
SHISEIDO
SHISEIDO

The counter also offers advanced skin typing with the Multi-Micro Sensor and one-on-one consultation. A new computerized Customer Care System enables the multi-lingual Beauty Consultants to provide fast, efficient service to every customer based on their individual needs, and offer special samples and services with those needs in mind.

SHISEIDO
PURENESS PREMIERE SET
SHISEIDO
PURENESS

PURENESS skincare, the most recent introduction from Shiseido, features advanced ingredient technology. A new bio-humectant derived from fruits and plants called Phytogenic Complex delivers pure moisture without adding unnecessary oil.

In addition to Pureness, Shiseido offers two other treatment lines: **VITAL-PERFECTION** and **FACIAL CONCENTRATES**. Together, they accommodate the skincare needs of all ages.

SHISEIDO

Water Pureness Balance

Water is the essence of life. From this truth comes Pureness, Shiseido's response to the needs of young skin. Water-fresh botanical skincare puts skin in balance by gently cleansing away oil while delivering pure moisture with Phytogenic Complex.

SHISEIDO
PURENESS
Cleansing Water
Eau Démaquillante Douce
SHISEIDO
PURENESS
Balancing Lotion
Lotion Tonifiante
SHISEIDO
PURENESS
Moisturizing Gel (Oil-Free)
Gel Hydratant (Non Gras)

The Pureness of Youth
can be kept as long as you care.

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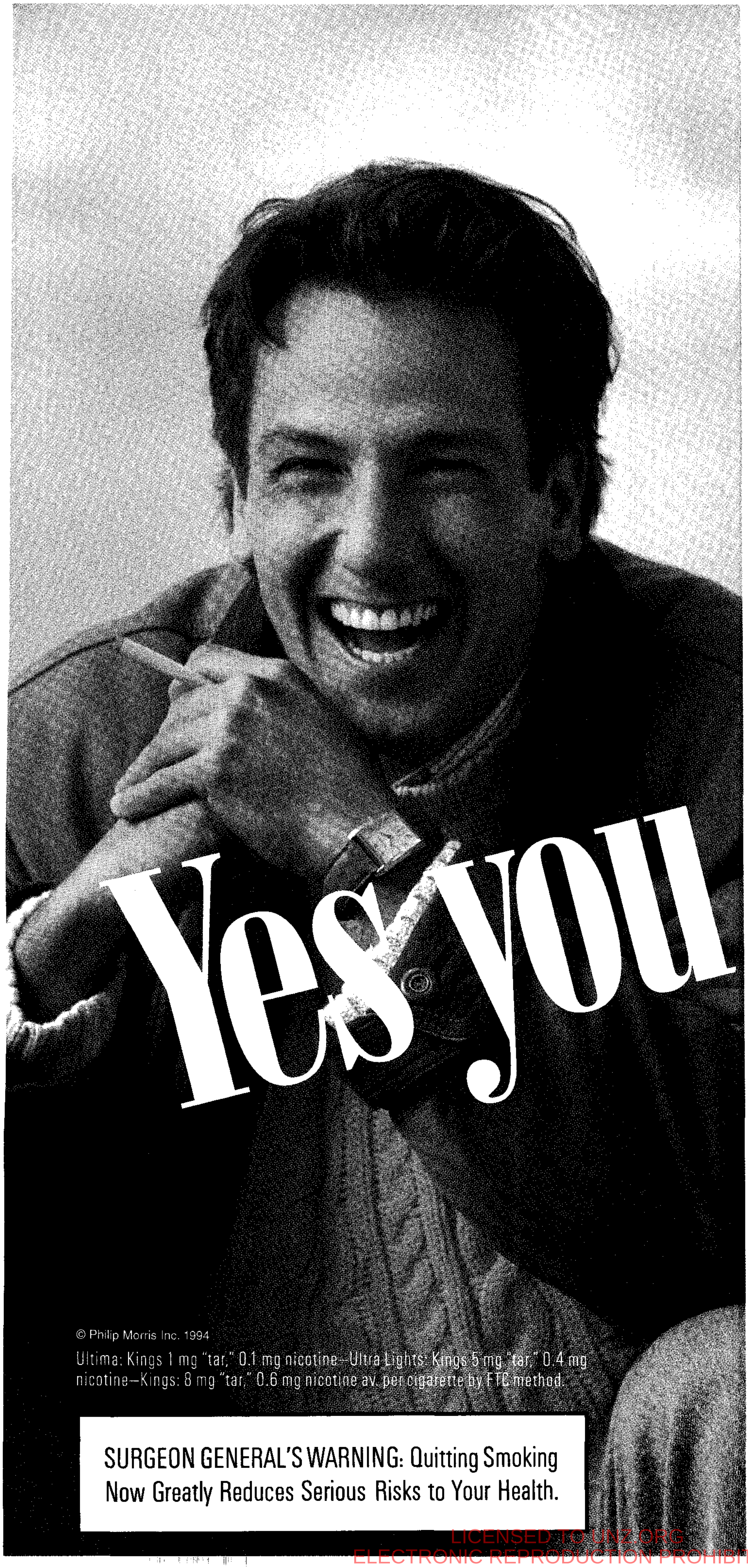

You can switch down to lower tar and still get satisfying taste.

Yes you can!

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ULTRA LIGHTS
MERIT
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Low Lower Lowest

You've got MERIT

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Ultima: Kings 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: Kings 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

JOSEPH LELYVELD, YOUR *TIMES* PEN PAL

The New York *Times* maintained a lofty silence in the face of a scathing *Harper's* magazine piece this past October on the paper's zealous Whitewater coverage. The paper of record also did not participate in a forum at the National Press Club debating questions raised by the article. Nor were there any on-the-record *Times* comments to reporters covering the debate—and largely siding with the *Times*—for the Washington *Post* or *The Village Voice.* But one Beatrice Hart of Jericho, Long Island, a concerned reader, heard from *Times* executive editor **Joseph Lelyveld** himself after she sent the *Times* a letter about the controversy. "The Lyons article is full of egregious misrepresentations of our coverage, not to mention our intent," Lelyveld wrote. "It is wild and shoddy journalism." Lelyveld's letter went on to catalogue a plethora of errors that **Gene Lyons,** the author of the *Harper's* piece, had supposedly made. "Apparently Mr. Lelyveld decided to rely on the Fifth Amendment rather than the First this time," says *Harper's* editor **Lewis Lapham.** *Harper's* will run the Lelyveld letter to Ms. Hart in full in its January issue.

"We're a big paper and we get written about a lot and we get criticized a lot," says Lelyveld, who characterizes the Lyons piece as polemical as well as shoddy. "I think people have the right to do that. But I don't think we have to answer every criticism."

MIA'S SUPREME BROWNNOSING

Mia Farrow, whose creativity in naming her children is well documented (after last year's custody battle, she unilaterally renamed the two children she co-parented with Woody Allen), has chosen a meaning-laden moniker for her latest adoptee: **Gabriel Wilk Farrow,** a 6-year-old handicapped boy from India. Gabriel Wilk appears to be named after **Judge Elliott Wilk,** who heard Farrow and Allen's custody case and will continue to adjudicate disputes arising between the former lovers. "Why not Gabriel Farrow Wilk?" the judge joked to *New York* last Wednesday—the same day he was sworn in to the state Supreme Court. (In the audience: **Eleanor Alter,** Farrow's attorney until last March, when Farrow declined to pay her the $1.6 million she was owed. They've since settled.) Farrow, reached at her home in Connecticut, declined to confirm or deny the story. "I don't know who you've been talking to," she said abruptly.

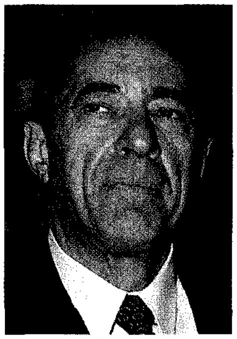
Mia Farrow,
name-dropper

OUT WITH THE OLD AT *THE NEW YORKER*

After more than 30 years, writer **Tony Hiss**—son of the Communist spy and/or McCarthy political victim **Alger Hiss**—is leaving *The New Yorker.* Sort of. Hiss seems to be part of a recent generational shift—some of which has been voluntary and some involuntary—at the venerable magazine. In this round, also gone from the offices are **Suzannah Lessard,** a twenty-year veteran, and **James Lardner,** son of Ring Lardner Jr. (Lardner is currently working on a piece for the magazine, but Lessard's relationship has been ended entirely.) Says Hiss: "I needed time to write two books and a report. Tina [Brown] and I came to the decision mutually that I should have an office 'off campus.' " Hiss is taking up residence at NYU's Urban Research Center. Under longtime editor William Shawn, Hiss was a strong voice in the "Talk of the Town" section and a writer of features on the physical urban experience. "I don't think the more senior writers are being forced out," he says. "**Phil Hamburger** and **Joe Mitchell** are still going strong. **Brendan Gill** contributes all the time. I look forward to a continued association," he says hopefully.

FORMER EXECUTIVE SEEKS POSITION

With only a week of paychecks coming, **Mario Cuomo** seemed destined at press time to join the ranks of the unemployed. Talks with NYU to bring the governor on as a professor fell apart because, sources contend, Cuomo was asking for too much money and too many perks. But he's still negotiating with Columbia University's law school and, somewhat further down the food chain, the New School for Social Research. The futures of former Cuomo-niks, meanwhile, look mixed. "The guys who got out early were the smart ones," one source says. "Now the market's crowded with Democrats from Albany, Washington, and even New York looking for work." Two Cuomo bigwigs—criminal-justice commissioner **Richard Girgenti** and economic-development czar **Vincent Tese**—appear set: Tese, sources say, is headed for Bear, Stearns, and Girgenti confirms that he has several offers from the private sector. "Right now, only the top-level officials are out there looking, because they feel pretty certain they won't be kept on," Girgenti says. "The real extent of the employment problem will be evident when middle-level people begin to enter the market as well. . . . But as long as the governor's unemployed, there's no shame in still being unemployed."



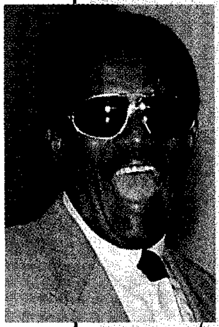
Mario Cuomo,
pavement-pounder

Photographs: top,Bill Davila/Retna; bottom, Frances M. Roberts.

A Day at the O.J. Circus

A special "Intelligencer" report

LOS ANGELES—On the twelfth floor of the Criminal Courts building downtown is a narrow tomb where they store the **O. J. Simpson** media throng. Reporters from the Los Angeles *Times,* UPI, AP, the Chicago *Tribune,* and *USA Today* are among the bunkered-down; also packed in are **David Margolick** of the New York *Times* and **Michelle Caruso** of the *Daily News.* **Jeffrey Toobin,** the *New Yorker* writer who's doing a book on the trial, makes only infrequent appearances. "**Dominick Dunne** comes by once in a while," says someone, "when he's not writing his novel about the Menendezes." **Joe McGinniss,** who has his own book contract, has not shown at all even though he's reserved a permanent unshared seat for the trial itself. "He'll probably just make it up," shrugs one journalist, "the way he did the Kennedy book."



The courtroom is three floors below. Inside, one is almost surprised to see all the characters up close: Marcia and Lance and Johnnie and Bob and, of course, O.J. Deirdre Robertson, **Judge Ito's** clerk, has had a steady supply of expensive-looking fresh floral arrangements—the $50 kind—sitting on her desk. "We think it's one of the TV shows trying to butter her up," says someone in the press row.

THE MANY FACES OF O. J. SIMPSON

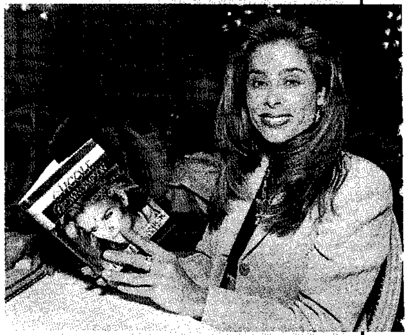
At a pretrial evidentiary hearing on December 14, Simpson's face is a riot of weird tics and gestures: He glowers, stares, smiles, whispers to Shapiro, often seeming to mimic Stan Laurel by sucking in his upper lip and elongating his face. Sometimes, without warning, he stretches his neck and rolls his head from side to side. Most often, whatever face he's making doesn't track with what's being said in the room.

O.J.'s life in prison doesn't sound so bad the way Deputy Sheriff Jeff Stuart describes it. The accused killer has his own visiting area, constructed since his arrival last June, Stuart testifies; recent *Playboy* subject **Paula Barbieri** has visited at least ten times. What's been at issue for several days and splashed from tabloid to tabloid is Stuart's assertion that he heard Simpson blurt out something incriminating to his friend and clergyman **Rosey Grier** in this area, through two walls of glass (one mirrored). The deputy remains cool until the splendid, aggressive cross-examination by **Johnnie Cochran.** To one question, Stuart responds, "You'll have to redirect that, sir." Even Judge Ito laughs.

The matter is put over until the next day. (Ultimately, the Simpson-Grier talks are ruled privileged and inadmissible.) A possible DNA-admissibility hearing, which the defense is trying to avoid, will go forward, however. Later, though, when I talk to **Dr. Henry Lee,** the Connecticut forensic expert hired by Shapiro, it seems that he, at least, never planned to testify at such a hearing. "DNA should be admissible if it's tested correctly," Dr. Lee tells me. "Forensic scientists play a limited role in these cases. We are the musical instruments. The attorneys are the musicians."

A MEETING OF THE FAYE RESNICK FAN CLUB

The O.J. day is not over, nor can it be complete without an appearance by **Faye Resnick,** potential witness and no-longer-best-selling author. Twelve people show up at Brentano's in the Beverly Center for Resnick's first-ever book signing in the U.S. Camera crews from CNN and *A Current Affair* and Dudley Doright–hatted security guards outnumber the autograph hounds a good two to one. "How is your daughter taking all this notoriety?" I ask Resnick, whose 10-year-old, Francesca, is featured prominently in her book. "Sydney and Justin [Simpson] and Francesca are the real victims here," she says.



("We don't encourage anyone connected with a case to do publicity," says Suzanne Childs, a district attorney's office press liaison and, this being Hollywood, also the ex-wife of *Disclosure* author **Michael Crichton.**)

Suddenly, two deranged-looking suburban women start screaming at Resnick from behind the TV cameras. "Are you using your money to buy more drugs?" one yells. The TV crews instantly swing around and begin interviewing the women while Resnick and entourage make for the exits.

One Resnick friend suspects sabotage. "Isn't that just like Robert Shapiro?" she muses.

"Do you know Faye?" the local CBS reporter asks the women. "What do you *know*?"

"We know a lot more," say the women, smiling like Cheshire cats. Unlike Resnick, however, they decline to elaborate. R.D.F.

Photographs: clockwise from top, Dan Groshong/Sygma; Luiz C. Ribeiro/Globe Photos; Sygma; Pool/Saba (2); center, AP/Wide World Photos.

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GOTHAM

The more they knock it, the bigger it gets. —*Will Rogers*

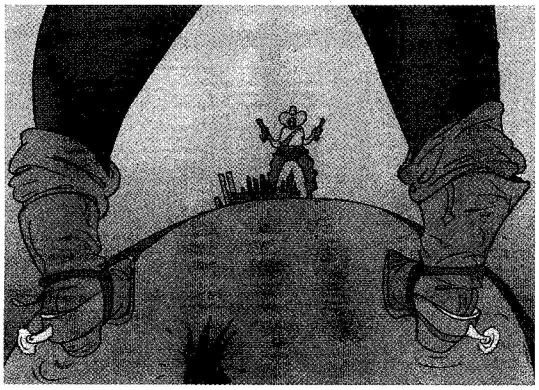
THE FRONT PAGE

The Wild, Wild East

'I think it's no different than being on any big-city street corner in America," presidential spokeswoman Dee Dee Myers said after someone shot up the White House again last week. Three days later, after U.S. Park Police shot up a knife-wielding homeless man in front of the president's house, a friend of Bill's told the *Daily News*, "The truth is, what's happening in front of the White House is what's happening in front of everybody's house."

Yes, these are indeed the days of the new New Frontier, replete with fast gunslingers, wild shoot-outs, nasty varmints, and ornery outlaws.

Here in Dodge, there are 78,871 outlaws, give or take, according to a front-page story in the *Post* last Monday. That's how many accused murderers, rapists, and assorted felons have been released on bail but have not had the good grace to show up for trial. They haven't hightailed it to the mountains, though. "Once upon a time, a fugitive fled the jurisdiction," an expert told the *Post*. "Now they just don't care. . . . There are so many outstanding warrants in recent years that fugitives very often just go home and go on with their lives."



Bernhard Goetz, the Shakiest Gun in the East, has been attempting to go on with his life, but, last Thursday being the tenth anniversary of the day he and his Smith & Wesson brought frontier justice to the subways, a reporter tracked him down. Asked to justify his shoot-first policy of dealing with aggressive panhandlers, Goetz, who has had a decade to come up with something, offered this: "If you're raping a woman, and she throws you out of a window to stop it, is that her fault?"

In an age when "What are you looking at, stranger?" once again is apt to result in a gunfight, Goetz's motives are no longer competitively petty; nor was it all that shocking that a deadly four-block-long shoot-out in Queens was prompted by a rent dispute. What *was* notable was the Peckinpahish amount of gunfire. "Bullets were hitting everything," said one witness. "It was an endless gun battle. He just kept shooting." "Just one shot after another," said another. "It was like fireworks. Shot after shot after shot after shot." In all, 291 shots were fired, including several through the window of a Sizzler restaurant, sending customers diving to the floor in a fully and authentically themed Western dining experience. Two days later in Brooklyn, a comparatively paltry 30 shots were fired in about twenty seconds at a Borough Park home, leaving five people shot. Earlier in the day, Brooklyn D.A. Charles Hynes had announced that he would begin a crackdown on realistic toy guns, to prevent cops from shooting youngsters simply pretending to be outlaws.

Meanwhile, William Bratton, the out-of-town hired gun, was wrangling with varmints he felt were being low-down no-goods to their horses. Marshall Bratton brushed off criticism that he was aggressively ticketing horse-and-carriage operators because he and his wife were "animal freaks" and "kooks." "I don't deny that I'm very concerned with animal-type issues," he said. "In this area, like every other area in the city of New York—squeegee pests, public urination, bicycles on the sidewalk—this is an area that we're focusing attention on."

BAD TIMING A poll conducted by Quinnipiac College shows both Rudy Giuliani and schools chancellor Ramon Cortines had approval ratings of 32 in July, before the mayor began his recently abandoned campaign to dump Cortines. By December 14, Giuliani's rating had risen to 34 while Cortines's had slipped to 24.

OFFICIALLY UNARMED Celebrities who you might think would have a permit to carry a gun in New York but who in fact do not: Madonna, Norman Mailer, Al Sharpton, George Steinbrenner, Flavor Flav, Chuck D, Jimmy Breslin, William Kunstler, Steven Hoffenberg, Kit Culkin, Geraldo Rivera, Joy Silverman, Tupac Shakur, Kathleen Battle.

A CHRISTMAS STORY On December 14, the New York *Times* acknowledged it had not gotten a single donation to its previous day's "neediest case"—a 14-year-old from Harlem who has been living with a relative since his mother died in 1989. The same day, the *Daily News* announced "the lucky 220" who won Mighty Morphin Power Rangers paraphernalia in its own Christmas contest. More than 6,000 people had entered.

ANTI-BLURB "Actors don't win Academy Awards in Robert Altman films. He's the star. I know that [Tony] Kushner has creative control in his [*Angels in America*] contract, which will be a problem for Altman," Barbara Shulgasser, the unhappy co-writer of Altman's *Ready to Wear (Prêt-à-Porter)*, told *New York* last week.

Photographs: top, Stacy Rosenstock/Impact Visuals; bottom, E. Georges/Miramax; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

Transportation

THE UNFRIENDLY SKIES

WHEN EMPLOYEES OF TOWER AIR HEARD last week that the FBI suspected that a "disgruntled worker," not a terrorist, had snipped wires affecting cockpit instruments in six Tower Air 747 jets at Kennedy Airport, the question on their minds was, *which* disgruntled worker?

"It could have been any one of a dozen people who cut those wires," said one longtime Tower employee.

Tower's security standards are among the highest in the U.S., exceeding FAA requirements; most of the security staff served in the Israeli military, and many trained at El Al. This may make it extremely difficult for an outsider to succeed at sabotage but doesn't do much to prevent an unhappy insider from doing so. And both current and former Tower employees say that the airline's management practices have created not only plenty of unhappy workers but also a constant stream of new hires about whom little is known.

Since Tower began flying with one plane in 1983, its maintenance department—now responsible for a fleet of fifteen—has ballooned with part-timers, so veterans who once knew everyone by name now do not even know all the new mechanics by sight. Moreover, the company's chairman and cofounder, Morris Nachtomi, is famous for his George Steinbrenner–like style; former employees joke that working for Tower makes managing the Yankees look like a civil-service job.

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

"There's a big revolving door there," explains an ex-employee, referring to Nachtomi's predilection for firing executives. Since 1987, Nachtomi has dismissed or demoted his vice-president of operations six times, and gone through three different maintenance heads as well. One employee was fired within weeks of his arrival, before his business cards were even printed.

"The day I left was like a weight lifted from my shoulders," says one of the airline's legion of former employees. "So many of us worried every day about being fired."

When the sabotage started in October, many Tower officials immediately suspected their mechanics, since the company's maintenance staff had been trying to organize a union. While a source at the Transport Workers Union says its petition was withdrawn without much support because Tower had a "large number of 'casual people' " who get called in as infrequently as one day a month, Nachtomi's power of persuasion also may have been a deterrent.

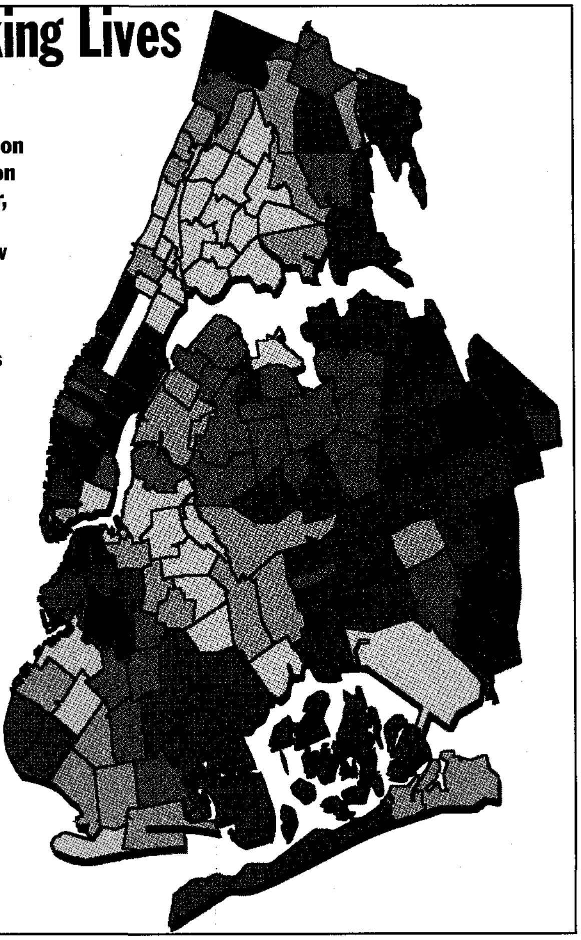
Nachtomi says he doesn't believe union struggles, or anything else at the company, motivated the saboteur: "It's not the organization, it's a personal problem." And although Nachtomi initially claimed, through his high-powered P.R. consultant John Scanlon, that there had been only three different VPs of operations, he later defended the turnover by saying, "I would argue that's exactly the kind of thing management has to do to *maintain* safety. We pay a great deal of attention to the efficiency of our managers." WILLIAM J. MCGEE

Editor's Note: The writer, an aviation journalist, worked for Tower as an operations manager from 1987 until his termination in 1990.

MAP

7 Million Drinking Lives

New Yorkers drank 115 million gallons of beer and 30 million liters of hard liquor last year, and those numbers are in decline. This map shows how much households in the city spend annually on alcoholic beverages, on average. Manhattanites' expenditures are highest—but then, they drink better stuff.



LEGEND
■ *Spends $441.83*
▩ *Spends $360.27*
▦ *Spends $322.03*
▨ *Spends $292.93*
░ *Spends $258.21*

Source: Claritas, Inc., New York

Activism

A SCENE IN TWO ACTS

ACT ONE

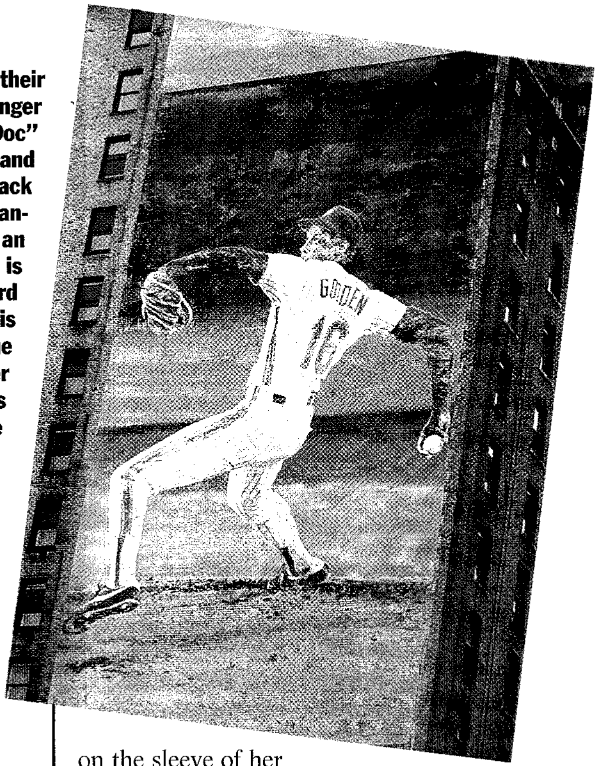
On a cold, rainy Saturday, two men in drag with XXXGAYS stenciled on their chests burst into the Aesthetic Realism Foundation's offices on Greene Street and exclaim, "We're here for the cure!"

As a lecture entitled "Chardin's Soap Bubbles and How the World Has Meaning" continues not twenty feet away, several men silently and swiftly escort the XXXGays out the door. Perhaps it's the four accompanying camera people, or perhaps it's the silver Lycra pants and fishnet stockings. But the men's seemingly sincere plea "Why don't you

SCENE

Just Didn't Do It

Nike, Inc., officials were *shocked* to hear that their giant 42nd Street mural of Dwight Gooden no longer includes the company's logo. Sometime after "Doc" was suspended this summer for repeatedly failing random drug tests, the Nike name and trademark graphic swoosh on his 9-year-old mural were ominously covered with fresh black paint. "The swoosh was *not* painted over by Nike," said the company's public-relations manager, Liz Flynn. "Nike's pretty much a visionary company. We hire an athlete to provide an image. But we don't abandon athletes who run into trouble." Nevertheless, the mural is being repainted early next year, and Gooden will be replaced, probably with Knicks forward Charles Oakley—but *not* because of Gooden's drug problems. "The reason the mural is coming down is that he's not playing baseball anymore." So then who painted over the swoosh? "I have absolutely no idea." A couple of days later, Flynn said that maybe, after all, Nike had done it, but because the mural was "beaten up." "It didn't portray Nike's image in an appropriate way," Flynn said. "We wanted to update it—make it Nike of the nineties." The change "had nothing to do with Dwight Gooden," she said. **ERIC ZICKLIN**



want to help us?" goes unheeded.

ABOUT THE CAST

THE XXXGAYS: Bruce LaBruce and Glenn Belverio, gay provocateurs. "First, we were gay," Belverio explains. "Then we became punks—an eighties thing—and we didn't make a big deal about our sexuality. So we were XGay. But then we became XXGay, which was post-queer: It was okay to be gay, to have a seventies sensibility, to worship Judy and Liza and Barbra. We were unpolluted by politics. But now we are XXXGays, which means that we want to go back in the closet. We don't want to be queer—we want to be straight."

THE AESTHETIC REALISTS: An oddball presence in SoHo for more than twenty years, the Realists expound a philosophy that focuses on a oneness between opposites (art being the medium in which they say this principle is most apparent); most famously, the group has also held that gay men can be converted from homosexuality, which "arises from contempt of the world, not liking it sufficiently. This changes into contempt for women." Aesthetic Realists' contention that the media ignored their "cure" led many of them to wear the familiar VICTIM OF THE PRESS buttons for much of the last decade. But the group seems to have distanced itself from its celebrated theory. In a statement issued by foundation consultant David Twomey, "the Aesthetic Realism Foundation has discontinued its public presentation of the fact that people have changed from homosexuality . . . through the study of Aesthetic Realism." The statement cites the "intense anger in America on the subject of homosexuality" and its desire not to be "involved in this atmosphere of anger." Twomey went on to volunteer that he was nevertheless one of the happy converts and was soon to celebrate his thirteenth anniversary with a woman whom he loved with "my heart, mind, and body."

ACT TWO

After some primping and fiddling with wigs, the XXXGays make a second attempt at entry into Aesthetic Realism headquarters, only to be halted by a locked door. Two people identifying themselves as Aesthetic Realists approach the group from the street. They agree to help the XXXGays, insisting that Aesthetic Realists are not against homosexuality. Despite muffled conversation through a speakerphone, they, too, are unable to get in. Frustrated, they turn and say, "I think you're right. They're definitely antigay . . . or anti-something," and slip through the crowd.

"Hello!" the XXXGays sing out in unison. "*We're* antigay, *too*!"

TOM ROSTON

Crime

LIZ SMITH, *FAUX* VICTIM

"I WENT TO THE BANK AND GOT MONEY from the ATM machine," a slightly dazed Liz Smith declared. "It was a perfectly normal day. On my way home from the bank, I bumped into this nice young man on the street. He said something like 'Excuse me, I'm awfully sorry. You have something on your jacket.' "

The gossip columnist looked down; on the sleeve of her trench coat was a bright yellow stream of mustard.

The nice young man produced a crisp handkerchief to help her wipe it off. As he did, an accomplice snuck up behind Liz, slashed a hole in her pocketbook, and removed her wallet.

"It all happened so fast," Liz said. "He seemed to be such a nice young man. In fact, he insisted I keep his handkerchief. Can you imagine?"

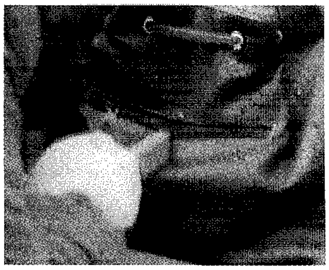
Liz Smith—that is the *character* Liz Smith, as portrayed by Liz Smith in this instructional videotape—had fallen for the classic "Mustard Scam." *The Mustard Scam,* a pilot produced by the Burden Center for the Aging, premiered recently at the center's annual dinner-dance at the Rainbow Room before a black-tie audience that included Ronald Perelman and Mrs. Randolph Hearst. "It got a big hand," Liz says.

The columnist, whose previous film credits include *The Fan, Garbo Talks,* and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* will not be appearing in *Mustard* sequels *The Home Repair Person,* in which a nice young man talks his way into an apartment and then steals jewelry, and *The Good Samaritan,* in which a perfectly nice person falls in the street and steals the wallet of whoever picks him up. "I'm

Liz Smith is squirted.

A nice young man offers a hanky ...

While behind her back ...



Nefarious doings are afoot.

Photograph: top, Philip Greenberg.

RESTAURANTS

The Little Sandwich Shop of Horrors

On any given lunch hour, a line forms inside Melampo Imported Foods, a shotgun-style sandwich shop on Sullivan Street between Prince and Spring, where the shelves bow under the weight of oddly shaped jars of pickled things. Behind the counter at the back of the shop stands Alessandro Gualandi, humming to classical music while slicing smoked mozzarella for his focaccia-bread sandwiches. "I do not mean to sound shy, but my sandwiches, they are not bad," says the bearded, big-eyed Florentine. "My success is no secret: I am picky."

Gualandi is picky about ingredients (his counter is cluttered with tiny bowls of mysterious dressings made from sun-dried tomatoes and roasted eggplant), picky about décor (artfully chosen movie memorabilia fills Melampo, which is itself named after the dog in *Pinocchio*), but mostly, and most famously, he is picky about his customers.

"The little Mussolini," recalls Nancy Waits, a SoHo gallery director, a recent, now former, customer. "First, he screamed at me for stepping out of line. Then when I asked for a chicken-breast sandwich, Melampo—or whatever his name is—led me by the arm to look at one of the menus so that I could order the sandwich by its proper name; I think it was called an Allison. [It was, in fact, a Roxie.] That's when I just started crying."

Waits won't go back again—which is fine with Gualandi, who often directs the unsatisfied to a nearby delicatessen. Indeed, Gualandi has developed a reputation as the meanest shopkeeper in SoHo, at least among transgressors of what he calls "my rules":

DON'T STEP OUT OF THE LINE
DON'T HANDLE THE MERCHANDISE
DON'T MAKE SPECIAL ORDERS

When those rules are broken, what happens is what patrons refer to as a "Melampo moment," an explosion of pure deli terror in which anything can happen.

Styve Homnick, a local musician, says that he once requested a ham sandwich with mustard from Gualandi and received a character assassination instead. "He leaned down and looked me in the eyes and said, 'You're the kind of person who does whatever the rest of the pack tells him to.'

"I mean, what do you say to that?" asks Homnick. "I was so dumbfounded that I just left."

Gualandi admits, "I am not your average shopkeeper. I can't help what customers think of me. Sometimes people resent it when I make them get in line, but I have a very small shop and it gets crowded. I never discriminate against anybody because they're black or white or pink or blue. And I *never* throw anybody out."

Ray Rodgers, a magazine editor for a SoHo-based monthly, respectfully disagrees. He says he went to Melampo for a sandwich earlier this month and made the mistake of getting out of line to read the label on a jar of pesto sauce. "You want to bust my balls?" Gualandi said, swiftly moving from behind his sandwich station to encounter Rodgers. "You get the *fuck* out of my store!" Rodgers says Gualandi escorted him out the door, then locked it behind him. Gualandi doesn't treat all customers that way—certainly not Marisa Tomei, Dennis Franz, and Marcello Mastroianni—and the uncelebrated others know enough to behave. "He's very rude," says Lynnea Forseth, a local boutique owner who has seen her share of Melampo moments. "But I always go back. Without a doubt, he makes the best sandwich in Manhattan."

STEVEN GARBARINO

delighted if I was able to help them with this one," Liz says. "But I've finished my career as a victim." RALPH GARDNER JR.

Law

KILL ALL THE LAW FIRMS

"SHEA AND I—I THINK WE MADE A BIG mistake," says Milton Gould, reflecting on how, at the beginning of this year, he came to witness the collapse of the big-league 230-lawyer firm he and partner Bill Shea had built from scratch. "I had a . . . misplaced confidence in the people we selected to manage."

If the 85-year-old Gould is feeling less heavyhearted now, it's because six months after Shea & Gould self-destructed, another prestigious New York law firm, Lord Day & Lord, Barrett Smith, did the same. And only weeks after *that,* 191 lawyers at Bower & Gardner went their separate ways, leaving the firm with the ignoble task of filing for bankruptcy.

And despite the fact that the industry is showing clear signs of recovery, rumors abound about other troubled firms. Those mentioned most often range from Kelley, Drye & Warren to the international powerhouse Coudert Brothers to Donovan Leisure Newton & Irvine, which recently broke off merger talks with a Chicago firm.

As the shakeout continues, some patterns emerge. All three of the major partnerships that died this year signed expensive leases during the eighties real-estate boom. "When you lose clients and have a high overhead, you're not going to make it," says Alfred Vigorito, a young partner from the deceased Bower & Gardner. When money problems start, a firm tends to bleed lawyers. "There's been a deterioration of what I'll call the familial quality that existed in law firms," says Milton Gould. "There was a time when you became a partner in a firm, you were fixed for life. You didn't move around." This has led to an unstable legal market. Coudert Brothers, with more than 300 lawyers and a huge international practice, has had pockets of defections over the past two years; in October, fifteen attorneys unilaterally shrank its prestigious Paris office by nearly a third when they walked. Tellingly, profits per partner at Coudert declined by 20 percent last year. Even Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, perhaps the whitest of the white shoes, which at 200 years prides itself on being the oldest firm in the city, gained unwanted publicity in November when its plan to dump seventeen "underperforming" partners set off an internecine battle.

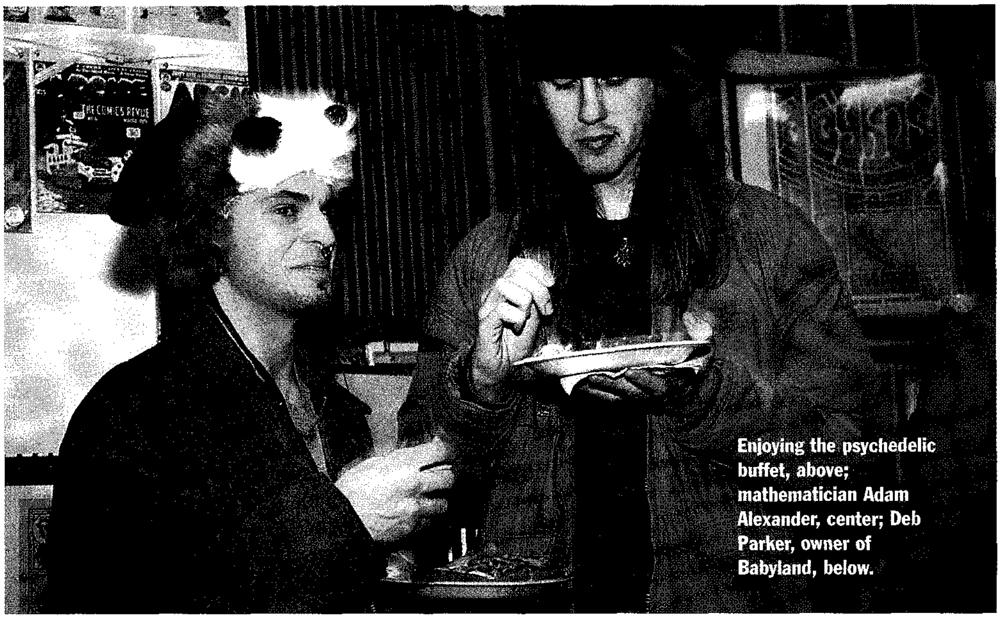
What often happens next in a firm's demise is not an attractive picture. "There was a lot of animosity among

Photograph by Catherine McGann.

the partners," Bower & Gardner's Vigorito recalls. "People wanted to restructure the compensation. Some partners were mad about others who weren't doing a lot but who were making a lot of money."

The astonishingly profitable and now indomitable Skadden, Arps is known as the best-managed firm in town; back in 1980, it had the foresight to bring in someone with an M.B.A., not a J.D., to manage a large office of professionals who are notoriously bad at managing themselves. Milton Gould was not so prudent. "We selected people for management not on the basis of their professional abilities or their management skills," Gould now admits. "I paid little attention to these deteriorating factors."

Thom Weidlich



Enjoying the psychedelic buffet, above; mathematician Adam Alexander, center; Deb Parker, owner of Babyland, below.

Culture

GROOVIN' OUT OF BUSINESS

"PEOPLE OWE MORE OF A DEBT THAN THEY realize to psychoactive drugs," says Jacaeber Kastor, glumly and perhaps a little defensively. "Psychedelia is an artistic expression of the human endocrine system. Both religiously and recreationally, it's given rise to a visual cosmology that's wholly American."

Too wholly American, it turned out for Kastor, the sunken-cheeked 39-year-old founder of the Psychedelic Solution art gallery in the Village. Commodified onto Fruitopia bottles, Ben & Jerry's cartons, and computer screen-savers, psychedelic endocrine emulation is no longer a niche business, and so, effective this January, Psychedelic Solution will close as a public gallery, thereafter offering formerly subversive art by appointment only—serious buyers, please.

Mocked as a "swirly poster gallery" in a 1987 *Spy* article entitled "The Hippies That Time Forgot," Psychedelic Solution soared for a time above a bottomed-out art market, pioneering the neo-sixties art craze that made an unlikely millionaire out of underground cartoonist Robert Crumb. But although its clientele has included Iggy Pop, John McEnroe, and Whoopi Goldberg, Psychedelic Solution is celebrity-free on its final opening night. The crowd is mostly an ectomorphic clutch of hippies, zippies, and toad lickers commingling with an unpleasant assortment of multiply pierced male crusties, road warriors, and fetishists.

The work hanging in this elegiac show—*Finale*—seems to be rejecting whatever acceptance psychedelia has earned, pandering instead to case-hardened aficionados. Spiders and severed limbs are motifs of choice for many of the exhibit's 33 artists. The art plays upon the human pineal gland like radio for the eyes, a psychedelic spin across the dial of low culture: hot-rodding, surfing, tattooing, carny art, and, of course, comix. *Mad* magazine is everywhere, including on the left buttock of one exhibiting artist, which boasts a tattoo of Alfred E. Neuman nailed to a cross. Joe Coleman, Charles Manson's favorite artist, makes the big sale of the evening. His *The Glory That Was Once New York,* an intricately executed study in rotting, carbuncular flesh, is purchased by an anonymous collector for $7,000. "I guess you could say that Satan is in the details," observes one attendee, wearing a button that reads GO ASK ALEISTER.

Otherwise, the evening is not about to save the day. "Let's face it, the airy-fairy love-child thing didn't hold," concedes Kastor, seeming to wish he were already out of the business. "People don't want a bunch of flowers blown up their ass."

Mark Kramer

Art

ART IMITATES ENGLISH

FROM A PRESS RELEASE FOR THE ART EXHIBIT "Before 'Neo' and After 'Post' (Russian Version)," put out by the local Society for the Advancement of Understanding Post-Modern Russian Art, Inc.:

"Modernism was interested in the feelings produced by form. Post-modernism is interested in logic. The Russian artworks represented in this show address the abstract feelings which have been created by the interrelationship between form and meaning. [The show] brings together the artworks of contemporary Russian artists whose work exists outside the boundaries of 'neo' and 'post.' Unified in their interest in the relation of form of meaning, post-modern methods transform in their hands beyond limits of 'neo' and 'post.' "

SAUPRA DIRECTOR ALEXANDRE GERTSMAN, asked to decode the above: "The whole idea is that when we view Russian artworks which relate to postmodernism (which is supposed to be more interested in logic), they create the abstract feelings which are created by the interrelationship between form and meaning. That's why we say that Russian artworks in this particular show exist outside the boundaries of 'neo' and 'post.' We don't have to limit them. They create new feelings which are based on this interrelationship between form and meaning. Not only form. Not only logic. Maybe you can call [Sergei Batovrin] to get a clearer explanation."

SERGEI BATOVRIN, ARTIST AND author of *Ecology of Meaning*: "People in this show, their attention is focused on the analysis of the relationship between form and logic, you see, and this is not something they are necessarily aware of. . . . If postmodern means are no longer applied for their original purpose, which is exposure of logic, then art is in a state of transformation. People are simply interested in other aspects of information. So in that case, it becomes pretty obvious. . . ."

WILLIAM STRIZEVER, THE FOUNDATION'S chairman and an attorney: "It's very difficult, I agree with that. I couldn't explain it to you."

Whitney Scott

Photographs by Sonia Moskowitz.

THE CITY POLITIC ERIC POOLEY

Can Workfare Work?

George McDonald's Ready, Willing & Able program has some important lessons to teach Mayor Giuliani—if it survives his budget cuts.

LIKE JUST ABOUT EVERY president of every social-service agency in town, George McDonald got some bad news for Christmas: The Giuliani administration had cut funding to his program by one third, and he had an instant $200,000 deficit. Never mind that McDonald's 5-year-old agency—Ready, Willing & Able (RWA)—has saved the city millions by taking some 250 homeless men out of the shelters, getting them off drugs and welfare, and putting them to work. Never mind that an independent auditor has shown that 72 percent of RWA's graduates still had market-rate apartments and private-sector jobs as long as three years after leaving the program, or that politicians from Jack Kemp to Henry Cisneros have showered McDonald with awards. And never mind that Rudy Giuliani's new workfare program, which aims to have 80,000 welfare recipients working for their checks by next year, has plenty to learn from McDonald. The city is cutting *everything*—and it may not want to hear what McDonald has to say, because his program shows what's missing from the city's workfare plan.

When I met McDonald, in 1988, the former sportswear executive was handing out sandwiches at Grand Central Terminal. Homeless people would thank him, then ask if he had a job or a room to go with the sandwich. In 1989, he set about finding those jobs and rooms. His homeless-advocacy group, the Doe Fund, launched RWA by turning a Bedford-Stuyvesant building into a residence where homeless men would live while they learned a trade (and earned a living) by renovating city-owned apartments for other homeless people—an idea of uncommon simplicity and elegance. By 1993, a $1.5-million contract with the Department of Housing Preservation & Development was paying twelve crews of six men each to clean, paint, and plaster abandoned city buildings.

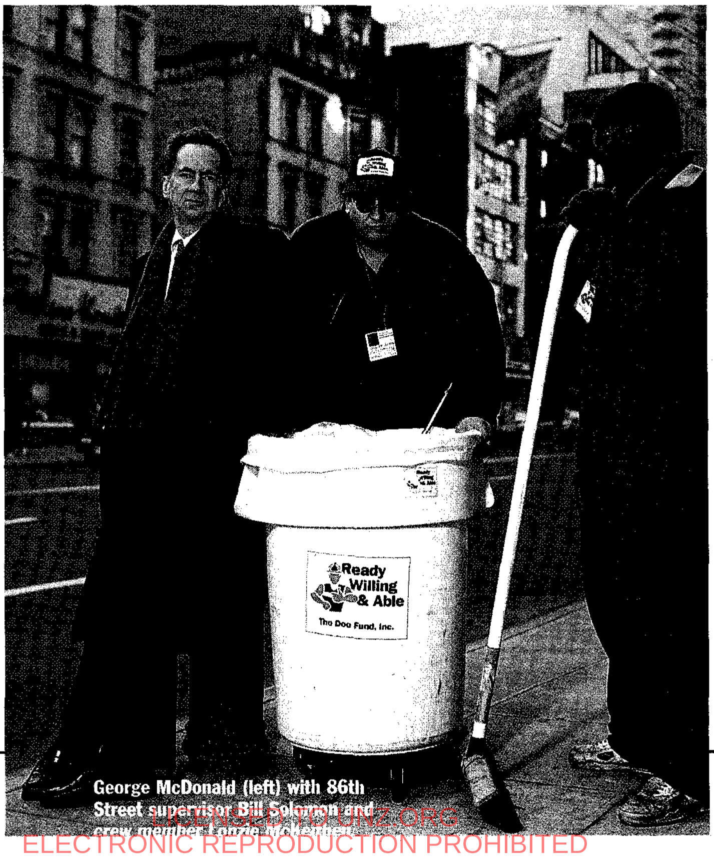
The best welfare-to-work programs are often accused of "creaming"—accepting clients who would have made it into a job without anyone's help. But the people in McDonald's crews were scraped out of the shelter system; they tend to be the welfare population's hardest-core. Most have drug problems and prison records, and many have never held a job. Yet in McDonald's program they pay $65 a week for room and board in RWA's residence in Bed-Stuy, passing random drug tests, earning $5 an hour at demanding work, saving money, and hunting for jobs. Of course, more than half of the clients don't graduate—they get thrown out for drugs or fighting, drop out on their own, or transfer into drug treatment. But an astonishing 40 percent of homeless people who enter the program have gone on to find private-sector jobs—as clerks, security guards, cooks, construction workers, and office assistants.

Overwhelmingly, those who graduate stay off welfare and homeless rolls. Most of them also pay to support the children they fathered and forgot during their lost years. In other words, they do what everyone says they want welfare recipients to do. All of which was making McDonald feel pretty good until the city decided to cut almost $500,000 of his $1.5-million contract. Now he faced the prospect of disbanding four of his crews and putting as many as two dozen formerly homeless men back on the street.

"I could have brought my people down to City Hall Park and waited in line to protest," says McDonald, 50, "and it would have been the same as always—negative, fist-shaking, and nothing would have changed. I wanted to try something different. With all of the divisive rhetoric flying around, I was looking for something to unite us."

An idea came to him one morning while he was on his way to the Doe Fund's office. Wading through the litter that carpets the East 86th Street commercial strip, wondering why the area doesn't yet have a business-improvement district to pay for a cleanup job the city obviously isn't handling, McDonald saw his opening: Instead of disbanding his crews, he'd deploy them to sweep 86th Street every day. The Doe Fund would absorb the costs and hope that street sweepers in crisp blue jumpsuits would generate goodwill—and donations—for the program. "Some visibility couldn't hurt," he says.

Soon after the street cleaning began, in mid-November, checks started coming in—sent by mail, slipped under the office door. By last week, the fund had raised half the $200,000 it needed before year-end (Toyota of North America kicked in $35,000 and a new pickup truck). Holiday shoppers on 86th Street were stopping to thank the cleanup men. The manager of a local hamburger joint stood the street sweepers to free burgers, and the florist—in a real *Christmas Carol* gesture—



George McDonald (left) with 86th Street supervisor Bill Solomon and crew member Lonzie McKethen.

Photograph by Ed Quinn.

gave crew member Juan Wright his first poinsettia. "I never really had a family," says Wright, who has been a Times Square street hustler for most of his 33 years. "I'd like to be able to come home, sit down, have Christmas myself."

Though Ready, Willing & Able owes some of its success to its boutique size, it has plenty to teach the Giuliani administration as the city launches its own mammoth workfare program—but McDonald has never been granted an audience by city officials. His lessons wouldn't be happy ones in any event, because what makes RWA work—a rigid structure and intensive, multifaceted help for men trying to enter the world of work—is missing from the city's plan.

Giuliani's initial workfare model doesn't try to place welfare recipients in private-sector jobs, let alone support them once they get there. Although careful placement and intensive follow-up is the hallmark of every successful welfare-to-work program, these things cost money—and the fiscally strapped city intends to *save* $80 million a year with its initiative. "There's no money to spend on training, follow-up, or support," says Richard Schwartz, the mayor's senior policy adviser. "It just doesn't exist."

Supervising workfare clients tends to be expensive, but Giuliani plans to cut his costs while forcing able-bodied people who receive Home Relief checks to work for the city—shoveling snow, cleaning parks, scrubbing graffiti. Those goals are worthy: New York is one of the few states that guarantees welfare checks to able-bodied men, and the city's Home Relief program, with some 244,000 recipients (a third of whom are capable of working), costs $700 million a year. The savings will come, Giuliani says, from beefing up fraud detection and denying benefits to those who don't show up for work. (The city would like to drop them from the rolls permanently, but the state constitution says the indigent are entitled to assistance; look for Pataki to reinterpret that clause in his first months in office.) Some advocates predict that the city's savings will come from "churning"—closing Home Relief cases indiscriminately, driving people into homelessness. With that fear in the air, it bears repeating that workfare itself isn't cruel, and that working for a living—even for a miserable $350 a month—is good for most human beings.

The best thing about Giuliani's program is a pilot plan in which municipal labor unions will let workfare recipients train at school-system jobs, then join the union and work the jobs full-time, replacing current workers as they retire. But since the Board of Ed and the unions are downsizing, it's unlikely that this nifty idea will create a great many jobs.

"For a program to really work," McDonald says, "you've got to give people a living wage in a structured environment that lets them get past multiple barriers to employment. If you don't deal with that, nothing you do will have impact."

Schwartz, who is overseeing the city's workfare program, says the city has to be practical before it can be visionary. "We have a very large issue to address, and the basic reform has to be put into place first. When it's up and running, we can look to modify it with other programs. We'll look at what Ready, Willing & Able is doing. And we'll look to the private sector for help in job placement." In January, he says, the city will announce an agreement with five private companies to create hundreds of slots for workfare clients—an important step toward making the program a meaningful welfare-to-work initiative.

Surely, the transformative power of work, its discipline and dignity, will help some Home Relief recipients change their lives—but not many, at least not without support that the city isn't providing. The rest need that additional help before they can rise out of their personal mires. Many, maybe most, will never make it; McDonald's program proves that a lot of them can. ■

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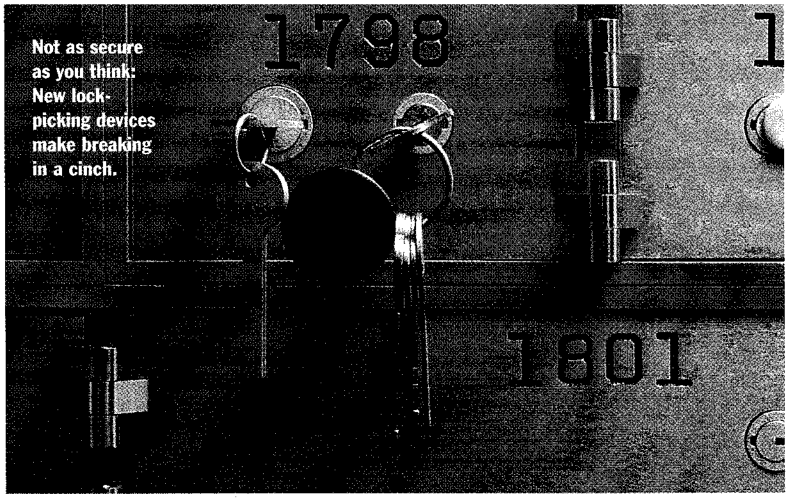
CITYSIDE JOHN CONNOLLY

Unsafe Deposits

A rash of bank thefts, until now hushed up, makes clear that the lockboxes in which you put your most valuable possessions are pretty easy to pick.

ONE FRIDAY AFTERNOON LAST July, A 31-year-old named Cosme Zhanay entered the Republic National Bank branch office in the West Forties. He descended the stairs to the bulletproof, glass-enclosed room that contained his safe-deposit box. Zhanay, who moved to the United States from Ecuador fifteen years ago, had gone to the bank, as he did numerous times a week, to deposit jewels and cash from his business as a stone setter. Once buzzed inside the door, Zhanay identified himself to an elderly guard, signed his name in a ledger, and then, with the help of the guard, opened the burnished gray door to his safe-deposit box.

Zhanay placed several pieces of jewelry he was working on for customers and $15,000 in cash in the box—which already contained his entire inventory of diamonds and jewels. He locked his box, then set off with his wife and two children for the weekend.



Not as secure as you think: New lock-picking devices make breaking in a cinch.

The following Monday morning, Zhanay returned to the bank to retrieve jewelry he was planning to repair that day. After repeating the usual security procedures, he found himself unable to get his key completely into the lock. After the guard made a number of unsuccessful attempts to get the key to work, he summoned branch manager Joe Grzebyk, who Zhanay says told him that the problem with the key was not the bank's responsibility and that he would have to hire a locksmith.

An hour or so later, after a locksmith finally opened the box, Zhanay was horrified to find nothing inside. Sources close to the investigation say that bank officials were skeptical of Zhanay. But by the end of the day, five other depositors would make the same complaint.

Like most of us, Zhanay believed that bank safe-deposit boxes were impenetrable. Given that Zhanay has now lost his life savings, it seems fair to say that our blind confidence has been at least a bit misplaced. Last year, according to police, a number of boxes were broken into around the city, a fact the banks—until now—have been able to keep quiet. Many other break-ins may be going uncounted: The thefts are unprovable or may go undiscovered for years.

The good news is that after months of investigation, police have zeroed in on a husband-and-wife team who have apparently hit banks in other cities as well as two banks in New York. The bad news is that no one knows how many more teams are out there.

The suspected duo's M.O., police say, is to first identify a bank that allows customers to remain alone in the vault. Using false identification, they rent one or more safe-deposit boxes of their own at the same branch. The couple then make numerous visits to the bank, putting the guard at ease and eventually distracting him just long enough to take a wax impression of the bank's master key. Security people say that it takes only seconds for a professional to press a key into a strip of soft wax concealed in the palm of the hand. The thief then has a master key made from the wax impression. On their next visit to the bank, the woman, usually seductively dressed, engages the unsuspecting guard in a long conversation while her partner, ostensibly in the vault with his box, goes to work on the other boxes. The theft at Republic was made that much easier for the thieves because the video camera in the vault was not working at the time.

The tactics used by the couple, police say, are remarkably similar to those used in the seventies and eighties by the legendary con man Roland Jack Henderson. Henderson, 62, is currently serving a federal sentence for his last safe-deposit theft, in 1990, in which $1.7-million was stolen from a Fort Worth, Texas, bank.

John Strickland, a retired FBI agent, says it took the bureau months to establish that the theft had not been an inside job, because there was no sign that the lock had been tampered with.

ALL OF US HAVE SEEN our favorite action heroes use a paper clip or bobby pin to instantaneously pick a lock, but in real life it is not that simple. You need a tension bar, which keeps the tumblers in place, and thin metal picks to turn the tumblers inside the lock until they are all aligned. Locksmiths say it takes years of practice to pick a lock. Modern technology, though, has made things much easier. The Brattleboro, Vermont–based Edge Company, for instance, offers a $129.95 battery-powered Lock Pick of the Future, which can "rake"—or align—tumblers 100 times per second, causing them to "fall open like magic." Armed with a master key and one of these electric pick guns, the thieves at Republic could easily open and rob at least six safe-deposit boxes in the two hours between the time Zhanay left the bank and closing time.

Dave McGuinn, a safe-deposit specialist who gives training courses to banks, tells the story of a bank that had some of its safe-deposit boxes robbed by a disgruntled former employee. The thief, who lacked the sophistication of the Republic couple, had taken a wax impression of the master key before he was fired. He later returned to the bank and, using a cordless battery-operated drill and the copied master key,

Photograph by Sobel/ Klonsky/Image Bank.

broke into the box of a wealthy depositor and took $400,000.

In 1992, at the Merchants Bank of New York branch on West 47th Street, an alert employee confronted two men inside the vault at a box that apparently was not the one they had rented two months earlier. One man repeatedly punched the employee in the face and threatened to kill him, and both men ran for the exit. A security guard chased them out to the street, where he tackled one and held him until the police arrived. The man, David Ben Abo, was holding two bags that contained $19,000 in cash and an emerald. The other man, who is still at large, escaped with a $1-million emerald.

FEW, IF ANY, CUSTOMERS TAKE THE TIME TO read the safe-deposit-box rental agreement. If they did, they would see that most agreements absolve the bank of liability unless the loss is "caused by a failure to exercise ordinary care on the part of the bank." Clearly believing the loss of his life savings to be one of those failures, Zhanay says he was assured on the day of the thefts that the bank would compensate him for his loss. Since then, Zhanay says, the bank has not paid him or returned any of his phone calls. Branch manager Grzebyk referred *New York*'s calls to a bank spokesman, who said it was against bank policy to discuss a continuing investigation.

The episode is doubly painful for Zhanay. Not only has he lost his life savings, but in a business where everything is based on trust, he may also have lost his credibility—and thus his career. In addition to his own cash and jewels, the box contained more than $100,000 in jewels belonging to Zhanay's customers, who are now demanding that he either return the jewels or reimburse them. Zhanay, who speaks very little English, has been told by lawyers that he has little legal recourse, though the victim in the Merchants heist, a jeweler named Hernando Uribe, has filed a multi-million-dollar lawsuit against Merchants. The bank has denied the allegations and the suit is ongoing.

There is little evidence that other banks are learning from the troubles at Republic and Merchants. *New York* staff members visited a number of midtown banks and found similarly lax security. At some, depositors were left alone in the vault area; at others, there were no cameras.

And at one busy bank, depositors were allowed to leave their keys in the lock even while they left to go into a viewing room. Says one detective: "How long do you think it would take a thief to close the lock, withdraw the key, make a wax impression, and return the key? Ten seconds maybe?" ▬

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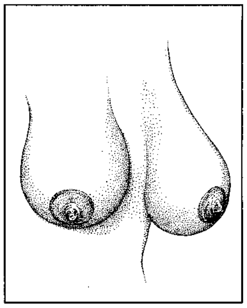
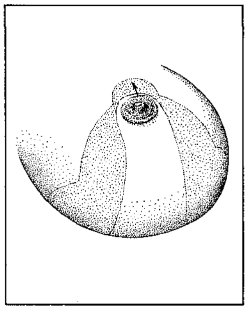
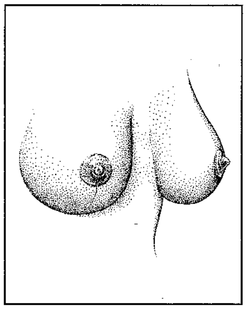


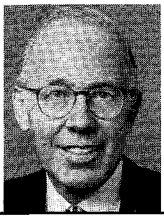
Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.



Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breasts, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.



The result is a woman with breasts that are smaller and in proportion with the rest of her body. Her breasts are well-contoured and natural looking.



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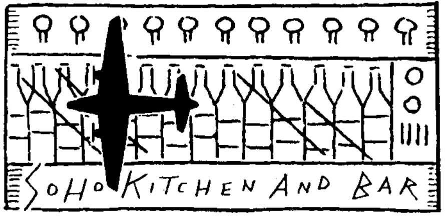

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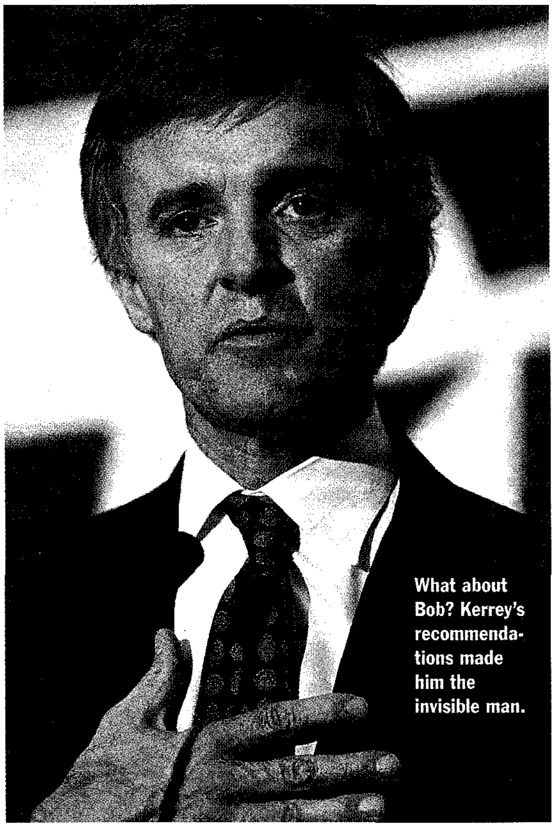
THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Attention, Deficit Disorder

The balanced-budget amendment is schlocky—but as the parties try to out-pander each other with middle-class goodies, it's gaining a certain charm.



What about Bob? Kerrey's recommendations made him the invisible man.

REMEMBER THE DEFICIT? Back during the 1992 election, a consensus held that its unchecked expansion was sapping the nation's economic vigor. Ross Perot got 19 percent of the vote running on the issue; Bill Clinton made it the highest domestic priority of his first year. At heavy political cost, the administration passed a plan to tame it with a mix of tax increases and spending cuts. As a result, the projected budget shortfall for 1995 fell from nearly $300-billion to $162 billion, according to the latest figures. That drop was at least partly responsible for lower interest rates in 1993 that lasted through the first half of 1994, and helps explain the endurance and vitality of the present recovery.

Deficit reduction was the central good deed of Clinton's first term. The job, however, isn't finished: The deficit rises again in 1996, and will be $397 billion by the year 2004, according to the Congressional Budget Office estimate. As a result of deficits past, the national debt is fast approaching $5 trillion, and interest on it eats 16 percent of federal revenues. Yet since the November elections, the issue has virtually disappeared. Both parties still propose to cut spending. But both the $76-billion plan Clinton announced last week and the $176-billion Republican version would forgo serious deficit reduction in favor of a middle-class tax cut of dubious large-scale economic value.

Even more depressing from the viewpoint of those who think the deficit matters is the collapse of the Kerrey Commission. Give Bob Kerrey, the free-thinking Nebraskan, credit for courage. Kerrey asked for a presidential panel on entitlement spending as his reward for casting the deciding vote in favor of the president's controversial 1993 budget. In the middle of his own re-election bid, he raised the only public issue more incendiary than onanism: cutting Social Security. And he did this because, like everyone else who has studied the issue, he understands there can be no long-term cure for deficit spending without cutting programs that benefit the middle and upper classes.

The American Association of Retired Persons ministry of information will be quick to point out that Social Security does not contribute to the deficit, that its surpluses actually make the government's excess of expenditures over receipts appear smaller than it is. But as the baby-boom generation approaches retirement and life expectancy rises, the program's over-the-top generosity—most current retirees will receive more than double the value of what they paid in—becomes an enormous unfunded liability. And because the Social Security–funding FICA is one of the most regressive taxes ever leveled—a flat 12.4 percent on everyone's first dollar of income—raising it is no option.

As the Kerrey Commission discovered, Medicare is an even more urgent problem. Like Social Security, the program is a Ponzi-esque intergenerational transfer of wealth; it is paid for by current workers via a burdensome payroll tax, yet provides a level of benefits that cannot be sustained. Medicare will devour 13 percent of next year's federal revenues, about four times the amount spent on welfare and food stamps. Thanks to rising costs and increasing longevity, Medicare's share will balloon to 20 percent of the budget in ten years. The cost of Medicaid and federal pensions is exploding as well. According to the Kerrey Commission's findings, "In 2012, unless appropriate policy changes are made in the interim, projected outlays for entitlements and interest on the national debt will consume all tax revenues collected by the federal government."

Kerrey and his vice-chairman, the retiring moderate Republican John Danforth of Missouri, struggled in vain for consensus on how to address this coming crisis. Among the solutions Kerrey considers most palatable are gradually increasing the retirement age to 70, means-testing Medicare benefits, and adjusting the consumer price index. But to no avail; eight members of the commission (including, interestingly enough, Kerrey's mentor, Pat Moynihan) declined to sign even the milquetoast statement contained in a December 15 admission-of-failure letter to the president. "In the end, you have to be willing to give up your political career to get meaningful deficit reduction," Kerrey says. Few were. His recommendations were not so much disputed as ignored, and the man dismissed as a dreamer. This response was abetted by an election in which entitlement reform was disavowed by both parties. Since November 8, Newt Gingrich has repeated that Social Security is "off the table." Clinton has gone him one better, promising not to touch a hair on the head of Medicare either.

It's a situation that makes the oft-mocked balanced-budget amendment look almost appetizing. This proposal is one of the central pieces of Republican dogma—item No. 1 in the Contract With America. But that doesn't prove it's a bad idea. There's certainly reason to be skeptical of the Republicans' bona fides on the issue; in the past, they have supported the amendment instead of

Photograph by Jim Bourg/Gamma-Liaison.

proposing a real balanced budget, while the Democrats have at least taken the first steps toward sobriety. Still, it might make sense for the Democrats, for substantive and political reasons, to embrace the cause.

Liberal-minded critics of the amendment do raise some valid objections. An amendment would foreclose the use of Keynesian fiscal stimulus, running temporary deficits as needed, to jump-start the economy in a recession. An amendment would be largely unenforceable and easy to evade: According to all versions, Congress can excuse itself by a three-fifths vote. Moreover, an amendment might breed a culture in which "dynamic scoring" and other phony accounting methods would be used to secure technical compliance. Robert Reischauer, the saintly director of the Congressional Budget Office, who is about to be offed by the Newtoids, worries that Congress might balance the budget through subterranean mandates on the private sector and local government. He also points out that there's nothing wrong in theory with running a deficit for purposes of investment, as opposed to current consumption. And finally, it is unfortunate to blithely tinker with what Madison and Hamilton wrought.

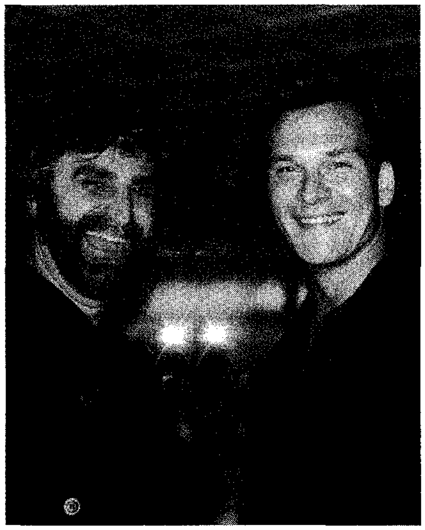
All true enough. But the point about a constitutional amendment isn't that it would miraculously balance the budget. It's that it would focus the mind, forcing choices that are now being wished away. In this sense, the balanced-budget amendment is a kind of souped-up version of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings Act of 1985, which threatened across-the-board cuts if deficit targets weren't met. The targets were deferred, and part of the law was declared unconstitutional. But Gramm-Rudman served as a lever to force the kind of deficit reduction that would never have happened in its absence. And for the programs Democrats care about, an amendment means fairer cuts. Otherwise, it is likely Republicans will slash exclusively at what's left of nondefense discretionary spending (i.e., the poor), while demagogically leaving middle- and upper-class entitlements alone.

Democrats should be wary, however, of what Republicans mean when they use the words *balanced-budget amendment.* The version in the GOP contract, which will soon make its way through Henry Hyde's Judiciary Committee, requires a supermajority of three fifths for any tax increase. This not only has nothing to do with balancing the budget, it would prevent it. Many needed cuts—like increasing Medicare premiums for the well-to-do and subjecting various benefits to taxation—would be forbidden because they are, strictly speaking, tax increases. The version sponsored by Illinois senator Paul Simon, on the other hand, plays it straight, leaving Congress all its options. The Simon bill could be strengthened by borrowing an idea from Reischauer (who says he would support the amendment only as an act of desperation): Insert a "poison pill," so that the amendment repeals itself automatically after two consecutive balanced budgets.

Politically, it makes little sense for the administration to continue to object even to the *notion* of a balanced-budget amendment. Clinton has done the heavy lifting on deficit reduction thus far and paid a price for it. Meanwhile, the Republicans, who inflated the deficit in the first place under Presidents Reagan and Bush, are poised to take credit for abolishing it while in reality deferring the problem until at least 2002, the soonest an amendment could take effect. By endorsing a better version of the plan, the administration would deprive the GOP of one of its best issues for 1996. Even if one assumes quick passage by the required 38 states, Clinton will be long gone by the time it kicks in. Given the huge deficit the Reaganites left on the welcome mat for him, it seems only appropriate to let the next Republican president finish cleaning up the mess.

We Love New York!

By Patrick Swayze



Bobby Ochs & Patrick Swayze

With its thundering heartbeat and absolutely inescapable energy, Manhattan gives me a feeling I don't get anywhere else in the world. As soon as I leave New York, that feeling leaves, too. When I am away from the city, I miss the constant contact with other people that Manhattan allows - or should I say imposes? You don't get that in L.A. - unless you want to hang out in the Greyhound bus station.

When my wife, Lisa, and I lived in Manhattan from 1972 to 1979, we were struggling to survive as dancers. Those were our formative years, and whenever we return to New York, the city brings back memories of our relationship and our development as artists.

These days I also have the advantage of being part-owner of one of my favorite restaurants in New York, the Mulholland Drive Cafe. When I'm in New York, I dine there almost every nite. And when I have to stay in my hotel room and work, I have my dinner sent from the restaurant every night. I like the old-fashioned dishes like chicken pot pie, but the chef can dazzle you with more exotic cuisine.

My partner at the Mulholland Drive Cafe, Bobby Ochs, has exhibited a lot of integrity in running the restaurant. He is the reason it succeeds. He understands that people need an atmosphere of comfort and he knows how to create it. It's exciting that the restaurant is recommended by hotels - that's a real compliment to the food, atmosphere and Bobby.

With their sophisticated palates, the New York dining public is probably on a par with Parisians. We appreciate being accepted by such discerning consumers. Our crowd seems to be a cross-section of Upper East Siders, artists, yuppies and the elite. I think the Mulholland Drive Cafe works as a kind of respite or haven for them. I enjoy our customers - they're friendly and classy, and the atmosphere lends itself to people saying hello.

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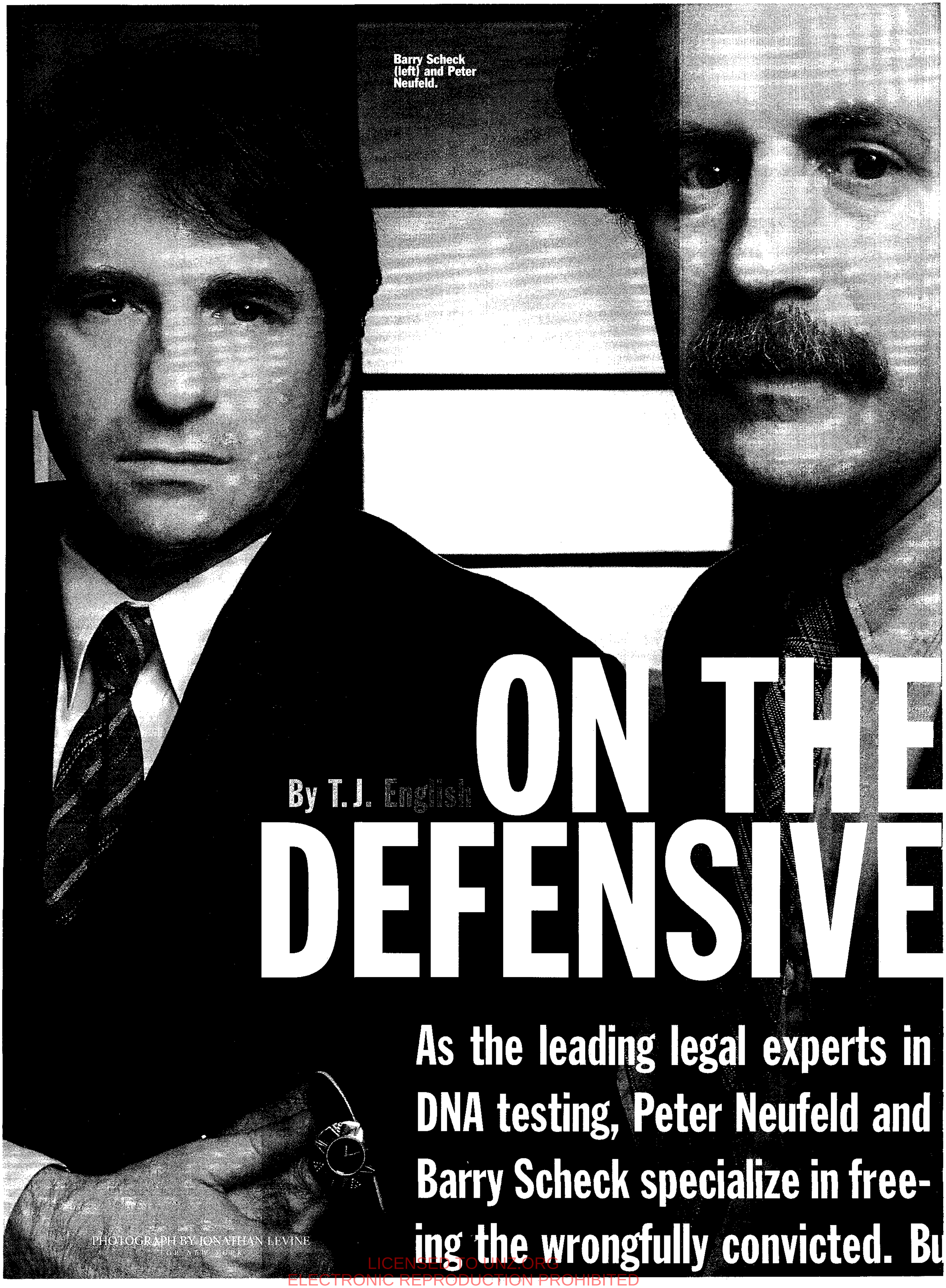


Barry Scheck (left) and Peter Neufeld.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN LEVINE FOR NEW YORK

ON THE DEFENSIVE

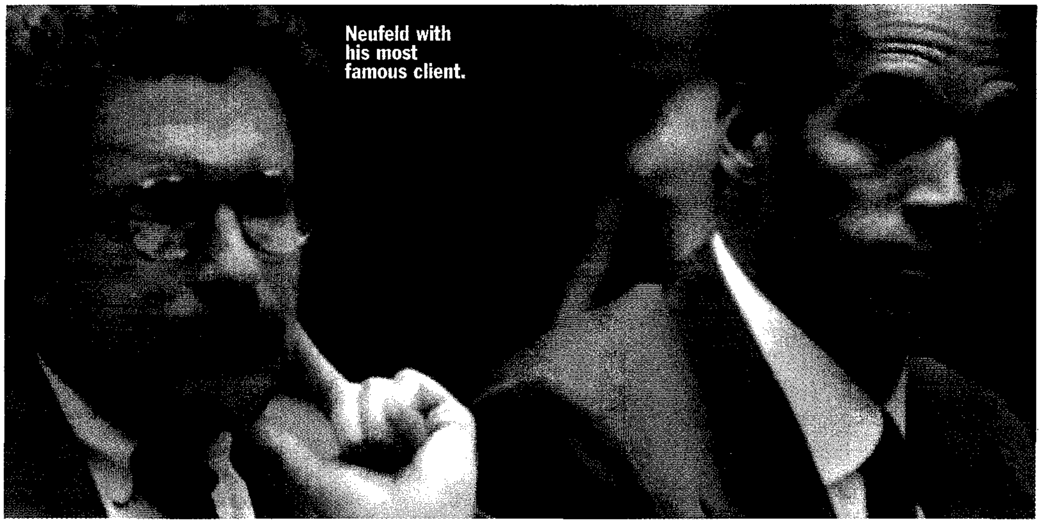
By T.J. English

As the leading legal experts in DNA testing, Peter Neufeld and Barry Scheck specialize in freeing the wrongfully convicted. Bu

ATTORNEYS PETER NEUFELD AND BARRY SCHECK are seated in Neufeld's lower-Manhattan office, a compact, no-frills cubicle on the fifth floor of a cavernous complex on Duane Street. "Yes, there are high-roller defense attorneys in this city," Neufeld is saying. "You know who they are. We ain't them."

Neufeld says this proudly, but there is a touch of lawyerly reverse hyperbole involved: The two created and run the Innocence Project, which specializes in helping to free innocent convicts—more than fifteen to date—using DNA testing, and now that they're New York City's representatives at O.J.'s defense table, an argument could be made that they *is* them.

Neufeld and Scheck are somewhat conflicted about this. On the one hand, as committed fighters against injustice, they want word of their good works to reach as wide an audience as possible. On the other, their message might get lost amid the cacophony of college bands and sword swallowers and Alan Dershowitz; according to certain of their colleagues on New York's civil-rights bar, *they* might even get lost.



Neufeld with his most famous client.

Tom McCoy/Los Angeles *Daily News.*

"I have a problem with it," says William Kunstler, who has worked with Neufeld and Scheck. "All attorneys are faced with temptations. I can't claim to be a purist myself. But I think Neufeld and Scheck may have succumbed to lesser instincts."

"Anybody can see that the O.J. trial is a joke," says another prominent defense attorney who knows and respects the two. "You might expect to see guys like Shapiro or Dershowitz connected to a case like that, but it's unfortunate to see Barry and Peter get drawn into it. In certain circles, their reputations may never recover."

Scheck and Neufeld are aware of this, and are at pains to dispel the impression. They seem angry that a recent story on *60 Minutes* made them out to be DNA gigolos, "hired guns" who were being brought in by the Simpson defense team to muddy the waters surrounding the DNA evidence. I press the point.

"Don't you think it's unfortunate your involvement in the O.J. case might unfairly taint people's perceptions of your other work, like the Innocence Project?" I ask.

"If you were to interpret it that way, we would be pleased," Scheck says, anguished and slightly embarrassed. "But we feel we can't say it directly."

"Wait a minute," counters Neufeld. "I wouldn't even necessarily say I would be pleased, okay?"

"Let me put it this way—" Scheck begins again, struggling for the right phrasing.

"*No,*" Neufeld scolds his partner. "I actually think you'd rather not put it *any* way."

Both drift into glum silence.

Neufeld and Scheck are more comfortable—as well as more harmonious—when talking about their other projects. "Peter and I became lawyers at a time when the legal profession was seen as a way to bring about social change," says Scheck, who, at 45, is one year older than Neufeld. "The truth of the matter is, the law as a profession is unsatisfying most of the time. To be able to create a space where you feel that, on a day-to-day basis, everything you do is directed toward achieving social justice is rare indeed."

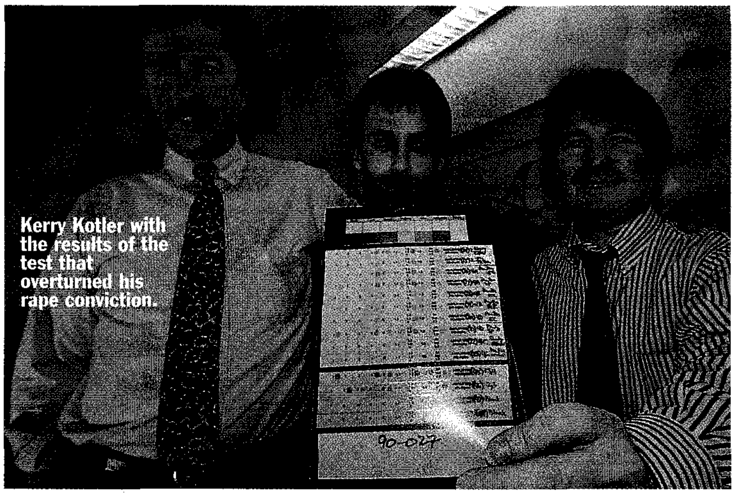
The foundation for the Innocence Project was laid in a landmark 1988 case involving a South Bronx janitor named Joe Castro, who was accused of stabbing to death a woman and her 2-year-old daughter. At the time, DNA testing was a relatively new technology, but it had already begun to revolutionize the field of criminal law in the U.S. "Like everybody else, we were intimidated by the science," says Neufeld. "But we could see the government was using DNA evidence to bully public defenders. And the public defenders didn't have the resources, the knowledge, or the backbone to fight back." Scheck and Neufeld, however, had all three. Neufeld had established a reputation as an aggressive public defender, most notably in a case involving Marvin Davis, brother of the notorious Larry Davis who was tried for shooting six cops during a police stakeout gone bad, and defended by Kunstler. In the case against Marvin Davis, Neufeld fought against the admissibility of a tissue found in Davis's apartment, which the government claimed had a type of secretion on it that could only have come from a pregnant woman (the victim had been pregnant). By calling the government's identification of the sample into question on scientific grounds, Neufeld managed to have the evidence excluded, and the murder charge was dismissed.

The Davis case anticipated Neufeld's challenge of the DNA evidence in the case against Joe Castro. Scheck and Neufeld attacked the government's testing standards, contesting the admissibility of a speck of blood found on the wristwatch of the accused, which the government had sent to a private laboratory to be analyzed and was hoping to use as evidence. The judge ruled for the lawyers, the first time anyone had won such a decision. (Castro, though, eventually pleaded guilty and was sentenced to a lengthy prison term.)

ave they lost their purity by joining the O.J. circus?

LAST SUMMER, WHEN NEUFELD and Scheck first became part of Simpson's legal "dream team," their involvement in the case was easily explained. Blood found at the scene of the murder matched the general characteristics of Simpson's blood type, and the prosecutors had made it clear they were going to be asking for DNA tests that would presumably establish that O.J. was, in fact, the person who murdered Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ronald Goldman on the night of this past June 12.

In theory, the O.J. case was not unlike others Scheck and Neufeld had been involved with. In a case that lacked both a murder weapon and an eyewitness to the crime, the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office would be using circumstantial evidence—including DNA-test results. To friends and associates, the two lawyers stated flatly that they had to become involved with the Simpson case because of the position they had established for themselves as the most knowledgeable defense experts in the field of DNA testing.



Kerry Kotler with the results of the test that overturned his rape conviction.

"All attorneys are faced with temptations," Kunstler say

But O. J. Simpson was not their typical indigent defendant. And there were also other ethical complexities. In the past, the two attorneys had been involved in prominent domestic-violence cases involving battered women. Scheck had even represented Hedda Nussbaum when she faced charges of criminally negligent homicide after suffering years of abuse at the hands of her lover, Joel Steinberg. So when they became involved in the Simpson case, the whispering started immediately: How could Scheck and Neufeld possibly justify representing Simpson, who, even if he didn't murder his ex-wife, had a clear history of spousal abuse?

To further complicate matters, Neufeld had a major calendar conflict. The lawyer had been scheduled to appear in Los Angeles for important DNA-admissibility hearings before Judge Lance Ito, then slated to begin on December 12. But he was also scheduled to proceed with a case before Judge Harold Rothwax, an acting New York State Supreme Court justice. The local case—involving Pedro Gil, a Dominican immigrant who threw a bucket with plaster in it from a roof in Washington Heights and killed a housing policeman—was also potentially explosive, and the trial had already been adjourned once to accommodate Neufeld's hectic schedule. When he tried to have it moved back again, Rothwax went ballistic. In a heated exchange in open court, the judge recounted that Neufeld had given his assurances, "as a man of honor," that he would be ready to go to trial.

"Unfortunately, Your Honor, I believe you are confused about what was said at that time," Neufeld responded.

"I'm confused about you being a man of honor, too," replied the judge. At one point, Rothwax quoted Neufeld as saying in an earlier conversation, "My fame and my fortune rely on Simpson."

"That's a lie, Your Honor," Neufeld said to the judge.

Finally, after considerable wrangling, the DNA hearing in the Simpson case was postponed until January 5.

Judge Rothwax is not the two attorneys' only critic. Some accuse Scheck and Neufeld of "playing both sides of the fence," decrying DNA evidence when it is used by the prosecution, supporting it when it benefits the accused. But the lawyers—along with other DNA experts—maintain that this seeming inconsistency is based on a clear distinction between positive and negative DNA results. A positive match, most experts agree, is open to some interpretation, depending on the quality of the testing and what statistical conclusions are to be drawn. A negative match, on the other hand—when backed up through multiple tests—is considered scientifically and legally conclusive. In other words, they insist, DNA testing is simply better at proving innocence than at proving guilt.

Most inmates seeking the services of the Innocence Project were convicted before DNA testing existed at all as a legal tool. In some instances, their cases are more than ten years old, which means the first task in investigating their innocence is finding out whether evidence from their trial still exists. The bulk of the research is done by a group of eighteen law students enrolled at Yeshiva University's Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law, where Scheck has been the director of the criminal-law clinic for the past seventeen years.

Given that the students are seeking information that may reveal incompetence or corruption on the part of local authorities, their inquiries into the whereabouts of crucial evidence are often met with resistance, if not outright hostility. "We teach them never to take no for an answer," says Scheck, whose office on the seventeenth floor at Cardozo serves as command central for the Project.

If a student assigned to a rape case, for instance, is lucky or diligent enough to track down the "rape kit," which might include a blood sample or a vaginal swab, the Innocence Project then has to overcome the legal hurdles in getting the case reopened and the evidence submitted for testing.

One of the Innocence Project's most dramatic recent successes was the case of Edward W. Honaker, a soft-spoken Virginia man convicted of rape in 1985. The case against Honaker was rife with inconsistencies to begin with, and Honaker did not fit the stereotype of the brutal rapist by any means—for one thing, he'd had a vasectomy. But he was identified by the victim, whose emotional courtroom testimony proved to be his undoing.

A decade later, however, Scheck and Neufeld tracked down a vaginal swab, and genetic testing determined that semen found in the victim could not have come from Honaker or the woman's boyfriend, thus pointing to the existence of another man, presumably the real rapist.

Even with such a conclusive result, getting Honaker out of prison was not a *fait accompli*. Governor George Allen of Virginia, a young law-and-order Republican, took seven months to review Honaker's case. Centurion Ministries, a prisoners'-advocacy organization based in New Jersey that often works hand in hand with the Innocence Project, helped keep up the pressure. "We were worried," admits Neufeld. "Even if it's a first-time offender with no prior record and we've proven he's innocent, governors who are elected officials don't get votes by letting people out of prison."

Finally, two months ago, Honaker walked out of prison. "I give those guys a lot of credit," says Honaker. "The case against me had a lot of problems, but if it wasn't for DNA testing, I'd probably still be behind bars."

THOUGH THEY ATTENDED LAW school on different coasts—Neufeld at NYU and Scheck at Berkeley—they've known each other since they were young Legal Aid Society lawyers in the Bronx. In the mid-seventies, after finishing law school, Neufeld headed west to work for a civil-rights law firm in Seattle. Having been born four blocks from Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, he

Photograph by Renato Rotolo/Gamma-Liaison.

had difficulty adjusting to the great Northwest, and after just a year, Neufeld quit his job and ventured south, to Los Angeles, aspiring to a career making movies. His first brush with Hollywood resulted in a screen credit as an assistant to director Terrence Malick on the 1978 art-house classic *Days of Heaven*. He also got a unit-production-manager credit on *My Little Girl*, and worked with Bert Schneider, the counterculture impresario who produced, among other movies, *Easy Rider* and the anti–Vietnam War documentary *Hearts and Minds*. But after a year in Los Angeles, he decided to return to New York and take a job with Legal Aid in the Bronx.

The two attorneys often vacation together with their wives and children, though they are an odd match. Scheck has boyish features and a mop of fine brown hair, and he projects an air of sincerity and warmth. Neufeld is perhaps eight inches taller than Scheck and has perhaps a more hardened view of the world, one that Mira Gur-Arie, a Cardozo law professor and Innocence Project supervisor, wryly describes as "a more heightened critical consciousness."

Both enjoyed modest celebrity status even before the Simpson case. For the past three years, Neufeld has written influential articles on DNA genetics for *Scientific American*, which has given him professional stature. Scheck is a regular on *Donahue* and other TV talk shows, where he offers commentary on domestic violence and other legal issues of the day. The two lawyers have even sought to capitalize on their legal experiences by writing screenplays together, one of which was actually purchased and almost made into a movie, they say, starring Farrah Fawcett as a South Bronx public defender.

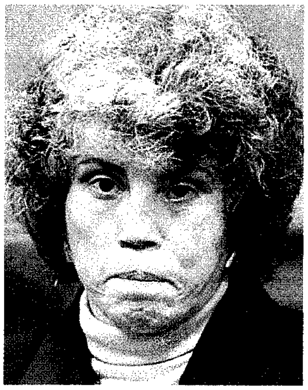
Unlike some leftists who expend most of their energy on rhetorical flight, Scheck and Neufeld have spent a lot of time working on the nuts and bolts of legal reform. Both have testified before Congress and petitioned for specific laws governing crime laboratories and for new statutes allowing for the financial compensation of people who have been wrongly imprisoned. Last year, New York State passed a forensic-science bill that regulates DNA labs and all kinds of forensic testing for the first time, a piece of legislation that came about in part as a result of the lobbying efforts of Scheck and Neufeld.

IN THE NEXT FOUR OR FIVE YEARS, THE Innocence Project will have moved through the bulk of its caseload—over 300, at last count—and its mission may become obsolete; in most states, DNA testing is now regularly used in rape and murder cases before the trial. Scheck and Neufeld have already anticipated this and begun to formulate a new mission based on what they've learned through their familiarity with forensic genetics.

An all-out assault on the death penalty may be the next frontier. As Scheck and Neufeld point out, the FBI, through DNA testing in its own labs, now regularly excludes an average of 30 percent of the people who are arrested and sometimes indicted for rape and murder. In fact, one might be able to establish roughly the number of people who were accused and wrongly convicted before the FBI started regular DNA testing in 1989. Many of these people are currently on death row. "If we are going to acknowledge that the system is so imperfect that innocent people are convicted," says Scheck, "it is inevitable to conclude that innocent people will be executed. It is the most powerful argument against the death penalty that I know of."

But for now, Neufeld will be spending a lot of time in L.A., in front of the cameras. "The allure of a case like that is almost impossible to resist," explains Kunstler, who says he normally refuses to handle spousal-murder cases on principle. "You take a lawyer who spends most of his or her time representing clients who usually never pay anything. The money is attractive. And then there's the celebrity aspect. We all fight against this. I've been dealing with it for 50 years. Everybody wants attention and acclaim. It's not unnatural, it's not an evil thing, but it can lead a lawyer down the wrong road."

Even those who accept Scheck and Neufeld's explanation that they are involved in the Simpson case primarily because of the DNA issues express concern that by submitting themselves to the media craziness surrounding the case (see "Intelligencer," page 22), they may lose touch with what makes them unique. Says Gur-Arie, their Innocence Project associate, "Unlike with some lawyers, it has always been central to the identities of both Peter and Barry that they represent people who are truly innocent—which is why these guys are so genuine. They believe in innocence, and they believe in truth over falsehood and good over evil. With the Simpson case, you can be as committed as the next person to the presumption of innocence, but the issues involved are still troubling and complex."


Scheck client Hedda Nussbaum.

The day after Neufeld's widely reported contretemps with Judge Rothwax, friends of the Innocence Project were worried that their worst fears had come to pass. On the seventeenth floor at Cardozo, Neufeld himself was nowhere to be seen, but Scheck was seated in his large office, looking like someone who had just lost a close relative. For months, he and Neufeld had succeeded in avoiding the more outrageous aspects of the Simpson media circus. Now Scheck's partner and longtime friend was being accused of gold-digging—in open court—and the press was loving every minute of it.

From his desk, Scheck leans over and picks up the phone to call the New York *Times* and lodge a formal complaint over a report on the Neufeld-Rothwax confrontation that appeared in the Metro section that morning. "Aside from the article's regrettable tone," Scheck explains to a reporter, sounding more melancholy than angry, "it was inaccurate. You make it sound like Mr. Neufeld was trying to dump his poorer client so he could represent his more rich and famous client, which isn't true. He was trying to have the date of the trial changed so he could represent both."

Scheck hangs up. "You think they give a fuck?" he asks rhetorically, his voice suddenly tinged with bitterness. Then he catches himself, sighs, and laments, "People are so cynical."

Seeking refuge, Scheck walks out into the hallway of the Innocence Project headquarters, where file cabinets full of requests from hundreds of prison inmates are awaiting review. Within days, his partner's problems with Rothwax will be history, but not before Neufeld challenges the judge's intransigence in court. Representing Neufeld in his application to go over Rothwax's head is none other than William Kunstler, who says he did it "out of loyalty to an activist attorney with a social conscience who has done a lot of valuable work." They lose, but later, in Los Angeles, the Simpson DNA hearings will be postponed, making it possible for Neufeld to handle both of his cases.

In the hallway at Cardozo, young law students are zipping around with excitement in their eyes. There is evidence to be pursued that may lead to the release of innocent people from years of unjust incarceration. There are legal questions to be answered; important, life-altering decisions to be made. And much to the relief of everyone, none of it has anything to do with O. J. Simpson. ■

But I think they may have succumbed to lesser instincts."

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

Gael Greene ha

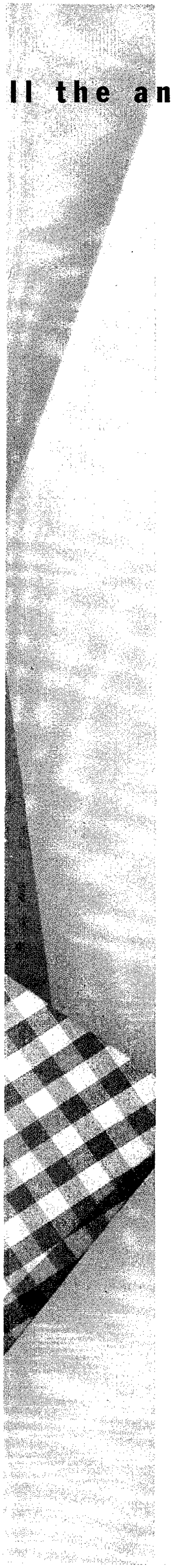
Ask Gael

DESSERTS
GELATO
Sampler of assorted Italian ice cream
FONDATO NEL

1 9 9 5

ll the answers when it comes to state-of-the-art eating

Interview With A Restaurant Critic



IF WE ARE WHAT WE EAT, THIS YEAR I AM A FARM-raised deer with a muzzle full of cilantro and infusions of lemongrass and garlic coursing through my veins. Not that I mind. One year, I was toasted goat cheese melting on a field of baby greens with tirami su on the brain. I love my job. I may even be addicted to it. And though I'm sure it's a lark to be a restaurant critic in Paris or Hong Kong, even in Los Angeles or San Francisco, no other city I know has so many citizens obsessed with dining out as New York. No other city matches our multicultural culinary bravura.

My only regret is that duty drives me in a relentless quest for new tables when I long to linger at my favorites. If I did it on Rollerblades, I still couldn't quite keep up with the constant change. That's why I invented this yearly confessional. It's a reason to reassess old haunts and sweep through the new, to answer readers'

PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGH KRETSCHMER

questions, and to share with you exactly what I tell my friends when they call asking my advice.

Do you ever keep any finds secret, all to yourself?

THE ONLY SECRETS I HAVE ARE THE ones I've not had a chance to spill yet. This week, I'm exhilarated by the kitchen revolution at **Flowers.** Yes, Flowers—more famed as a playpen for fashion models and their consorts. Tonight the crowd is disappointing, merely human. But the tuna tartare may well be the best I've eaten this season, sensuously riddled with avocado, tangy from lemon, lime, and tomato. Marc Salonsky, who made his mark at the now-defunct restaurant Maurice, has surfaced here, stirring up a storm of flavor. Intense "soup of the forest" with barbecued-pork dumplings and enoki. Grilled five-spice quail with papaya salad and Thai vinaigrette. Wild-mushroom risotto in a mesmerizing haze of white-truffle oil. Luscious Japanese barbecued sturgeon with butternut squash. Pastry chef Kim Guilbert's caramelized pumpkin tart and her pecan-chocolate torte (with surely the most chocolaty chocolate ice cream of the year) intensifies the high.

What's new and worth a detour? Say *Omakase* ("Let the chef decide") at **Nobu** ar

I'm in the mood for an old-fashioned French bistro.

ONE WHIFF OF GARLIC BUTTER . . . one bite of boeuf bourguignonne or the buttery thin disk of the apple tart . . . one uvular *r* from the waiter. Instantly, you imagine you've strayed to some Parisian side street and discovered **Jubilee.** Waiters dodge and swivel in the narrow aisles, and locals have already discovered the bar out back. Add great meaty frites to the Provençale mussels or to a big soup bowl of the juicy bivalves in a rich curry broth and you have supper for just $11.50. Or try gently cooked cod on an island of mashed potatoes, with a mellow red-wine sauce below and frizzled leeks above. Salmon is roasted and delivered to the table on cabbage confit. And the prices are gentle.

Where would you take a visiting three-star French chef?

FORGET *haute.* THINK DOWN-HOME. Numb him with the joys of hog heaven in a witty roadhouse setting at **Virgil's Real Barbeque.** Pique his appetite with sweet-and-savory chicken wings. Hit him with an Everest of fried onion rings and a round of ribs (both wet and dry), a side of "Memphis Barbeque Beans" and a mess of country greens. Let him play the orchestra of sauces in plastic squirt bottles. The spicy corn bread is on the house, but you'll want the biscuits too. And don't be surprised to see displaced Dixielanders like Liz Smith and Rex Reed blissing out across the room.

Where are the late-night nomads?

MEAT SEEKERS ARE ESPECIALLY FOND of Thursday. We set out to track them. Amazingly, the **Bowery Bar** dining room is thinning out and it's just 11:45 P.M. At midnight, **Match,** so fiercely incendiary just last spring, is almost deserted upstairs and down. Across the street, the **MercBar** is jumping, chock-full of men—men who don't seem to prefer one another. "Where are the women?" I mutter. Well, the odds may be about to change.

Around the corner on Greene Street, great seventies music and a good-looking gang has the **Bureau** bopping. Climb an endless stairway to this inviting den, conceived by my friend Tony Goldman and son Joey to draw the overflow from the SoHo Kitchen and Bar below, South Beach commuters, and the party crowd that's quick to sniff out what's new. Smartly terraced to encourage wiggling, snuggling, and impromptu dancing, Bureau has two bars, pillows to soften the banquettes, and a rope waiting for such demimonde creatures as Mickey Rourke and Naomi Campbell to drop by again. Salads and simple sandwiches—a comforting BLT, perhaps—keep folks from fainting with hunger.

What's new and worth a detour?

NO WAY CAN I BE GETTING EASIER TO please. So it must be that our town's restaurateurs are infinitely better at pleasing. The resurrection of the landmark **Monkey Bar** is a class act with glamour and noise-muffling, high-style design. Chef John Schenk is in command, more compelling than ever. Start with his unagi-and-potato terrine, the brandade ravioli, or one of the spritely plumed salads. Follow with barbecued squab, Schenk's signature roast cod on mashed potatoes, or remarkable lamb with goat-cheese macaroni.

Where are the late-night nomads

Never mind that we have to share the genial master chef Nobu Matsuhisa with L.A.—**Nobu** is designer David Rockwell's best dream yet. Drew Nieporent has the staff well drilled. Say *Omakase* ("Let the chef decide") and experience a sybaritic free fall. Tonight, it's gelled seafood consommé with baby bok choy, seared tuna belly ignited with jalapeño, and sashimi punched up with Japanese lemon.

We can debate the flamboyant look of **American Renaissance.** Is it ridiculously formal for TriBeCa or impressively grand, with a waterfall to drown the noise and weighty silver knife-rests I happen to love? But there's no debating that Erik Blauberg cooks with crescendos, wringing the last peep of flavor out of even a lowly carrot. Never boring, often brilliant, he has a weakness for sweetness but a sure hand at the stove. Since he knows his soaring atelier is hard to get at (so many streets running the wrong way) and the prices substantial, he butters us up with unexpected gifts: an opening amusement, a fish course perhaps, or an extra dessert.

Chef Gary Robins unleashes a frenzy of delicious excess and mingled flavors of the Orient at **Aja:** spicy tuna tartare, squab with caramelized mango, or skate with beets and lentils scented with garam masala to begin. Then grouper with a Vietnamese summer roll or prawns and clams in a Thai curry sauce. Forge on to the mango sundae, with its strange and wonderful chili-macadamia-nut brittle and tamarind-lime syrup.

These cold winter nights, I won't mind the taxi fare to TriBeCa knowing there's a crisp grilled-tomato-and-pumpkin-pizza welcome at **Spartina.** The too-rich spicy-sausage-and-calamari linguine doesn't faze me for a minute. I'll share it with the Road Food Warrior, and he'll share chef and co-owner Steven Kalt's sensational Georgian short ribs with me. Gluttony is good.

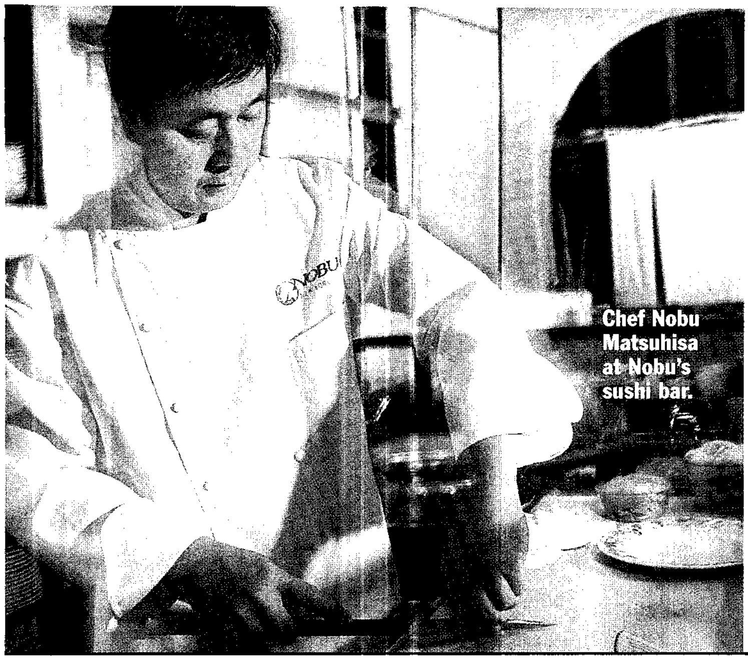
I'm back from bankruptcy at last and need a place to celebrate my first big deal.

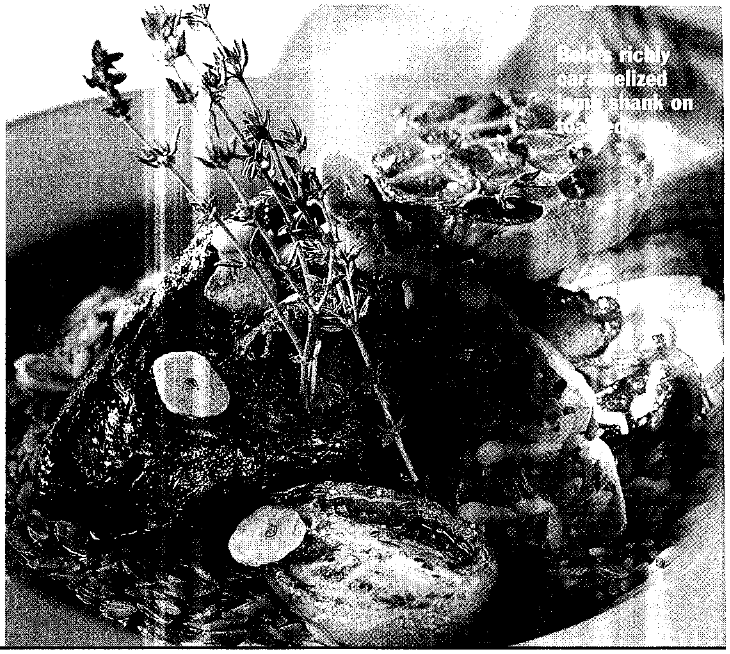
GET YOUR BANKERS AND LAWYERS wallow in eighties-style extravagance at **Le Bernardin.** Maguy Le Coze is leading a spectacular sea change to memorialize her late brother, chef Gilbert Le Coze. His young and driven protégé, Eric Ripert, will plan a $90 tasting for you—sweet stone crab in a balsamic-tinged broth, perhaps, and caviar-frosted timbale of mackerel. Then monkfish with chanterelles in a meat jus followed by crusty halibut on sticks of artichoke in a sublime foie gras–and–truffle sauce. Toast your own cleverness with a serious Bordeaux, a vintage expensive enough to make you feel rich again. Clear your head with refreshing fruit soup or prolong the decadence with chocolate mille-feuille and chicory crisps—bonbons too. Temperance is what you regret in the morning.

Where do you go on Sunday? Isn't it chef's night off?

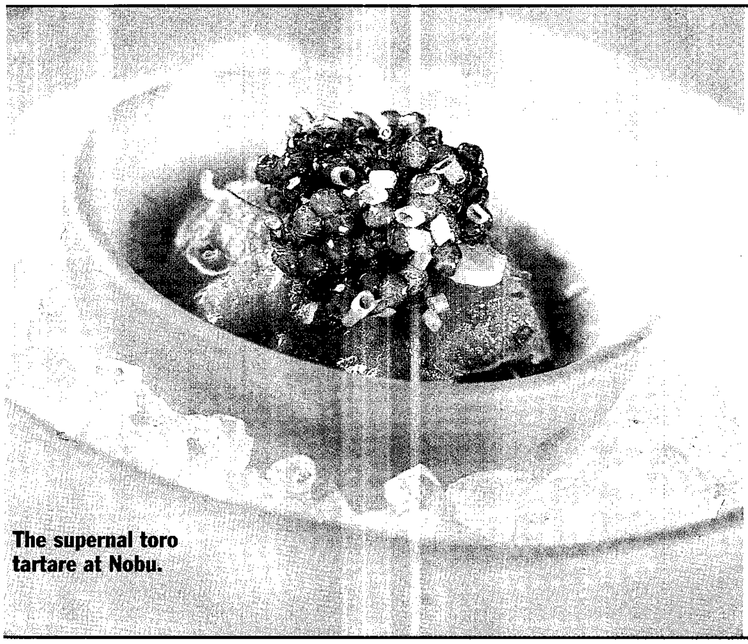
EXPECT PERFECTION AT **Gotham Bar and Grill** any night of the week. Alfred Portale is famed as the grandmaster of Height Cuisine. Because of him, car-

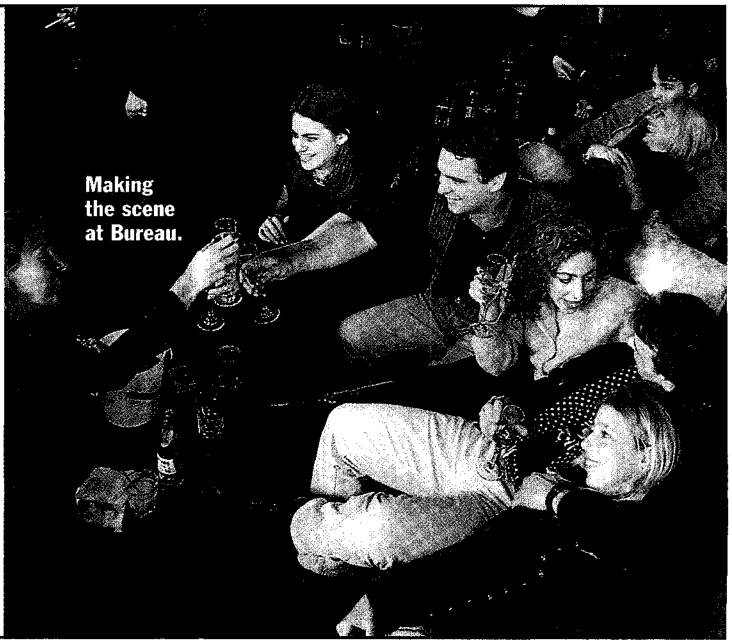
Photographs: clockwise from top left; Warren Salowe; Kari Haavisto; Frederick Charles; Kenneth Chen; Ted Hardin; Kari Haavisto.


Chef Nobu Matsuhisa at Nobu's sushi bar.

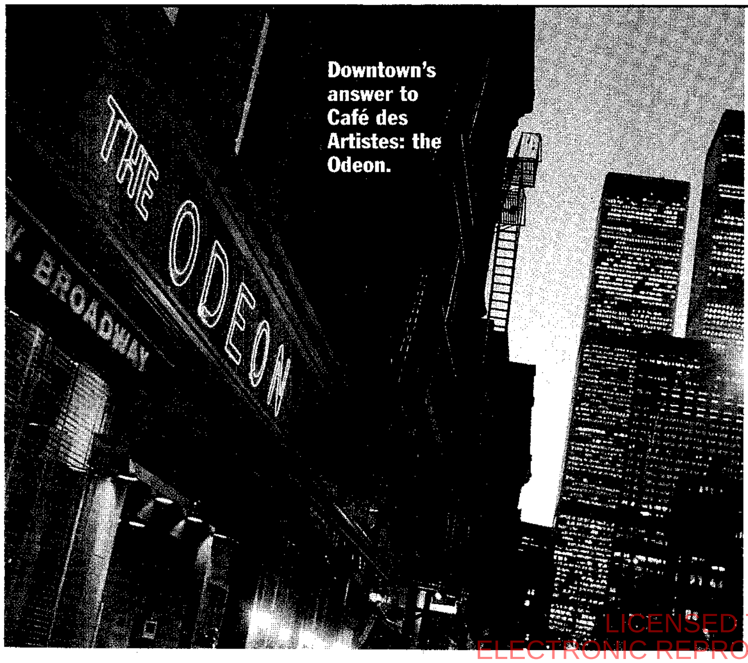

Bolo's richly caramelized lamb shank on toasted [illegible]

experience a sybaritic free fall. The resurrection of the **Monkey Bar** is a class act.

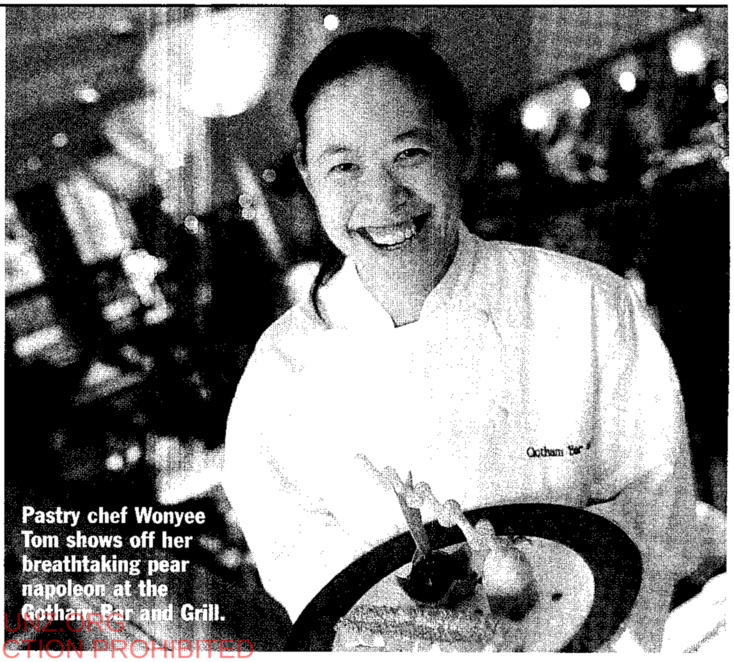

The supernal toro tartare at Nobu.


Making the scene at Bureau.

n SoHo, great seventies music and a good-looking gang has **Bureau** bopping.



Downtown's answer to Café des Artistes: the Odeon.



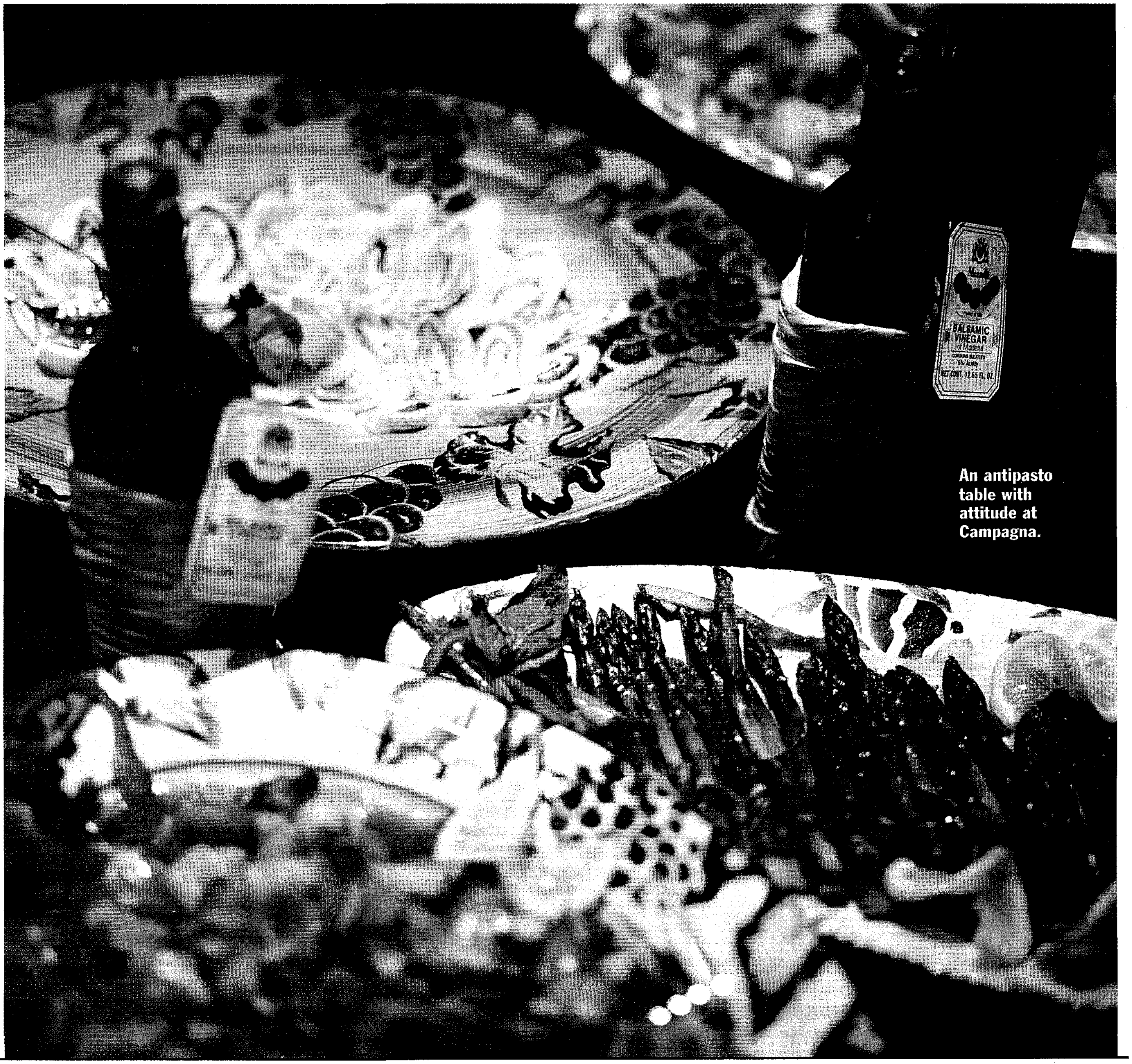
Pastry chef Wonyee Tom shows off her breathtaking pear napoleon at the Gotham Bar and Grill.

amelized birds and seared sea critters twist skyward in architectural grandiloquence all over town. Portale stopped by our table one night to say hello as we were decimating dessert—top-notch maple crème brûlée with warm poached fruit, espresso coupe glacée, and sophisticated variations on the pear theme by the house's gifted new pastry chef, Wonyee Tom. Only later did I learn that Portale had been away from the kitchen all evening. Never suspecting, we had marveled at skate with eggplant caviar, at sumptuous bacon-flecked butternut-squash risotto and herbed ricotta ravioli with crimini mushrooms in a fog of truffle. A skyscraper of red snapper on Manila clams in parsley broth and the always exceptional rack of lamb with garlic-mashed potatoes were wonderful, as expected. Pheasant in a truffled pot-au-feu was a happy discovery.

No such thing as a sleepy Sunday at the **Manhattan Ocean Club.** Waves of the hungry are still surfing in at 11 P.M. This place clearly tops every concierge's must list for folks with money to burn. Still, we see savvy New Yorkers as well, and we're pleased with the impeccably grilled scallops with chanterelles in shallot cream and the seared tuna with lattice potato chips. Fat lumps of crab meld into beautiful crab cakes and the swordfish au poivre is rare, as I prefer it, and powerfully torrid. None of us can stop eating the shoestring fries. And when the waiter rolls up the dessert caravan, who can resist?

I'm stuck on jury duty with only an hour for lunch.

JOIN A COMMUNAL TABLE AT **Bo Ky** for a cheap but delicious lunch-in-a-bowl in this hectic, no-frills Chinatown soup kitchen. Or brave the line inside Mott Street's **Big Wong** for a greasy cruller hot from the oven and fabulous barbecued duck and pork with or without noodle soup. Recruit a couple of co-conspirators for a first-rate dim sum lunch from the rolling carts at the **Golden Unicorn.** Or check off your choices on a form at **Tai Hong Lau** and get shrimp wrapped with soft noodle crêpes, pork in sesame-studded pastry, pan-fried chive cakes, and more. You're also close enough to meet pals for seviche and guacamole at **El Ted-**



An antipasto table with attitude at Campagna.

What's celebrasociety up to now? Music moguls have followed chef Mark Strausma

Photographs: left, Frank Veronsky; right, Kenneth Chen.

Where the Yummy Things Are: A Directory

AJA
937 Broadway, at 22nd Street *(473-8388)*

AMERICAN RENAISSANCE
260 West Broadway, at Ericsson Street *(343-0049)*

AQUAVIT
13 West 54th Street *(307-7311)*

ARIZONA 206
206 East 60th Street *(838-0440)*

AUREOLE
34 East 61st Street *(319-1660)*

BAROCCO
301 Church Street, at Walker Street *(431-1445)*

BAR PITTI
268 Sixth Avenue, near Bleecker Street *(982-3300)*

BIG WONG
67 Mott Street, near Canal Street *(964-0540)*

BO KY
80 Bayard Street, near Mott Street *(406-2292)*

BOLO
23 East 22nd Street *(228-2200)*

BOWERY BAR
358 Bowery, at 4th Street *(475-2220)*

BUREAU
105 Greene Street, near Prince Street *(226-0373)*

CAFÉ CENTRO AND BEER BAR
200 Park Avenue, at 45th Street *(818-1222)*

CAFE EDISON
Hotel Edison, 228 West 47th Street *(840-5000)*

CAMPAGNA
24 East 21st Street *(460-0900)*

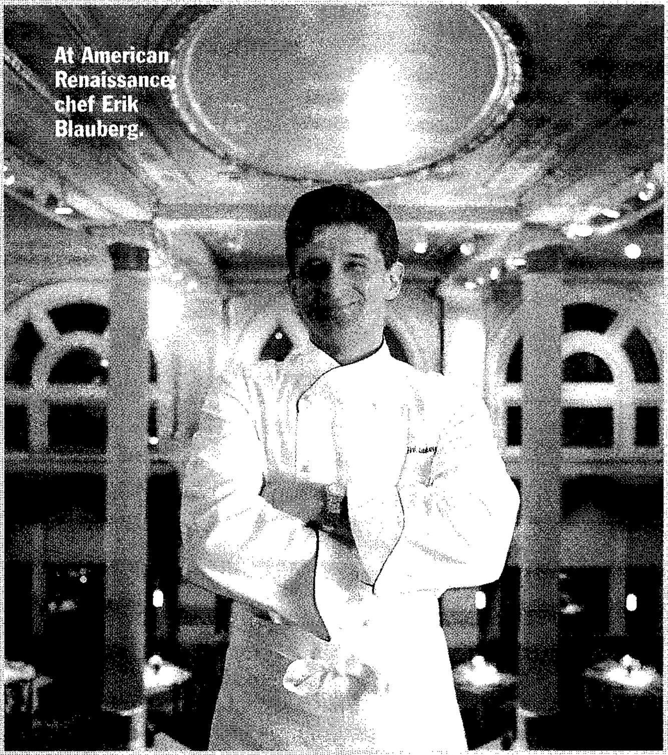
CARLYLE DINING ROOM
Carlyle Hotel, 35 East 76th Street *(744-1600)*

CASCABEL
218 Lafayette Street, near Spring Street *(431-7300)*

CHINA FUN (WEST)
246 Columbus Avenue, near 72nd Street *(580-1516)*

CHRISTER'S
145 West 55th Street *(974-7224)*

CICCIO & TONY'S
320 Amsterdam Avenue, at 75th Street *(595-0500)*


At American Renaissance chef Erik Blauberg.

CIRCUS
808 Lexington Avenue, near 62nd Street *(223-2566)*

COCO PAZZO
23 East 74th Street *(794-0205)*

C.T.
111 East 22nd Street *(995-8500)*

CUCINA & COMPANY
200 Park Avenue, near 45th Street *(682-2700)*

DANIEL
20 East 76th Street *(288-0033)*

EL TEDDY'S
219 West Broadway, near White Street *(941-7070)*

ELAINE'S
1703 Second Avenue, near 88th Street *(534-8103)*

FLOWERS
21 West 17th Street *(691-8888)*

FOUR SEASONS
99 East 52nd Street *(754-9494)*

GABRIEL'S BAR & RESTAURANT
11 West 60th Street *(956-4600)*

GOLDEN UNICORN
18 East Broadway, at Catherine Street *(941-0911)*

GOTHAM BAR AND GRILL
12 East 12th Street *(620-4020)*

GRAMERCY TAVERN
42 East 20th Street *(477-0777)*

I TRULLI
122 East 27th Street *(481-7372)*

JUBILEE
347 East 54th Street *(888-3569)*

JUDSON GRILL
152 West 52nd Street *(582-5252)*

LE BERNARDIN
155 West 51st Street *(489-1515)*

LE CIRQUE
58 East 65th Street *(794-9292)*

LESPINASSE
2 East 55th Street *(339-6719)*

MANHATTAN OCEAN CLUB
57 West 58th Street *(371-7777)*

MATCH
160 Mercer Street, near Houston Street *(343-0020)*

MERCBAR
151 Mercer Street, near Prince Street *(966-2727)*

MICHAEL'S
24 West 55th Street *(767-0555)*

MONKEY BAR
60 East 54th Street *(838-2600)*

NICK AND EDDIE
203 Spring Street, at Sullivan Street *(219-9090)*

NOBU
105 Hudson Street, at Franklin Street *(219-0500)*

ODEON
145 West Broadway, at Thomas Street *(233-0507)*

PARK AVALON
225 Park Avenue South, near 19th Street *(533-2500)*

PATRIA
250 Park Avenue South, at 20th Street *(777-6211)*

REGENCY RESTAURANT
Regency Hotel, 540 Park Avenue, at 61st Street *(759-4100)*

REMI
145 West 53rd Street *(581-4242)*

SAN DOMENICO
240 Central Park South *(265-5959)*

SEA GRILL
19 West 49th Street *(246-9201)*

SPARTINA
355 Greenwich Street, at Harrison Street *(274-9310)*

TAQUERIA DE MEXICO
93 Greenwich Avenue, near Bank Street *(255-5212)*

TAI HONG LAU
70 Mott Street, near Canal Street *(219-1431)*

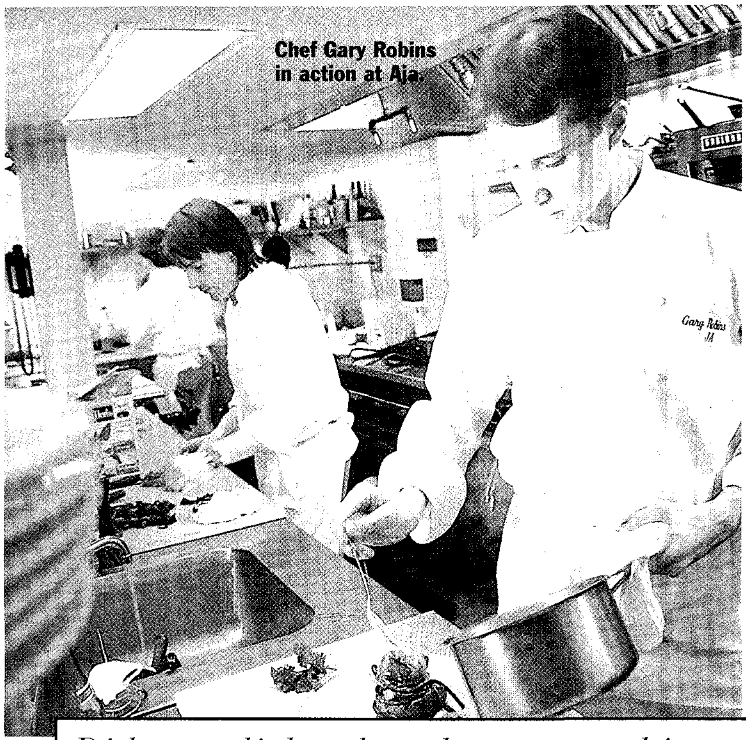
'21'
21 West 52nd Street *(582-7200)*

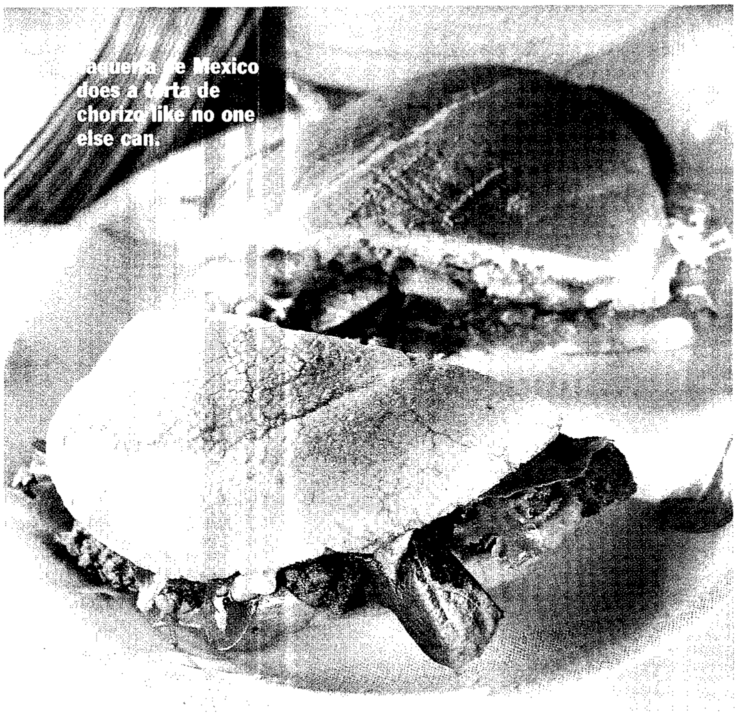
VIRGIL'S REAL BARBEQUE
152 West 44th Street *(921-9494)*

WEST 63RD STREET STEAKHOUSE
44 West 63rd Street *(246-6363)*

ZARELA
953 Second Avenue, near 50th Street *(644-6740)*

the rustic warmth of **Campagna**. A showbiz crowd gets giddy at **Gabriel's**.


Chef Gary Robins in action at Aja.


Taqueria de Mexico does a torta de chorizo like no one else can.

Did any dishes knock you out this year? For the grandest finale, it's the fig na

dy's or to share a pizza and pasta at **Spartina.**

What do you get when you combine a Sirio Maccioni with a Daniel Boulud?

YOU GET A FOUR-STAR RESTAURANT on my scorecard. Sirio is **Le Cirque'**s four-star host (once he knows you) with a two-and-a-half-star chef. And Boulud is a four-star chef in the kitchen of **Daniel,** a two-star restaurant.

Folks parked off in Siberia may seethe with jealousy, but here on the royal banquette, being fussed over by the ringmaster of Le Cirque is always a kick. After a slow, trudging start, chef Sylvain Portay—with strong backup from veteran Sottha Khunn—is coming into his own. White baby asparagus (so precious in mid-winter) with black truffles and shallots and a sprinkle of coarse salt is a triumph. Lobster risotto is creamy perfection. Luscious braised veal shank with Swiss chard and tempting crisps and tidbits of calf's tail and pig's foot in a mustard-shallot sauce are the grandmotherly nostalgia Le Cirque does so well. But tasteless cèpes? Overcooked turbot? Parched red snapper? Maccioni, the consummate restaurateur, eating with friends at the height of the dinner hour? What's going on here?

A few blocks north, Daniel Boulud cooks his heart out. He knows I'm here, and he sends out a parade of exquisite miniaturized dishes. Rich pumpkin soup. Elegant lobster consommé with fennel, caviar, and a coral cream sauce. Tiny Peconic Bay scallops with porcini and pea shoots. Why does he confuse the issue, including Parmesan under a shower of white truffle on my wild-mushroom risotto? "Because he's not Italian," snaps my clever companion. A small quibble.

Here's another homey veal shank and old-fashioned crusted tripe, magnificently updated with "melting" potatoes, Swiss chard, and cranberry beans. "Pomme, pomme, pomme" is a dessert poem that celebrates the apple. Pastry chef François Paillard's fig tart and a gratin of chocolate with verbena ice cream ought to be compulsory. But the service still stutters, and the characterless room is no fun at all. There's a table from hell in the service corridor that no one wants to sit at. Into such black holes do stars collapse.

Who is the greatest chef in New York?

TO SINGLE OUT JUST ONE MAKES ME break out in a rash. With Jean-Georges Vongerichten, David Bouley, Alfred Portale, and Charles Palmer, this town is a honey pot for a restaurant critic. But at this very moment, Gray Kunz stands very tall. The St. Regis has built him the dream kitchen of the twenty-first century at **Lespinasse,** where he performs dazzling alchemy. Taste his salmon or a lowly beef rib, and you imagine you've never tasted salmon or beef before. In Kunz's tasting dinner, one aristocratic scallop is wreathed in a complex layering of lemongrass and kaffir-lime leaf. Truffles and leeks have a born-in-butter voluptuousness. White-truffle risotto adds to the sense of measured excess. And maître d' Victor Taylor scored at our table when he suggested the $28 South African Merrlust Rubicon as a far better red-wine choice than the $85 Bordeaux my host was eyeing. Count $100 a person and no regrets.

Jury duty beckons. What are my op

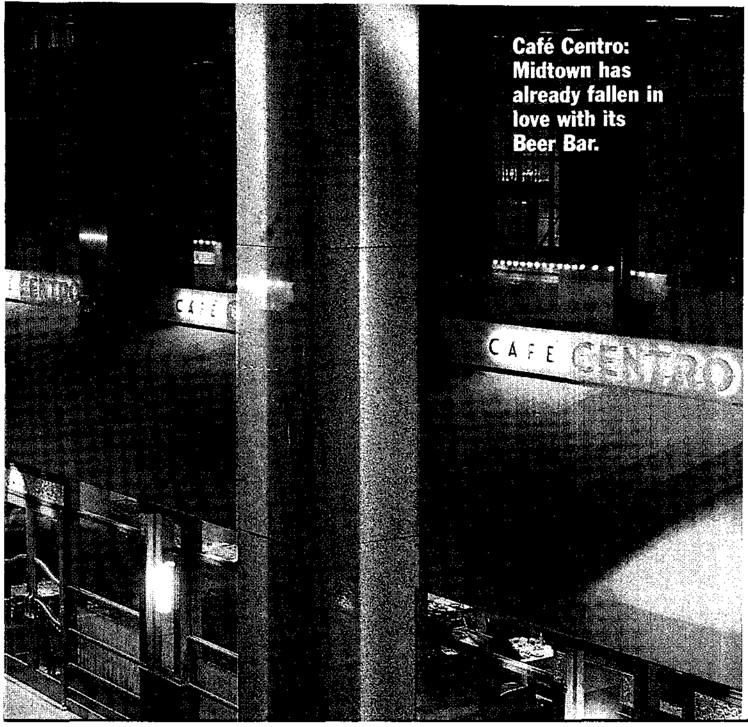
Cilantromania has become a perversion, and I've had my fill of pea sprouts too. Is there no escape?

BRACE YOURSELF. THIS COULD BE THE year of the popcorn shoot. At **Arizona 206,** David Walzog has unleashed a shower of these innocent yellow tendrils. They flutter over the tequila-cured salmon furled with sour cream and salmon roe on a green-chili corncake, a shot glass of wicked iced tequila riding alongside. They add a crunch to the grilled quail on bulgur, laced with green-chili oil. Bloomingbirds hover at the bar, linger at the kindergarten-like cocktail tables, and keep the crew hopping in the adjacent less expensive café. The cramped restaurant itself seems almost an afterthought, but once you taste the lamb taquitas, the salmon with parsnip-barley risotto and red-chili syrup, or the charred venison on corn noodles with red-chili-venison sausage, you remember why you came. If your definition of dessert is chocolate, Arizona's molten cake and the two mousse-filled chocolate silos honor that syntax. For me, it's the sheer citric pow of mango sorbet on lime granita in a puddle of mango-tequila salsa.

Tell me the dishes that knocked you out this year.

Bolo's lamb shank stretches tall in a forest of lamb shanks. Lately I've got **Spartina'**s Georgian short ribs on my mind and **Nobu'**s supernal toro tartare with caviar. The torta de chorizo at **Taqueria**

Photographs: left to right, Warren Salowe; Kari Haavisto; Renato Rotolo; Kari Haavisto.



Café Centro: Midtown has already fallen in love with its Beer Bar.

Gramercy Tavern's fig napoleon with Concord-grape sorbet.

on at **Gramercy Tavern**—an astonishment demanding a return engagement.

ns? Brave the line inside **Big Wong** for a greasy cruller hot from the oven.

de Mexico in the West Village is a fast-food forte, and halibut takes on a new dimension in a foie gras–and–truffle sauce at **Le Bernardin.** Tuscan fries with herbs at **Coco Pazzo** are the best fries anywhere. For the grandest finale, it's fig napoleon with Concord-grape sorbet at **Gramercy Tavern.** Seven astonishments demanding a return engagement.

If I were hip, where would I be eating dinner tonight?

If you were hip, you wouldn't say *hip.* And you'd have no trouble snaring a prime-time table at the **Bowery Bar.** You'd tell everyone you absolutely *love* the room. Great look, you'd say. Love the truck parts, a reminder of the gas station it once was. Love the huge tilted mirror that confirms how utterly fabulous you are. Love to put down the food. It's the night of the Herb Ritts party in the back room, so up front, we now have a Herb Ritts afterglow (Frederic Fekkai, Donna Karan, David Bowie and Iman). And truth to tell, the chicken isn't bad at all, and the kitchen dispatches our lemon-ginger tuna fresh enough and rare enough.

What else is celebrasociety up to now?

Power breaks the fast in the dining room at the **Regency,** of course. And also at the **Carlyle** and **Michael's.** Masters of the universe rule lunch in the Grill at the **Four Seasons.** That's Warnaco's Midas, CEO Linda Wachner, taking a bow.

Theater muck-a-mucks dabble in coffee-shop chic. It's just the **Cafe Edison** in the Hotel Edison, but the cognoscenti call it the Polish Tea Room. The velvet rope guards a trio of tables sacred to the Shubert potentates—Jerry Schoenfeld and Bernie Jacobs—or Fran and Barry Weissler, perhaps with Tommy Tune in tow. "So vat you vant?" asks Frances Edelstein, bringing platters of sliced turkey and lean corned beef. "You vant I should make you a little potato pancakes?" Out comes an irresistible grease-slicked stack to paint with sour cream and applesauce like your mother used to make.

Music moguls have followed chef-padrone Mark Strausman to the rustic warmth of **Campagna.** But you don't need a ponytail to love Strausman's splendid Florentine rib-eye steak and sinful mashed potatoes, the Sicilian seafood couscous, and the "duet of lamb"—one grilled chop and luscious long-cooked shoulder with crisp-fried baby artichokes. **Elaine's** has tilted between hot and tepid. Now it's a journalist's imperative, full of new-generation swagger and grizzled old-timers, drawing jocks, hams, and legends. Raquel Welch, for one. Helena Bonham Carter. Christian Slater. Even Woody is back. A Lincoln Center and showbiz crowd favors **Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant,** giddy with the Mama-loves-you portions of good Italianate food. Want to connect with the new governor? Drop by John Kluge's **West 63rd Street Steakhouse,** a Pataki transition-team canteen.

I want to rub elbows with actual artists.

Artists may abandon mates and betray dealers, but they can be wondrously loyal to their hangouts. Thus **Odeon** thrives after all these years, laid-back and welcoming to art-world darlings and their groupies. To Mary Boone, Donald Sultan, Julian Schnabel, and Irving Blum, mostly eating the goat-cheese salad and steak frites—"That's the safest way to go," one striver observes. At **Bar Pitti,** on a break from scouting for his new gallery in Aspen, Harley Baldwin tucks into the garlicky grilled bread with white beans and the tagliarini with artichoke hearts from the blackboard specials. Over his perfect espresso, he's apt to spot Francesco Clemente, James Brown, Zurich dealer Bruno Bischofberger, Jennifer Bartlett, landscape architect Madison Cox, and, as a dividend, Edward Albee. **Barocco** feeds Clemente, too, and Donald Baechler, Jack Pierson, and Donald Sultan.

Is it possible you don't like Spanish food?

I don't hate it. I do love tapas. But my life has not been rich in great paellas. So I'm elated at the faintly Spanish **Bolo,** but that's because chef Bobby Flay's exaggerated fantasy of Spain adds spice to reality. And Bolo is better than ever. The kitchen thrills, even on a night when the bosses—*Bo* for Bobby Flay and *lo* for partner Laurence Kretchmer—are off tending their Mesa Grill. I like the hill of frisée with blue

Vive la France at Jubilee.

cheese and chorizo or the octopus with ever-so-slightly underdone chickpeas better than the duck-confit-stuffed empanadilla in a sweet sauce that tastes like dessert to me. You may disagree; that's a question of taste. For sure the roasted vegetables, hummus, and robiola cheese is infinitely more winning on pizzalike flatbread than oily ham with manchego cheese. But herb-roasted chicken, encircled with olive-studded saffron couscous, sings with lemony flavor. Splendid curried-shellfish-and-chicken paella could feed three, maybe four. And in this year of the lamb shank, Bolo's is the champion—richly caramelized on toasted orzo, with a bulb of roasted garlic and crisp fried-garlic ovals to boot. I wish the sorbets were smoother, but apple cake with sherry-custard sauce roasted in a terra-cotta baking dish is marvelous and big enough for the table to share. Aren't we glad that week he spent in chili-phobic Spain didn't go to Flay's pepper head?

How about a low-key spot for a first date? **Park Avalon** goes easy on the garlic.

So what is the next big wave?

LATINO, BOTH AGGRESSIVELY AUTHENTIC and improvisational. Mexican, yes, and a touch of Brazilian, but don't hold your breath for Ecuador and Peru. What adventurous New Yorkers have fallen for is the bravura of Douglas Rodriguez at **Patria,** with his savory riffs on the tamal (he stuffs it with clam or salmon, cucumber salsa, and botarga cream) and the empanada in seven incarnations. Rodriguez makes homely tubers infinitely lovable as in coconut-glazed tuna with malanga, or pork with boniato purée.

Just a few blocks away, in what has become the city's liveliest feeding field—the Flatiron Building its epicenter—Claude Troisgros stars at **C.T.** Dauphin of France's gourmaniacal royal family in Roanne, Troisgros shows off what he learned in his Rio de Janeiro years as a restaurateur in the homeland of his wife. But it's not just taro and passionfruit that inspire him. Troisgros plays with truffle oil, lemongrass, and Stilton cheese, too, never forgetting the fine French techniques he teethed on. We watch the very proper toques behind glass turning out our taro-root-mousseline ravioli with wild mushrooms in truffle oil and brown butter. The salmon with sorrel and scallion evokes memories of golden days in Roanne . . . till the azure potato chips rush us back to the no-holds-barred nineties. But the hapless service is not amusing and could ultimately drive the chef's most smitten fans away.

Is chef wanderlust a good sign?

WITH EVERY MOVE, TOM VALENTI grows. He won applause at Alison on Dominick Street. Now in the dramatic high-lacquer gloss of **Cascabel,** his robust cooking for the Zaccaro-Ferraro clan is all his own. Though he learned from mentor Alfred Portale at the Gotham Bar and Grill, he has no need to ape him. The "undercooked" (as our waitress puts it) pork tenderloin wrapped in bacon feels like high-risk sport, but I must have it anyway. The smoky scent of Valenti's beef "two ways"—grilled and braised—is intriguing. And though everyone does melting chocolate cake, this one is primal.

He seemed hopelessly in over his head at JUdson Grill, but Edward Brown may have landed right side up at Rockefeller Center's **Sea Grill.** Skaters swirl and tumble beyond the glass wall (a din-doubler) as we indulge in an old-fashioned butterfat orgy: wantonly creamy seafood chowder. A special of Maine scallops with ribbons of carrot and leek in a butter bath. Lush, barely gelled Arctic char on rich wild-mushroom-and-radicchio risotto.

Cilantro invades **Aquavit.** Blame it on former Mesa Grill sous-chef Jan Sendel. His refiguring of the strictly Scandinavian theme has drawn me back to the drama and luxury of the flyaway space that was once the John D. Rockefeller townhouse. It's no trick to spend $100 for lunch (unless you stick to the $29 prix fixe), and the Swedish-born Sendel is still finding his way. But his seared halibut with tomato, black-olive oil, and wild rice beguiles, and the loin of beef roasted in beef-and-beer broth (sjöman's biff) calls for a fanfare. Beet soup with celery-root chips tastes fresh as a garden, too sweet, though, as are many of the sauces. Cardamom crème brûlée has the tinge of cedar, but the ginger-snap ice-cream sandwich in a puddle of licorice sauce is oddly delicious.

Are you programmed to land downtown?

I HAVE MY MIDTOWN haunts. Lunch in the saloon at **'21'** evokes memories. And Charles Palmer's flavor flair and artistic eye make eating at **Aureole** a delicious jaunt for all the senses. I send friends to **Christer's** before and after the theater for the chef's fabulous barbecued salmon. Politicians and Time Warner brass spark a power surge at **JUdson Grill.** I love the sweep of the room and Jerry's Jumpin' Jersey chili, the crab-cake "pyramid," and the Black Angus–steak sandwich with balsamic sauce and sweet-potato fries. **Café Centro** and the adjacent **Beer Bar** in the MetLife Building was an instant hit in a neighborhood where that level of "we're trying to please you" service is so rare. There's something for every mood on the eclectic menu, and the Moroccan specialties are especially good.

I want a low-key spot for a first date.

GUYS SEEM HAPPY AT **Nick and Eddie** because it feels butch. "Yo. What can I getcha?" the waiter begins. It's cheap too. The noise and the spice of **Zarela** can be disarming; a few margaritas, even more so. Stephen Hanson, one of Manhattan's eternal playboys, strives to keep his **Park Avalon** a prime mating-and-dating haven. He bids the staff seat two women dining alone next to two men, never near a couple where a pretty face might be a fatal distraction. And he insists the kitchen go easy on garlic.

Give me a break. I need a bargain.

THE OUTRAGEOUSLY RICH AND GREASY freebie focaccia at **Ciccio & Tony's** short-circuits my critical faculties. Suddenly this Italian cucina with its American excesses seems to fill a need I didn't know I had. A crush of youngish West Siders love the outsize portions of low-priced pasta and crusty pizzettes (I like "nuova Tuscan," with salami, pepperoni, and sausage). Exit with a doggie bag.

Potent caipirinhas and a trio of gor-

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

geous hosts transport high-energy Brazil to **Circus**—a low-priced boon for the folks in Bloomingdale's country. Entrées are $19 or less (try shrimp in an acorn-squash shell or the beef-and-mashed-potato picadinho), and drinkable wines start at just $12.

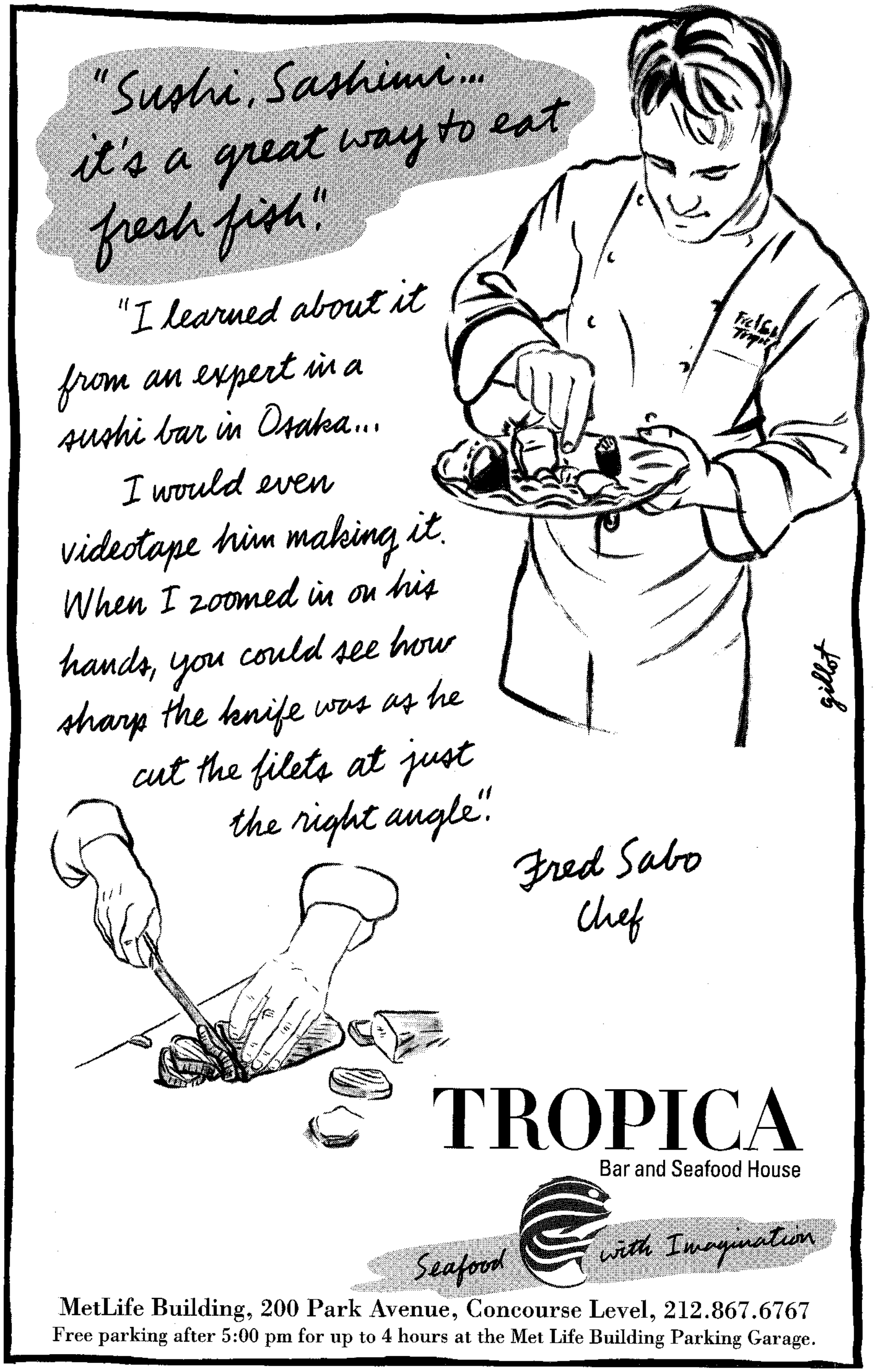
Share a $22.95 tasting dinner for two ($12.95 for one) at the West Side's **China Fun**—seven favorite dim sum for each of you, then a sampler of the roast pork, chicken, duck, and spare ribs, a choice of four entrées, and almond gelatin with mixed fruit for dessert. The $19.95 dinner for two at **Cucina & Company** in the MetLife building offers steak frites, salmon en croûte, or roulade of beef, plus a salad, vegetables, and dessert in the flicker of votive candles.

Where do you go to eat Italian?

D**emi** HAS BECOME A HABIT FOR ITS lively spirit and the sophisticated Venetian play of chef Francesco Antonucci. I go to Tony May's **San Domenico** for the rich opulence of chef Theo Schoenegger's Bolognese cucina, admittedly when I'm feeling flush. **Bar Pitti** is a favorite downtown hangout that makes me feel I could be in Florence, at underground prices.

My first dinner at **I Trulli,** with its Apulian cookery, makes me eager to return, especially for the zesty goodies emerging from the beehive-woodburning oven: Portobello baked whole on herb-spiked mashed potatoes, oysters with pancetta and Talegio cheese. And fat macaroni stuffed with veal. The orecchiette are handmade and tossed with broccoli rabe and almonds. When we sent back the overcooked venison chops, they were replaced by maybe the best venison of the season, quickly seared and rare—just this side of sashimi.

Pino Luongo's obsession with the regional cooking of his homeland never flags. Cesare Casella, the chef he found in the hills above Lucca, is wowing a new breed of fans at **Coco Pazzo**—reason enough to vie for a table here. Music-world honchos may have drifted away with former chef Marc Strausman, but you can still see Rod Stewart here and Sinatra (one night with Vic Damone and Julio Iglesias). Casella is the sturdy chap with a bouquet of fresh herbs stuck in his pocket popping out of the kitchen to tout the day's market finds. We're sharing wild mushrooms floured and fried with parsley, a touch of lemongrass, and ginger. The zuppa alla frantoiana (cabbage, beans, and bread) is my idea of supper. Battered bits of juicy rabbit, fried and scattered atop greens, are irresistible, too. Perfectly cooked branzino tastes of lemon and good olive oil. Panna cotta is the dessert cliché of the year—and Casella's is wonderful—but give me a cut of humble apple cake instead. ■


"Sushi, Sashimi... it's a great way to eat fresh fish."
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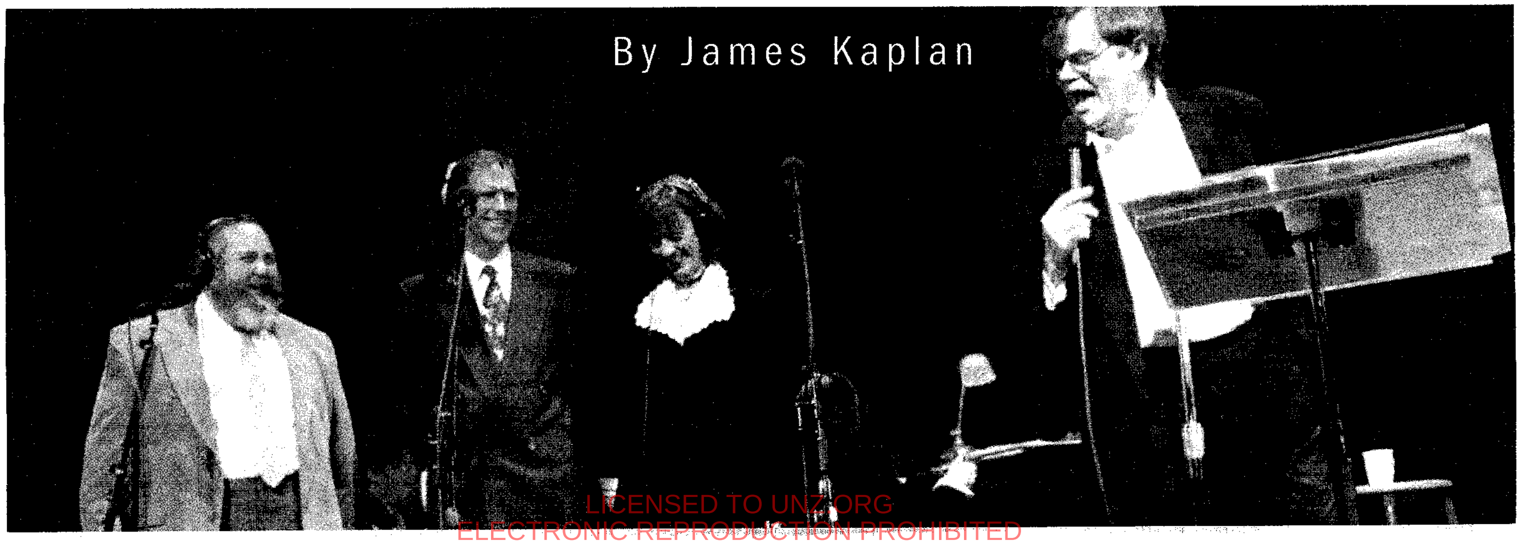
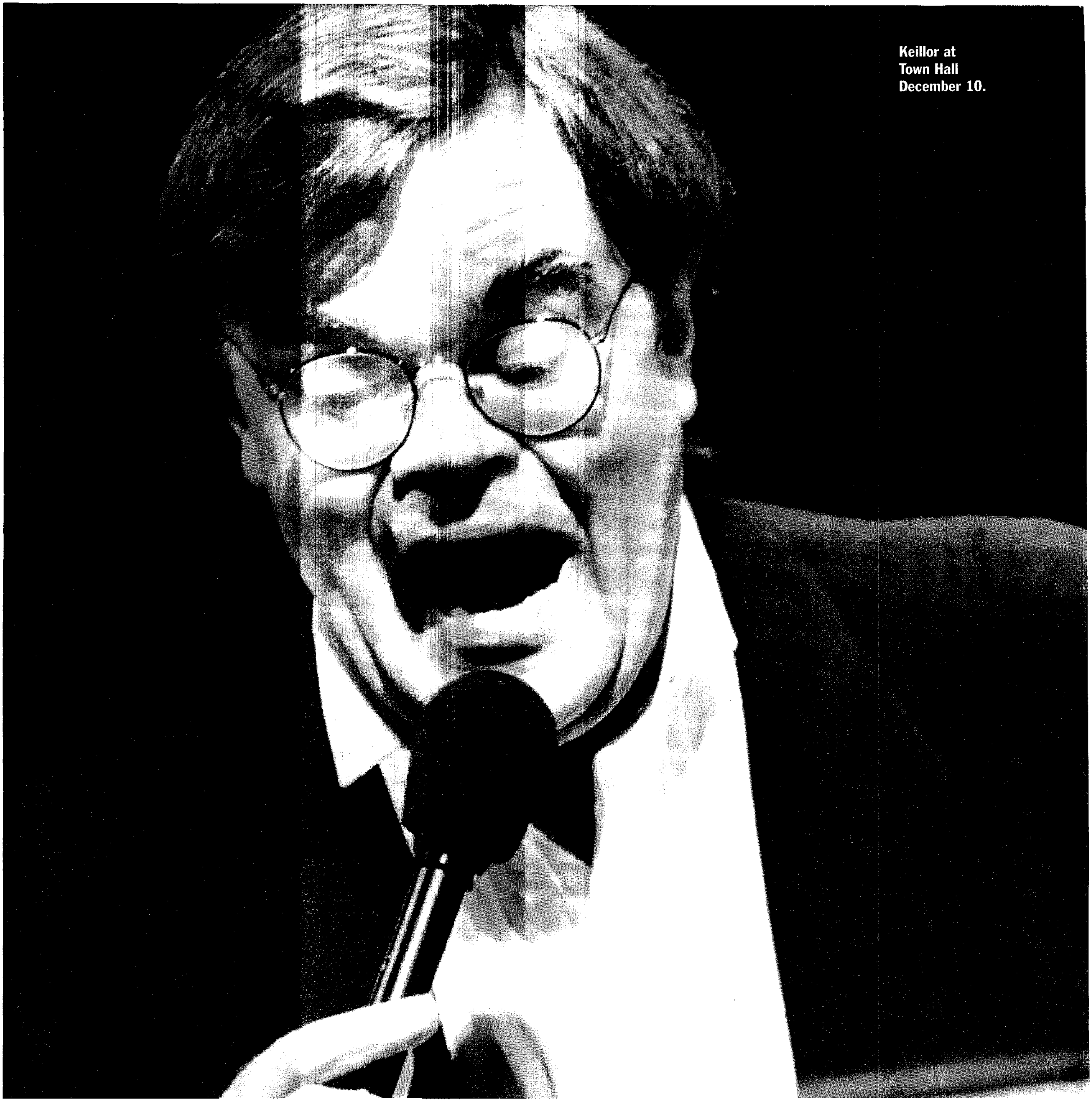
A Garrison Keillor Fan Is Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Brave, Clean, and Reverent. This Is *New York*?

By James Kaplan





Keillor at
Town Hall
December 10.

THEY COME LIKE SWALLOWS, THE CLEAN, CLEAN PEOPLE: THEY FLOW INTO THE LOBBY OF TOWN HALL ON A RAINY Saturday night like light itself, happy—as their hero once put it in one of his book titles—to be here.

That hero, of course, is Garrison Keillor, and the live broadcast of his weekly radio show, "A Prairie Home Companion," is what the clean people are here to see. But who are they? Who takes the trouble to put on a coat, leave the house, take a cab or get on the subway or drive to the city, and pay money to watch Garrison Keillor do his show?

Look around the lobby. They're young and old, though mostly north of young. Male and female; perhaps a few

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC ASNIN
FOR *NEW YORK*

more of the former than of the latter. Straight and gay, although if the eye guesses correctly, there are a lot more of the former than of the latter. White and . . . well, white.

But what they seem, most saliently, is *good:* These are people who would gladly put you up for the night if you were passing through. And you'd be glad to stay! The guest bathroom, depend on it, has a sweet smell; maybe there's an *Utne Reader* or two in the basket by the john. . . . These are people with good teeth and good shoes; they're dressed well for the harsh weather. Land's End is the show's sole commercial sponsor, with reason: There is a great deal of Land's End–style outerwear in evidence, much of it in that peculiar emerald green not found in nature. Here's a young couple, he blond and pleasantly ascetic, in that very Land's End green, she bespectacled, in shearling. This isn't some glazed-eyed couple from one of those awful man-and-woman-in-the-street ads for plays and movies. This is a young couple who have been places and thought about things. He says he's been a fan of Keillor's shows and books since college, in 1983.

"I'm a more recent convert," the young woman says. "I read most of *The Book of Guys*—in the introduction, I laughed myself silly."

"Do you ever experience uncontrollable rage?" Keillor asks me, sitting in a West Side coffee shop. "And an urge to drive and drive and drive?"

IT IS PROBABLY FAIR TO SAY THAT *The Book of Guys,* Keillor's comic take on the tribulations of modern malehood, is directly distilled from the tribulations of Garrison Keillor. As, in a certain way, is much of "A Prairie Home Companion." There is considerable darkness in the upper Midwest, and, for all the lightness of the show and its audience, in Keillor's personality. ("Guy Noir," he says, of his fictional radio detective, "is me.") I learned this firsthand in the mid-seventies, when I made a pilgrimage to the World Theater in St. Paul, Minnesota. "A Prairie Home Companion" was still an item of esoterica then, just a buzz (albeit a rising buzz), carried only on Minnesota Public Radio. I don't remember much about the broadcast I attended; I seem to recall a tuba. Keillor, tall and dark-bearded, was droll. Afterward I went up to the stage, introduced myself, and told him I had nowhere to stay. Taking pity on me, he ended up placing me for the night at the clean, warm house of a local couple who were friends of his—prototypical Keillorites.

But what I recall most sharply is that as we drove through the clammy Minneapolis night in his rattletrap of a car, he seemed quite a different article from the folksy fellow who had entertained the crowd. "Has anyone ever told you," he asked me, "that you look exactly like Charles Starkweather?"

What I didn't know at the time was that Keillor was divorcing his first wife, with whom he had had a son. He then began a long-term relationship with his producer, Margaret Moos. In 1985, at the top of his game, Keillor attended his twenty-fifth high-school reunion, where he remet Ulla Skaerved, a former Danish exchange student at the school. They fell in love, he left Moos, and rhapsodized about Skaerved on the air. Later that year they were married.

The national audience was charmed by the romance, but his Minnesota listeners, who'd been with him from the start in 1974, had long felt he was violating the spirit of *janteloven,* a Norwegian word that roughly translates as "not feeling you're better than anyone else."

Twin Cities newspapers went after him. One went so far as to publish a front-page picture of the house Keillor and Skaerved had just bought, along with the address, sale price, property-tax rate, and floor plan.

Furious, Keillor pulled the plug on "A Prairie Home Companion" and moved to Denmark with his wife. But by 1989, he was back in the States, transplanted to Manhattan, with a new broadcast, forgettably titled "The American Radio Company." The new show, with headquarters at the ultrahip Brooklyn Academy of Music, was a lot like the old show, with a Keillor monologue and skits and heartfelt, or heartfelt-with-a-tinge-of-irony, musical numbers. But, as though out of retribution at Minnesota, the new show had a big-city gloss to it, and an unwieldily large on-air staff, including a seventeen-piece house band. Keillor found he couldn't make his singing voice heard over the big band.

He'd also been off the air for two years. The world had moved on; so, it appeared, had his audience. Keillor decided to return to Lake Wobegon. He changed the show's name back to "A Prairie Home Companion," and trimmed the on-air troupe drastically.

Somehow, Minnesota was calling him back. He bought a farm in rural Wisconsin, just over the state line, twenty minutes from the Twin Cities. Perhaps by way of making amends, he taped fund-raising commercials for the University of Minnesota. He decided to move the show's home base back to St. Paul.

DISPLAYED ON A BIG TABLE IN the lobby of Town Hall, underneath a Land's End banner, is an array of purchasable Keilloriana—Keillor books, the CDs of frequent "Prairie Home" Companion" musical guests, Lake Wobegon T-shirts and sweatshirts, and mugs with the realistically old-fashioned-looking logos of Keillor's imaginary businesses: Powdermilk Biscuits, the Chatterbox Cafe, Bertha's Kitty Boutique.

A frisson runs through the crowd. It's a quarter of six: We stream in to our seats—politely, politely—to catch the Master's warm-up. There he is, center stage, all six four of him, in tuxedo and trademark red socks, under giant logos of the fictitious sponsors: Cafe Boeuf and Powdermilk Biscuits and the American Duct Tape Council.

He is one of nature's more singular-looking men, his broad forehead looming atop pixieish upturned eyes and a small red nose, the whole arrangement looking, somehow, pressed sideways. His voice, too, is singular: Its silken baritone burr, with its tune of regret, its calculated hesitations and dying falls, seems to embody the Great Plains, some larger America that every American misses.

"We do a little different show here than out on the prairie," Keillor says. The crowd has quickly grown rapt. "I don't talk as much about my mother, I don't give as many recipes, and I come dressed in black." Laughter and big, reverent applause.

At six, the mikes go on. The show is good. It's better than good. In a world of canned entertainments and the endlessly diminishing returns of 100 cable channels, "A Prairie Home Companion" and its host work the rusty colossus of radio for all it's worth, daring to traffic in two seemingly outworn and generally contradictory quantities, wit and heartfeltness, slyly weaving back and forth between one and the other as either threatens to cloy.

O come, all ye faithful: Keillorites consider Keilloriana at Town Hall.

Here are Jay Ungar and Molly Mason on fiddle and guitar, their beautiful music returning an earnest breath of the string-band, health-food sixties. Here is Iris DeMent, singing country songs about loneliness in the big city in a shudderingly clear soprano.

And here's Cokie Roberts! "The American people are feeling a little bit . . . *edgy* about Washington these days," Keillor says, and a theaterful of NPR liberals bursts into applause. As Keillor introduces Roberts, there isn't, on a rainy night, a cough in the house. Roberts emerges; she and Keillor sing a parody duet to the tune of "You Are My Sunshine": "I know that you're a reporter, but I forgive you," he croons. "I know that you are a sat-*i*-rist, and you're always laughing at me," she warbles back. It's at once corny and a satire on corniness; it takes hold and bites. They shift to the real version of the song; the audience sings along wholeheartedly.

What's going on here? Later, as Keillor goes through the weekly ritual of reading personal messages, a thought occurs: One of our greatest unfulfilled hungers in this country is the hunger for community. Here is a kind of community. Keillor—as writer, moderator, storyteller-in-chief—is the mayor, the arbiter of whether any given moment on the show will go ironic or sincere. Ironic or sincere: It's a constant, binary tension in all our lives, but especially on "A Prairie Home Companion," whose overriding question appears to be where the host and creator's true heart lies—in the quasi-mythical Midwest or the sharp-edged, networked world in which Keillor eats dinner at the White House. The answer is both places, and neither.

KEILLOR AND I ARE SITTING IN a Greek coffee shop on the Upper West Side, not far from the pied-à-terre he shares with musician Jenny Nilsson. He looks good. He's put on a little weight since 1976, but the dark beard is gone, and with it, seemingly, the dark spirit. He's wearing a fancy cotton sweater, a nice watch, and, if I'm not mistaken, a manly cologne. He has a cared-for look. Fame seems to agree with him.

Yet when I tell him he looks happier these days than he did eighteen years ago, he blinks. "Huh," he replies. "Well, that's good. I don't have any reason not to be."

I mention the time he said I looked like Charles Starkweather.

Keillor leans in close, looking serious. "The hero of my youth," he says, of the Nebraska teenager who in 1958 went on a murder spree with his 14-year-old girlfriend. "Do you ever experience uncontrollable rage? And an urge to just drive and drive and drive?"

Who listens to "a Prairie Home Companion" now? The ratings service Arbitron, in the cold way it has of putting things, estimates the audience at roughly 2 million, on 325 public-radio channels, down from about 5 million at the peak of his popularity in 1985. Keillor disagrees. "When you get into these minority, fringe audiences, I don't think Arbitron is reliable," he insists. "They really have no idea how many people are listening."

Nor, it appears, just who these people are. "I think they're book-reading, liberal types—good-government type of folks," says Keillor's friend and fellow humorist Roy Blount Jr., who has appeared on the show many times. "I bet you would find an enormously high percentage of them recycle."

And yet Simmons studies of Keillor's audience show that while a high percentage of them list reading as a hobby, in fact a plurality of them say they are politically *conservative.*

"We have some sense of the audience, and no sense of it," says Christine Tschida, Keillor's producer since the BAM days. "When we go to funding groups, we can say certain things—we can tell them it's basically a public-radio audience. Well educated. Mostly in the 35-to-60-year-old age group. Slightly more men than women. But it's really a mystery. We'll get mail from an 80-year-old lady who loves the hymns, and from a 13-year-old kid who loves the snot jokes.

"There's an Internet group called Wobegon—they get together and discuss the show every week. There are a lot of people in small towns, and a lot of people from small towns who've moved away."

And, of course, a lot of people who've never set foot in a small town, except, maybe, to look for a factory outlet.

I TELL KEILLOR I THOUGHT SATURDAY night's show was a good one. He disagrees, quietly.

"It was a good show compared with a lot of other things they could have done in midtown Manhattan," he grumbles. "It was a better show than *Three Tall Women.* I mean, one can always console oneself with that."

I tell him I haven't seen the Albee.

"*Three Tall Women* is a play that won the Pulitzer Prize for Drama," Keillor says gravely. "It's a play that after you've been there for a short time, you wonder how long this is going to take."

"Are you happy to be back in the Midwest?" I ask.

"I really love it there," he says. "It's a great part of the country. People in New York don't know the Midwest at all. I was at dinner at old, old friends'. And a woman was there whom I have known for many years, who has lived all her life in New York. This woman is my age. She knows New York. She knows a part of Vermont. I guess maybe she knows Los Angeles a little bit. Nothing in between. This woman is talking about the pressures of city life. Meaning New York. But she's talking about how great it is to be in the city this time of year, and why she likes it so much. And then she catches herself. And she looks at me and says, 'Oh, but you have cities in the Midwest, don't you?'

"I said, 'Well, yes, Minneapolis is a city. But, you know,' I said, 'most people in Minneapolis, a little more than half, still keep chickens.' 'No,' she said. 'Is that right?' 'Yes,' I told her. 'They don't take that much space, you know. Garage. Or backyard. A lot of livestock in South Minneapolis.' " And Garrison Keillor smiles a little and shakes his head. ■

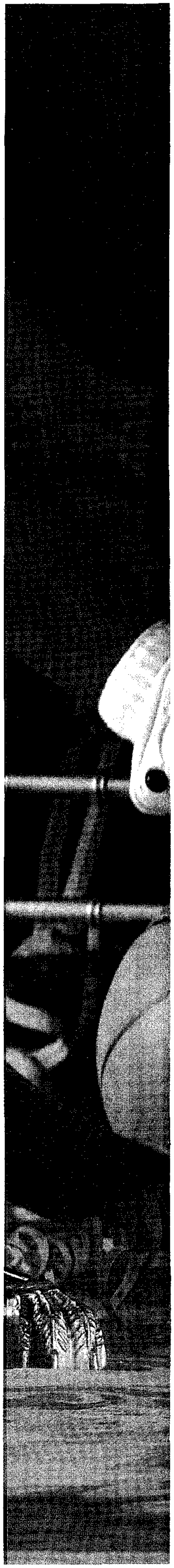
"Oh, *Everyone* Will Be There, Darling..."

BY
JADE HOBSON CHARNIN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL O'NEILL

Guess who's coming to dinner? If the event is New York's *first annual New Year's Eve extravaganza, it's the* crema di eleganza *of the city's fashion, media, arts, and sports worlds. To find out who's at table, open the centerfold at right. . . .*

Décor by Anne Foxley
Produced by Jordan Schaps



On Felipe Lopez: Tuxedo jacket and vest by Dolce & Gabbana, sold as a three-piece suit, $1,525; cotton tuxedo shirt by Charvet, $395; black bow tie by Charvet, $90; all at Bergdorf Goodman Men. Antique candy-wrapper cuff links, $2,025, from Primavera Gallery at Barneys New York; his own St. John's shorts and Reebok sneakers.

On Regis Philbin: Black wool double-breasted tuxedo jacket and matching trousers, $795; wing-tip tuxedo shirt, $97; all by Polo/Ralph Lauren, at Lord & Taylor; bow tie by Charvet, $85 at Bergdorf Goodman Men; handkerchief by Charles Hill, $45 at Barneys New York; antique 18-carat onyx-and-diamond cuff-link-and-stud set, $3,300, from Primavera Gallery at Barneys New York; silk socks, $18.50 at Barneys New York; black patent oxfords, $345, by Crocket & Jones for Barneys New York.

On Bill T. Jones: silk, hand-dyed women's kimono by Yohji Yamamoto, $5,380 at Charivari and Yohji Yamamoto boutique (103 Grand Street); wing-tip tuxedo shirt, $350; cummerbund, $95; bow tie, $45; and wool-crêpe tuxedo pants, sold with jacket, $1,825; all by Giorgio Armani at Giorgio Armani boutique (815 Madison Avenue) and Bergdorf Goodman Men; silver-and-onyx cuff links, $52.50 at Paul Stuart (45th Street and Madison Avenue); silk socks, $18.50 at Barneys New York; suede "casual" loafers, $200, handmade by Belgian Shoes (60 East 56th Street).

On Carly Simon: ink sequined gown by Isaac Mizrahi, $3,575 to order at Bergdorf Goodman; black stretch velvet gloves, $30 at LaCrasia (6 East 32nd Street); gold-amethyst-and-ruby ring designed by Suzanne Belperron at Verdura (745 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1205); gold-sapphire-and-emerald ring designed by Suzanne Belperron at Verdura; multistrand iolite-bead bracelet with sapphire-and-diamond dome clasp by Verdura; Judith Leiber "star" bag, $2,895 at Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, and Saks Fifth Avenue; "Numa" shoes, $515 to order at Manolo Blahnik (15 West 55th Street); vintage blue-and-black lace hosiery: similar styles available at Fogal of Switzerland.

On Isaac Mizrahi: Black Watch–tartan wool trousers by Robert Massimo Freda, $307 at Bergdorf Goodman Men; white silk scarf and tricotine-wool prayer jacket designed by and for Isaac Mizrahi; silk socks, $18.50 at Barneys New York; his own velvet slippers, $200, made to order by Belgian Shoes.

Photographed at Studio 450.

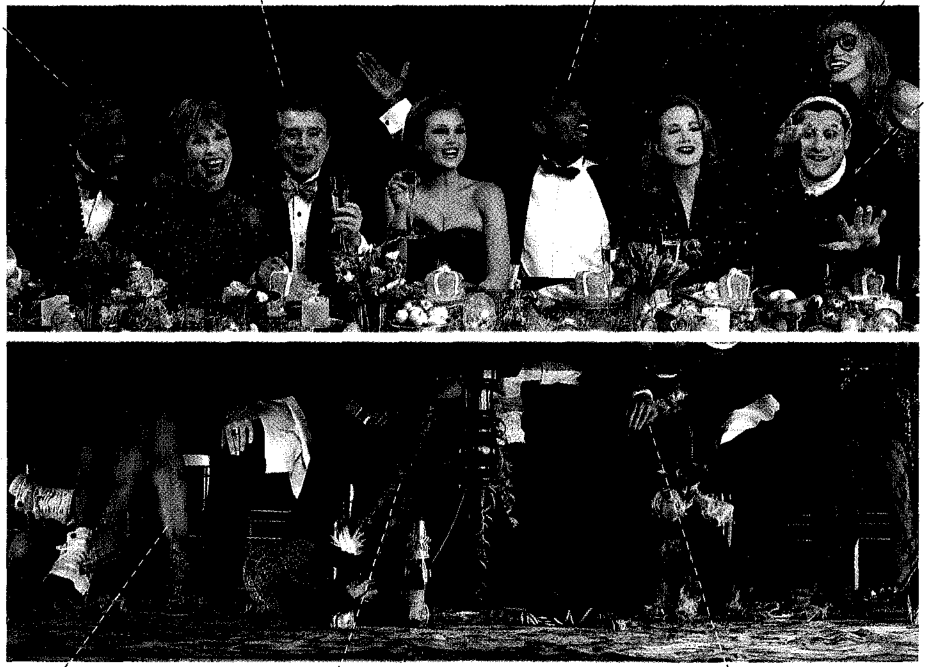
Hair by Frederic Fekkai at Bergdorf Goodman.

Manicures by Deborah Lippmann for Frederic Fekkai Beauty Center at Bergdorf Goodman.

Makeup by Bobbi Brown, Alison Rafaelle, and Adrienne Mahnke for Bobbi Brown Essentials.

Tailoring by Ramón Diaz.

Antique Aubusson rug, $160,000, from Stark Carpet.



Regency-style three-pedestal table from Agostino Antiques, Ltd.

Flowers by Bardin Palomo; mocha fondant cakes and cookies courtesy of Sant Ambroeus (1000 Madison Avenue); champagne courtesy of Veuve Clicquot; Puiforcat "Nacres" china, $560 a setting at Barneys New York and Bergdorf Goodman; Christofle "Malmaison" flatware, $225 a setting at ABC Carpet & Home; vintage gold vases, $225 each, from Bergdorf Goodman; chargers, $92; gold bowls, $62; handblown glass ornaments, $16–$26; all at Barneys New York; Spratling silver-footed bowl, $2,380, and silver dinner bell, $2,050, at Linda Dresner (484 Park Avenue); wine glass, $105; champagne flutes, $71 each, all at Baccarat (625 Madison Avenue); Hôtel silver fruit compotes from Bergdorf Goodman; gold wreath napkin ring by Mark Rossi, $12; and ecru linen napkin by Ana Li, $28, both at Bergdorf Goodman; beeswax pillar candles from Pottery Barn; Spalding basketball from Herman's Sporting Goods; wrapped present on table is a gold-tied sodalite paperweight from Verdura; dog, Shayna Greenstein-Ehrich.

On Mary Tyler Moore: short black silk-crêpe sheath, with sheer-illusion back and sleeves and crystal-beaded cuffs, by Vera Wang, $1,700 at Barneys New York; Fogal of Switzerland gold-embroidered "Scheherazade" run-resistant hosiery, $158; platinum-and-diamond star earrings, and gold-emerald-and-diamond ribbon ring, both by Verdura; "Humpty-Dumpty" bag by Judith Leiber, $3,340 at Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, and Saks Fifth Avenue; "Sultana" shoes, $1,100 at Helene Arpels (470 Park Avenue).

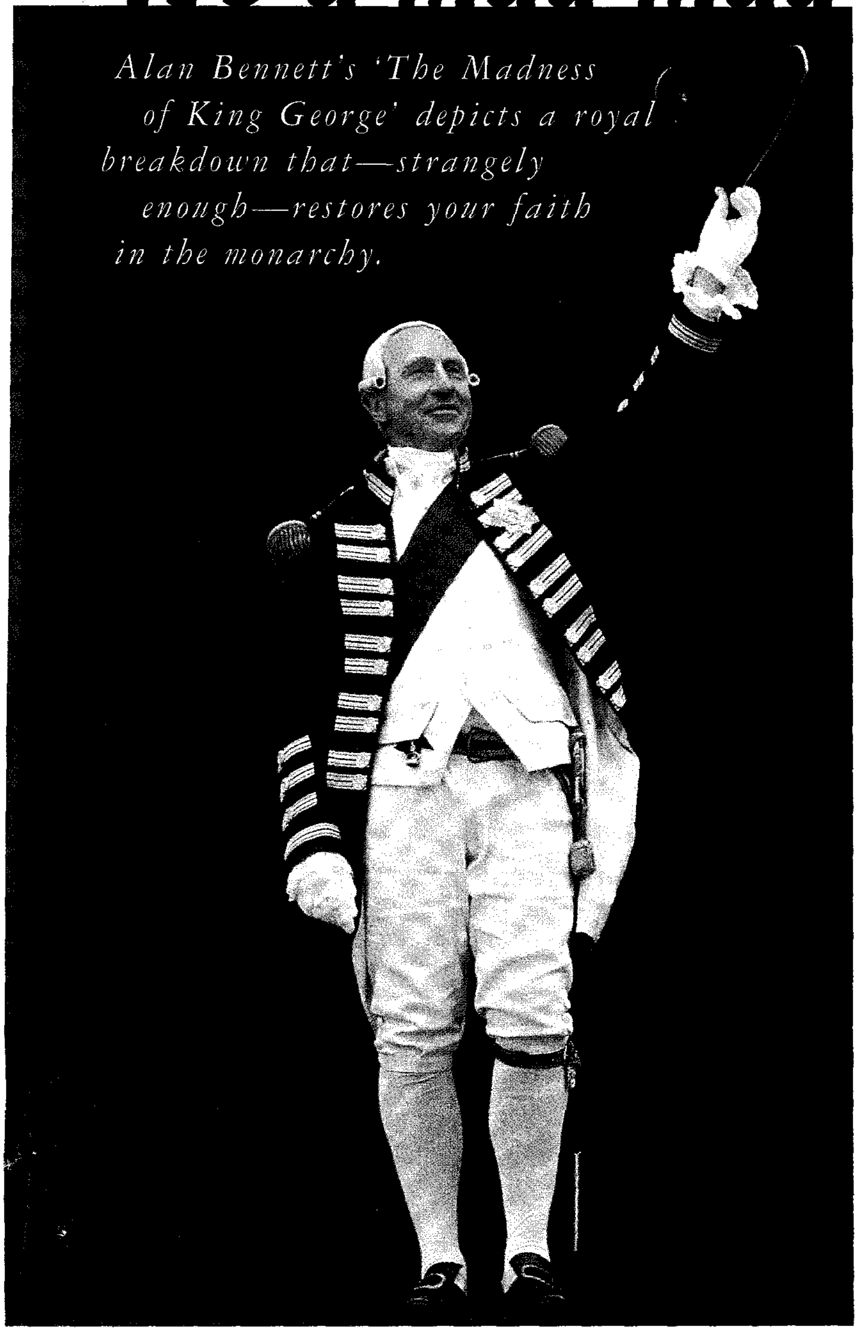
On Bridget Hall: Evening dress with leather bodice and chiffon skirt by Chanel, $4,575 at Bloomingdale's; black onyx–amethyst–peridot–pearl–and–diamond Byzantine cuff bracelets; and 21.75-carat emerald-cut diamond ring, with two half-moon diamonds, both by Verdura; black net vintage hosiery with silver-paisley pattern: similar styles available at Fogal of Switzerland (510 and 680 Madison Avenue); "Plumetita" shoes at Christian Louboutin New York (30 East 67th Street).

On Blaine Trump: peplum taffeta jacket, $1,185, and bootleg pant, $690, both by Isabel Toledo at Barneys New York, Bergdorf Goodman, and Saks Fifth Avenue; red-and-orange tulle scarf wrapping the waist, by Geoffrey Beene, $560 at Geoffrey Beene on the Plaza (783 Fifth Avenue); peridot–yellow sapphire–and–diamond iris brooch; and cocholong pink tourmaline–emerald–pearl–and–diamond Maltese-cross cuff by Verdura; Judith Leiber "beckoning cat" bag, $3,110 at Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, and Saks Fifth Avenue; hand-embroidered hosiery, $230, by Fogal of Switzerland; her own Perry Ellis ankle-wrapped shoes.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

It's a Mad Mad Mad George

Alan Bennett's 'The Madness of King George' depicts a royal breakdown that—strangely enough—restores your faith in the monarchy.



Nigel Hawthorne as George III. Opposite: Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren in *Ready to Wear.*

The Madness of King George ACHIEVES THAT STATE of theatrical blessedness that lies halfway between farce and tragedy—in this case, between Monty Python and *King Lear.* This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. The movie picks him up in mid-reign, in 1788, as he is growing more and more unstable. Nigel Hawthorne, who played the role onstage for nearly three years, renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. The king lacks repose. Rampant, violent, exhausting, George is a philosophical and temperamental vitalist ruling over a court that insists on languor. Hawthorne looks a bit like Mel Brooks, but he's taller and more imposing, and his ranting fancies give way to the most abject suffering.

Nicholas Hytner, the distinguished stage director (*Carousel* and many others), begins his first film with a seemingly conventional spoof of the monarchy. The king, seated, relishes Christmas carols played by somnolent bell ringers, while the rest of the court, standing in wigs, breeches, brocades, and jewels, nearly faints with boredom. Ultimately, the crown gets tossed to a retainer. The Prince of Wales (Rupert Everett) is a nasty popinjay, and George's prime minister, Pitt the Younger (Julian Wadham), a manipulative cold fish. But as George drifts off into madness, the movie moves in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over.

Doctor Willis (Ian Holm), a kind of proto-psychoanalyst, is summoned by the king's friends, who don't want to lose control of the government; the authoritarian Willis brazenly eyeballs the raving monarch and straps him into a chair. Oddly enough, Alan Bennett seems to support Willis's theory, if not his methods: The king is mad because he has too much freedom. He can do whatever he wants, say whatever he wants. He possesses an immense strength and even goodness, but he is never checked or thwarted. In a paradox, he has to submit to humiliation—and find his limits—before he can rule again. He has to learn as well to "seem" the king. Royalty is all about playacting—the movie acknowledges as much—yet there's something else going on, the expression in the monarch of the nation's sturdiest and best character. Bennett and Hytner openly revive the Shakespearean dimension of royalty; George finally remembers that the English want the king to be a king, that anything else would be an embarrassment. It is by acting Lear in a garden before his ministers that he is restored to sanity. This may sound fanciful, but it's so delicately played, it is instead comical and ineffably moving.

I NEVER IMAGINED MY SERVICES WOULD BE REQUIRED IN support of a commercial thriller starring Michael Douglas and Demi Moore. But such is the case with Barry Levinson's **Disclosure,** an intelligent and entertaining movie that has been reviewed priggishly by people who should have known better. The fault goes beyond reviewers. Too many bright people of my acquaintance have written off the picture in advance. A Michael Crichton potboiler about a woman harassing a *man*? Sighing loudly—hissing, even—they begged to be excused. It was *Fatal Attraction* all over again, the old Hollywood trick of reversing a common outrage by turning a victim into an aggressor.

But there's one problem: *Disclosure* isn't really about sexual harassment. The ads for the movie, with Demi Moore doing her darkly-angry-woman-with-moss-in-her-throat routine and Michael Douglas looking puffy

Photograph by Keith Hamshere/Samuel Goldwyn Company.

and implosive, promise something "hot," but *Disclosure* delivers something else. The movie is a paranoid thriller set in a Seattle computer company that is about to merge with another high-tech outfit. Tom Sanders (Douglas)—an ace electronics engineer—loses the promotion he had hoped for, only to have an old girlfriend of his, Meredith Johnson (Moore), get the job. Tom, who isn't clever about people, can't read the situation; in an instant, he plummets from big shot to a man in a total panic. Douglas, who specializes in put-upon-white-guy roles, gives his best performance in years. He keeps the spouting tirades to a minimum and actually creates the character. His mouth is drawn, even a little pursed, in tension; his voice, at first, subdued. Tom isn't so young anymore; he's a little slow on the uptake, and not nearly as adept at "personal" skills (i.e., ruthless flattery followed by shafting) as the corporate killers around him. For once, Douglas's anger seems firmly planted in a situation, not an aggressive statement ladled on top of it.

Levinson and screenwriter Paul Attanasio (*Quiz Show*), reshaping Crichton's material, have made a fascinating movie about the paradoxes of modern paranoia. Everyone in the company is genial and seemingly candid—particularly Donald Sutherland's charming CEO, who disingenuously acknowledges what's self-serving about his methods so as to better serve himself. Everyone can see everyone else—the offices have glass walls. Yet what appears transparent is entirely opaque. Even the ostensibly helpful messages on Tom's E-mail are so elliptical they seem designed to make communication impossible. Friends turn into enemies; allies spring up out of nowhere. The day she's promoted, Meredith improbably jumps Tom in her office, and when he pulls away, she accuses him of harassing *her*. What's going on—lust or calculation? What does she want out of him? Demi Moore, aflame or passive, is a proudly humorless actress, a Joan Crawford for the postfeminist age; she's not flexible enough to explore the role's latent possibilities, but at least she has the sense to make use of what's most dislikable in her style—a huffy self-righteousness. Tom hires a tough feminist lawyer to represent him, and winds up taking on the company's entire management. The little episode with his boss, we realize, was part of a much larger intrigue. In the end, the question of who grabbed whom is an interesting but relatively trivial matter. It's power and money that are at stake.

Which is why it's absurd for critics to complain that the picture doesn't live up to its come-ons—as if *Disclosure* had somehow failed in its ambition to be *Basic Instinct*. What the movie actually promises, it delivers: narrative speed and tension, teasing ambiguity, a complexly enfolding structure of hints and appearances with as many corners and levels as an M. C. Escher drawing. This is the best of the corporate thrillers—better than *Rising Sun* or any of the Grisham adaptations. Levinson's direction is crisp and lively, and he makes brilliant use of the amazing set (designed by Neil Spisak), a cavernous office with a hollowed-out center, glass-walled offices perched at mid-level, insinuating catwalks and ramps, and an executive office sitting high above. There's no place to scratch yourself or even wink at a secretary without the whole world knowing about it. Enemies conceal themselves in the most ominous place of all—the open.

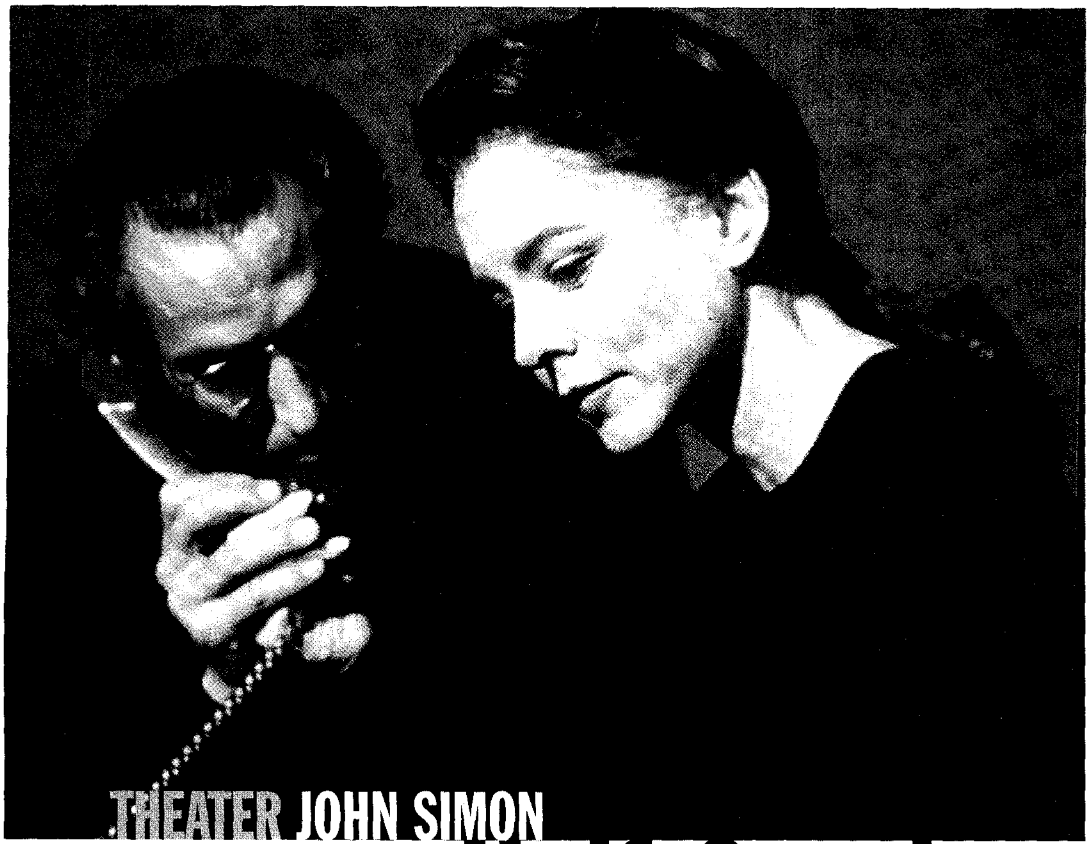
Photograph by E. Georges/Miramax Films.

But I can guess what skeptics are thinking: Whatever else is going on in *Disclosure*, the movie would never have been made without the scene of the woman pulling the man on top of her. Granted. But the scene is so carefully placed, argued with, interpreted, reinterpreted, it becomes—forgive my momentary lapse into academese—a "text" within a larger text. Give this movie a break: It's not nearly as stupid as the ads, or the critics, have made it look.

THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN A PARTY AT which nobody shows up is a party at which absolutely everybody shows up. What to do with them all? Robert Altman's fashion-world bash, **Ready to Wear** (formerly *Prêt-à-Porter*), has the feeling of an egregious social mistake. The sets are awash with familiar faces, and the host, however eager for everyone to enjoy himself, loses track of the ebb and flow of the event. Intrigues high and low spin off into different rooms without adequate resolution; the evening grows incoherent, tedious, and redundant. What is Lauren Bacall doing here? Why does Stephen Rea, as the world's hottest fashion photographer, humiliate the three fashion-mag editors played by Linda Hunt, Tracey Ullman, and Sally Kellerman, and then photograph them? Is he blackmailing them? Into *what*? Each woman already wants him to work for her. There are recurring motifs in the farcical atmosphere, but most of the movie's jokes function at so low a level that one hesitates to recount any of them. Actors come on in mid-anecdote and move off nattering about something we half understand. *Ready to Wear* is a mess—Altman's worst movie since those earlier overstuffed parties, *H.E.A.L.T.H.* and *A Wedding*.

The movie's failures wouldn't be so annoying if they were offered up in a better spirit. Altman treats the fashion world in Paris as something that needs to be exposed: He's *got* something on all these people, and he's shocked. The movie is a provincial piece of work: Kansas boy goes to the big city and discovers that some of the successful people are . . . *insincere*. Would you believe it? *They say one thing and mean another*. Not only that—some of them are *gay*. I don't think anyone has found homosexuality so alien since Fellini put his last strutting queen in a movie.

What's also embarrassing is that while Altman is using low farce to expose the fashionable folk as phonies, he's ignoring everything that makes that world so fascinating—the hard work, the steel beneath the silk, the showmanship, the money-consciousness. He even misses the beauty. *Ready to Wear* is not particularly well photographed. The images are *filmy*—blurry and even ugly. Altman hates fashion so much he can only ridicule it. Anouk Aimée (who gives a mask-of-tragedy performance and doesn't seem to have been let in on the jokes) plays a designer whose company has been sold out from beneath by her no-good son. So Aimée decides to make a statement: She sends her models out there naked. Tall, high-breasted, long-limbed beauties, starkers on the runway. It's Altman's statement, too, and the worst thing is that he appears to think he's saying something devastating about beauty and naturalness and the obscenity of fashion. But Yves Saint Laurent did this 25 years ago with his "transparent" clothes, and it was considerably more interesting. Many of us were eager to see the fashion world satirized, but *Ready to Wear* falls so wide of the mark it just feels trivial. ■



David Strathairn, as a scientist-*cum*-mole, and Stockard Channing, as a secret agent–*cum*–mom, in *Hapgood.*

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Half Good

Tom Stoppard's 'Hapgood,' which mixes spies, duality, and particle physics, is a puzzlement. But the acting, directing, and production values are impeccable.

AH, **Hapgood**! THERE ARE TWO THINGS I'VE never been able to fathom: hard science and spy (or detective) fiction. Wrong sort of mind. But because the two stayed apart, I could always kid myself that I understood the *other* one. Now comes this scalawag Tom Stoppard and mixes them up in *Hapgood,* a play about spies and counterspies, one of whom is also a distinguished Russian particle physicist spying for the British, and perhaps also for the Russians. He denies being a double agent—quadruple or quintuple at least, he says at one point. And we are supposed to follow this?

A trying chap, this Stoppard. He is either more intelligent than anybody else writing plays these days, or at least smart enough to have convinced the rest of us that he is, which comes to the same thing. Most of his plays are double-bottomed: easy-seeming but tough, or tough-seeming but really basic. This may have to do with the fact that Stoppard was born a Czech, but, through a trick of circumstance, he ended up veddy English. So he probably sees himself as Tom, the heir to all those clever drawing-room comedies, but also as Tomas, who might have been the homonymous hero of Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being,* Central European existentialist as all hell. So Stoppard wonders about the other side of things: the Rosencrantz and Guildenstern side of *Hamlet,* or who is the real *Real Inspector Hound.*

Hapgood is a play I simply couldn't follow in performance. So I bought the text, and had the privilege of not being able to follow it that way either. But I suspect that fanciers of spy fiction will get off on this. And because Joseph Kerner, the aforementioned Russian physicist, is given to rhapsodizing about quantum theory with disquisitions about the dual nature of light, scientific types may also have a ball. I felt doubly excluded—or maybe quadruply or quintuply, without knowing it.

The play is about twinship, or duality. There are two real or imaginary sets of twins in it, and what with double agents, there is also ideological duality. Tom, who is also Tomas, is writing not so much a play as a palimpsest. Two actions are almost always concurrent. Hapgood, the high-ranking British secret agent, is also the mother of 11-year-old Joe, and we see her in both capacities simultaneously: for example, watching Joe play rugby and loudly cheering his team while also discussing an aborted transaction between spies and moles. But there is more: Hapgood's code name is Mother, and on the two-way radios, seen and unseen agents keep calling her Mother. So *Mother* means *spy,* but also *Mom* to little Joe, who is secretly related to Joseph the spy. There is also Blair, Hapgood's boss at MI 5, and Ridley, a fellow agent with whom Hapgood has closely collaborated—strange closenesses abound.

Some of these people may have twins; the Russians definitely have a set of them, often confounding the Brits. There is also a black American CIA guy, Wates, who adds a whole other layer, or bottom, to the play. And besides the spy and mom stories, there is also a love and a brute-sex story—more doubles.

But what's impenetrable to me may be lucidity itself to you. You, after all, understand John Le Carré, who didn't like the play, and Werner Heisenberg, the father of the uncertainty principle, whose British colleagues liked the play, if only because in it an artist paid unaccustomed homage to them. That's as much as I can tell you about the piece; you wouldn't want a lecture on Greek architecture, either, from someone who can't tell a plinth from a metope. Check it out, and good hap to you.

Lincoln Center Theater has given *Hapgood* a no-corners-cut production. Jack O'Brien (of *Damn Yankees*) directs; the décor is by Bob Crowley (of *Carousel*); costumes by the superelegant Ann Roth; lighting by Beverly (*Einstein on the Beach*) Emmons; spiffy projections by Wendall K. Harrington, the mother of all projectors. Stockard Channing couldn't be better as Hapgood: She actually made me believe that she knows as much about espionage and quantum theory as about acting, about which she knows plenty. David Strathairn, one of our fin-

Photograph by Ken Howard.

est actors, is a splendid scientist-cum-mole, and very romantic when needed; Josef Sommer is coolly untransparent as Blair. Clifton Davis, David Lansbury, and the rest do not lag behind. And by far the best English accent comes from Joe, smartly played by young Yaniv Segal, whose *real* name may be, for all I know, Francis Fotheringay. As Yeats more or less wrote, "So get you gone, Tom Stoppard, though with blessings on your head."

IF THERE IS ANYTHING SORRIER IN THESE sad, straight-playless days on Broadway than producing a bad play, it is reviving a bad one. **What's Wrong With This Picture?** was poor enough Off Broadway, but I guess a play about a dead loved one who refuses to stay buried can be expected to emulate its heroine. In which case it should also have taken a hint from the deceased Shirley, who is at first welcomed with open arms by her husband, Mort, and her son, Artie, but soon realizes that her place is back in the grave. As do Artie and Mort. What's wrong with *What's Wrong With This Picture?* is that it is a play with the staying power of a snapshot: two minutes, tops. (Miraculously, it lasted thirteen performances.)

You might think, as I do, that it was passing strange for Donald Margulies, who wrote the harmlessly inconsequential *Found a Peanut,* the rather better *Loman Family Picnic,* and the splendid *Sight Unseen,* to have concocted this hapless hybrid. Can you imagine grafting *Ghost* (with or without Patrick Swayze) on a Molly Picon–style Jewish-family sitcom? And if you did hatch such an idea, would you mistake the Broadway stage for a wastebasket? Come to think of it, *that* would be rather more understandable.

The mystery thickens with the casting. Why would Faith Prince, a gifted comedienne with a fine career behind and before her, have wanted to leap into this coffin of a play? She seemed, in any case, too young for the mother of the supposedly teenage Artie, who, however, as embodied by David Moscow, looked to be easily 30. Which was further complicated by the fact that Alan Rosenberg, who played Father Mort (wretchedly), appeared to be under 40. His sister, Ceil, was enacted by Marcell Rosenblatt in a fright wig as a person of uncertain age but definitely no younger than her mom.

So there was plenty wrong with this stage picture but not, I think, the way the author intended it. Poor Derek McLane and Ann Roth, the set and costume designers, respectively, knocked themselves out to create oddball effects, only to make this *Picture* not funnier, merely weirder.

But perhaps the answer lies in the producers, four of whom specialize in touring companies. As Joe Mantello overdirected the show, it had that bus-stop desperation built into it. Now, *there* is an idea: Broadway as a warm-up for a bus tour. ■

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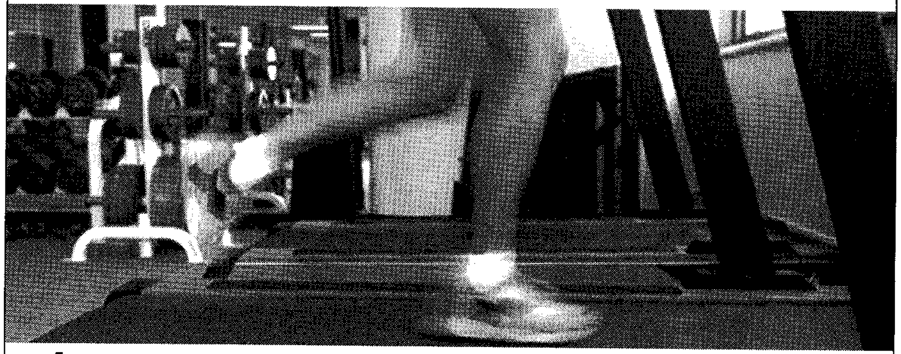

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Women Who Love Too Much

Poor 'Butterfly.' The Metropolitan Opera's made-for-TV production clips her wings with a bland and characterless staging.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA'S HOLIDAY GIFT TO itself is a much-needed new production of **Madama Butterfly**—the company's previous edition of Puccini's perennial weepie, in constant use since 1958, was threatening to vaporize. When the wrapping was removed earlier this month, Michael Scott's traditional sets—a picture-pretty *japonaiserie* cottage drenched in cherry blossoms—looked pleasing enough, but the performance was curiously flat. The whole low-key affair, in fact, has a suspicious made-for-television look to it, as if Giancarlo del Monaco's micro-direction were always meant to accommodate the cameras rather than audiences out front. But then, the Met, like most other opera companies these days, constantly has its eye on TV.

Possibly Catherine Malfitano will also register more character when she can be seen on the small screen. Right now, viewed and heard from a distance, this Butterfly is bland and uninvolving, as well as drably sung by a voice drained of color and nuance. When a soprano is received in stony silence after sighting Pinkerton's ship—an ecstatic moment virtually guaranteed to stop the show—her performance has to be reckoned a failure. It's a puzzle. After leaving the Met in 1989 to base her career in Europe, Malfitano has appeared in most of the major houses, the very model of a modern prima donna who takes on everything from Monteverdi and Mozart to Berg and Bolcom and gets the job done with crisp professionalism. Perhaps that's all one has to do to be a prima donna in 1995. In any case, what was apparently meant to be a triumphant homecoming fizzled badly.

With a dull geisha, *Butterfly* can seem longer than *Parsifal,* and so it does here. Daniele Gatti's leisurely pacing of the score only stretches out the ennui, although the orchestra often sounds gorgeous. Wendy White's concerned Suzuki and Dwayne Croft's mellow Sharpless are definite assets, but there is more to Pinkerton than the obnoxious loudmouth that Richard Leech makes of him. His embarrassing strip-for-action at the end of the love duet is one unfortunate directorial touch that might be reconsidered. So should the cheap melodramatics accompanying Butterfly's suicide, capped by a clumsy tumble through a paper shoji door.

SOMEWHERE IN ALL THE BOOKS HE HAS WRITTEN ABOUT himself, Ned Rorem no doubt muses on the reasons he has composed so little for the stage. If not, the Manhattan School of Music's recent revival of **Miss Julie,** which is based on Strindberg's play and is Rorem's only full-length opera, suggested one of them. There is nothing more humiliating or discouraging for a composer than an operatic flop, and *Miss Julie* was a big one with critics and audiences when the City Opera presented the world premiere in 1965. Everything went wrong—that first audience even laughed when John, the valet, crushed Miss Julie's pet canary, a shocking gesture that instantly defines the couple's tragic relationship as the weak asserts power over the weaker by destroying the weakest. Rorem may have been at fault here in not properly preparing such a crucial dramatic moment—indeed, much of the piece seemed curiously misjudged in that respect—but back then, many of us still felt that a powerful opera lurked somewhere in this luminous, melodically expressive score.

A revision presented in 1979 by the New York Lyric Opera proved as much. In one act instead of two, with three minor characters eliminated and the work pared down to 90 minutes, *Miss Julie* suddenly became an absorbing, seamlessly made musical psychodrama. Whatever additional tinkering Rorem may have done for the Manhattan School production made the piece even tauter, its lyricism more appealing, and the emotional spiral leading up to Julie's suicide that much more re-

Catherine Malfitano (second from right) in *Madama Butterfly.*

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

lentless and inevitable. James Robinson's keenly observant direction, Erhard Rom's harsh rural sets, David Gilbert's astute conducting, Theodora Fried's vocal and physical radiance in the title role—all the important elements blended to serve a work that looks increasingly like one of the strongest in the American repertory.

Now a one-acter about as long as *Salome* or *Elektra*, *Miss Julie* could fill an evening and leave audiences satisfied, but the Manhattan School generously offered a curtain-raiser: Emmanuel Chabrier's *Une Éducation Manquée*. The incompletely educated fellow of the title is an eighteenth-century French youth puzzled about what to do with his bride on their wedding night. His uncomprehending tutor is no help, but a thunderstorm arises, the couple embrace in fright, and nature takes its course. Well, it probably has to be seen and heard to be believed. Chabrier's score, of incomparable melodic charm and sophistication, is a small comic masterpiece, deliciously performed by Madeline Bender, Alissa Hunnicutt, and Jeffrey Ray.

UNLIKE ROREM, PHILIP GLASS TOSSES OFF new operas with the ease and nonchalance of a Baroque composer—he has written nearly a dozen in as many years—and the second work in his ongoing trilogy based on Cocteau films recently concluded a run at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The first installment, seen at BAM a year ago, was a straightforward operatic version of Cocteau's *Orphée* using the screenplay as a libretto. The machinery that drives **La Belle et la Bête** is rather more complex. This time, Glass takes the actual movie, throws out the soundtrack, and replaces it with a musical setting of the text to be sung live while the film rolls. The idea is certainly original, and some have already breathlessly proclaimed a new form of music theater. I wonder. To judge from the results Glass gets, I don't see much future for tempting possibilities like John Adams's *Home Alone* or John Corigliano's *Terminator 2*.

The procedure limits a composer in any number of ways, the most obvious being the necessity of writing vocal lines that can be sung as fast as they are spoken by the filmed characters. Even without trying to achieve perfect synchronization, Glass has produced nothing but 90 minutes of prosy, mechanical patter that both destroys the movie's verbal poetry and undercuts its pictorial fantasy. Practical considerations probably dictated the instrumental accompaniment, written for the composer's own amplified keyboard-and-wind ensemble, a more flexible combination than the conventional orchestra he used for *Orphée*. Even that, Glass's easy-listening clichés seem mpoverished than usual when coun- against Cocteau's startling vi- prominent visual image, in ghted composer himself, olleagues and bathed in lliant white light. ■

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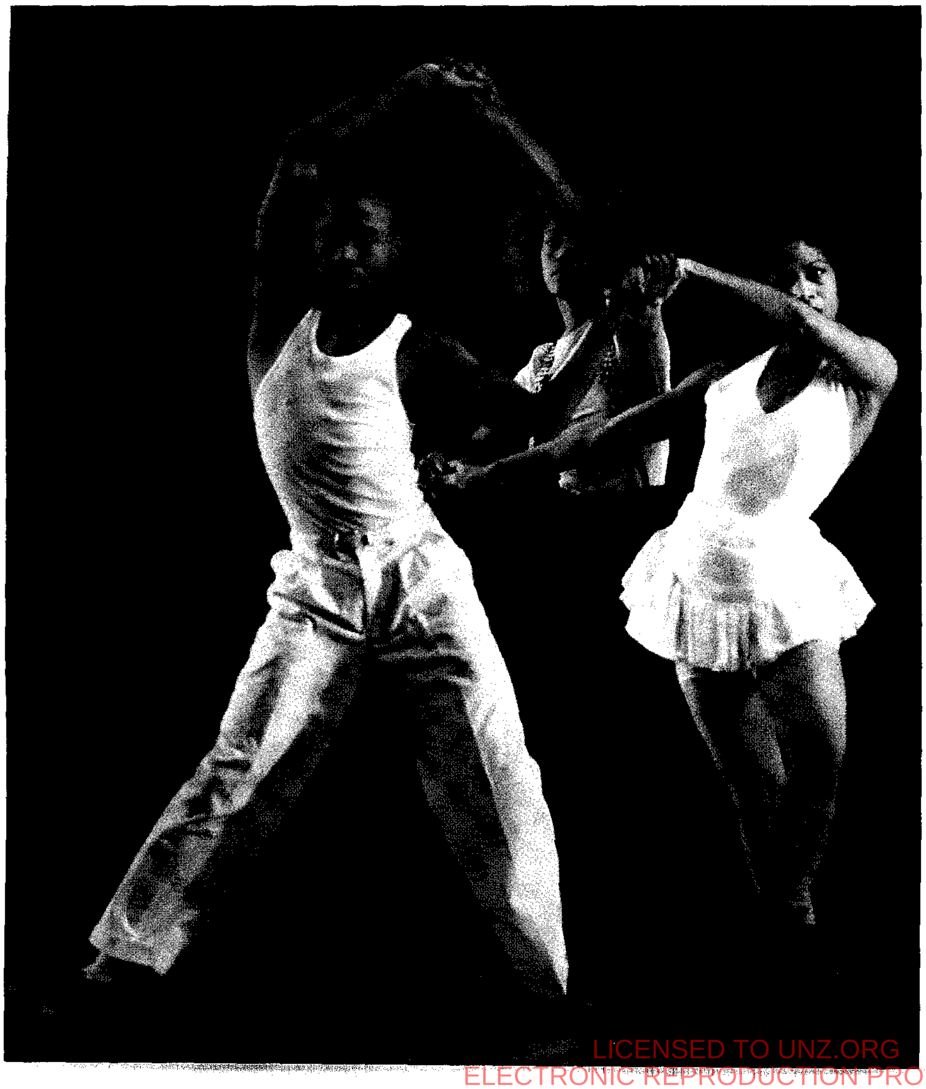
DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Fanning the Flame

From the Ailey company, ferocious and funny works about spunky women; from Carlos Saura, three sensational flamenco videos.

The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater TAKES over the City Center for the month of December with such dependability, the faithful viewer may anticipate his frequent experience of glorious dancers in a flaccid repertory. This year provided a pair of happy surprises, both of them in the postmodern genre.

Judith Jamison, who heads the company, dedicated the season to the women of Ailey, and that may be why she chose to revive Ulysses Dove's 1986 *Vespers,* a stark, ferocious exercise for six females and a dozen standard-issue bentwood chairs. The dance is so strong, it needs no such excuse. It might have been inspired by the African-American matriarchs who hold together a social network—family life, church life—through sheer resolution and endurance. Their temperament is not sentimentalized, as is the tendency in Ailey's own choreography. To the contrary, it's manifested in swift charges from one site to the next, defiantly firm postures, gestures that slash the air like swords plied to kill.



Matthew Rushing, Karine Plantadit-Bageot, and Danielle Gee in *Scissors Paper Stone.*

Photograph by B

Clad in rigorously plain black dresses, moving to a mean percussion score by Mikel Rouse, these formidable women lie midway on the spectrum that extends from Martha Graham's early, uncompromising group works (*Heretic,* in particular) to Dove's later ventures into savage sex. Led by Nasha Thomas and Elizabeth Roxas, they're a type you wouldn't dare mess with but that you'd count yourself blessed to have on your side.

Commissioned by the Alvin Ailey Women's Choreography Initiative, the trio *Scissors Paper Stone,* by the California-based Brenda Way, is not as important or distinctive as Dove's piece—it's only a bagatelle—yet it's refreshing, injecting an unfamiliar style into the repertory. It has a comic-strip look (Way once did a piece prompted by George Herriman's great *Krazy Kat*) that comes from exaggerated, sharp-edged moves with a divine nuttiness to them. Competent rather than original, Way has appropriated somewhat too much from Twyla Tharp—eccentricities of gesture and rhythm, the ploy of using pop songs—without furthering the mode or giving it an individual twist. And lacking Tharp's infallible sense of structure and keen musicality, Way tends to produce a stream of colloquial squibs that add up to very little, though they're entertaining in themselves.

Danielle Gee, Karine Plantadit-Bageot, and Matthew Rushing play down-and-out but spunky comrades. All three achieve the distance from their own egos that the comic muse requires; all three grasp the necessity for precision in erratic timing that is the core of knockabout work. Rushing, though, is extra-special—a dancer who defines vitality with his every move.

A third postmodern work, Elisa Monte's *Mnemonic Verses,* also commissioned by the Initiative, was like those chocolate effigies of Santa or the Easter bunny: succulent on the outside, hollow within. Even at her best—as with *Pigs and Fishes,* made for the company in 1982—Monte is one of those decorative choreographers, more occupied with alluring visual imagery than with dynamic action or poetic suggestion. Nearly all surface, *Mnemonic Verses* is a mating ritual for a quintet of woman warriors. First we see these dauntless—and luscious—females, headed up by Sarita Allen, commanding their universe alone, apparently self-sufficient. Belatedly, each is assigned a male consort; the subsequent proceedings start with copulation (maybe rape, it's so sudden) and end in seduction, perhaps even love. The relationship between the sexes—how they feel about each other, which has the upper hand—remains unsatisfyingly ambiguous. Monte relies on the postmodern tactic of amplifying through reiteration, but it's not clear what she' saying to begin with.

The life of the senses—threatened by and mately entwined with religious faith and death—is the subject of the Ailey company's blockbuster revival of John Butler's 1959 *Carmina Burana,* set to the familiar Carl Orff score based on medieval sources. Showy and banal, the choreography can offer some short-lived excitement if it's danced with abandon. The conscientious, strenuous nature of the current performances operates counter to ecstasy on both sides of the footlights.

NOT ALL DANCE SELF-DESTRUCTS ON THE INstant. A tiny percentage of it is preserved in some fashion on video and film, earning the gratitude of those who care about dance history. More potent to a general audience, though, is dance conceived or reconceived specifically for film, as is the case with Carlos Saura's celebrated flamenco trilogy *Blood Wedding* (1980); *Carmen* (1983); *Love, the Magician* (1986)—all collaborations with the dancer and choreographer Antonio Gades. In a recent screening by the Film Society of Lincoln Center, these works—flamboyant, sometimes hokey, always compelling—effectively demonstrated Saura's desire to disclose the layered character of life by mixing reality (the troupe of dancers and musicians as real people putting on a show) and illusion (the show).

This theme and its strategies may seem dated (they were already dated when the movies were first released), but Saura can be admired for working the turf differently in each piece and for creating something very like a masterpiece with *Blood Wedding.* Gades, the lead performer in each, is perennially irresistible—equal parts technique, artistry, and eroticism. What comes as a surprise even to the veteran viewer is how much these melo-dance-dramas reveal about the basics of flamenco, and how cleanly and forcefully they manage it.

One of many examples is the scene in *Blood Wedding* where Gades conducts the dancers' warm-up. His verbal instructions, his physical demonstrations, and the group's execution of them—the sharp, proud, profiled stances, the fierce focus, the machine-gun heel work—attest to the obsessive fixation fundamental to this art form. It's as if the minds and bodies of flamenco's practitioners can contain only one idea, one passion, at a time. In a stripped-down room flooded with merciless daylight, the dancers yield to that unique concern, allowing it to possess them—and the rest of the trivial world falls away.

The Three Saura-Gades films are available on commercial videotape (*Blood Wedding,* from Xenon; *Carmen,* from Cinémathèque; and *Love, the Magician,* from Pacific Arts). Inevitably, they're confined by the home screen—and, indeed, the home—but the accessibility is a blessing. You might arrange your own marathon, complete with raw red wine. ■

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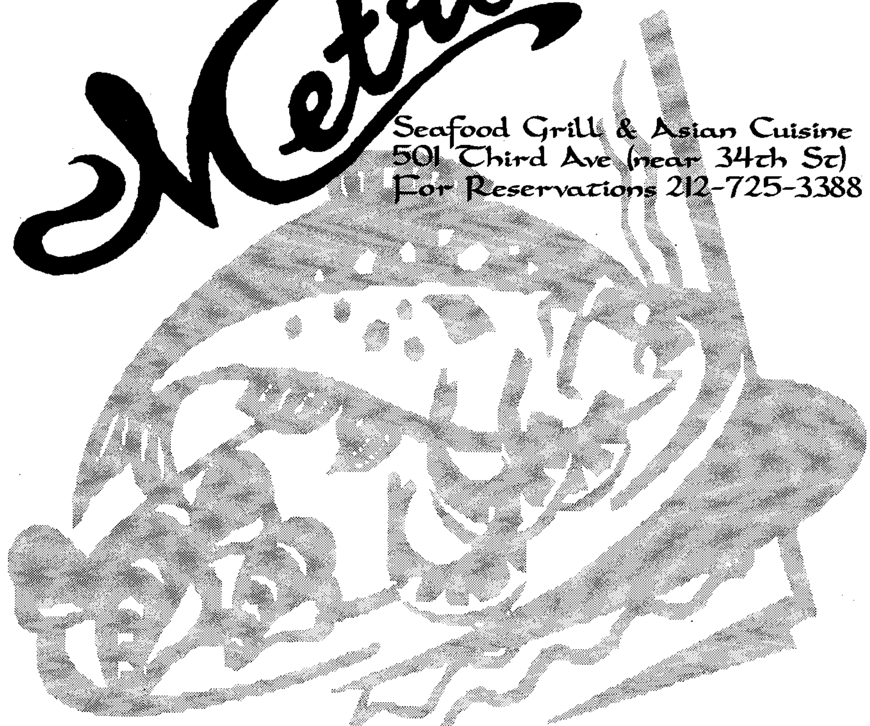

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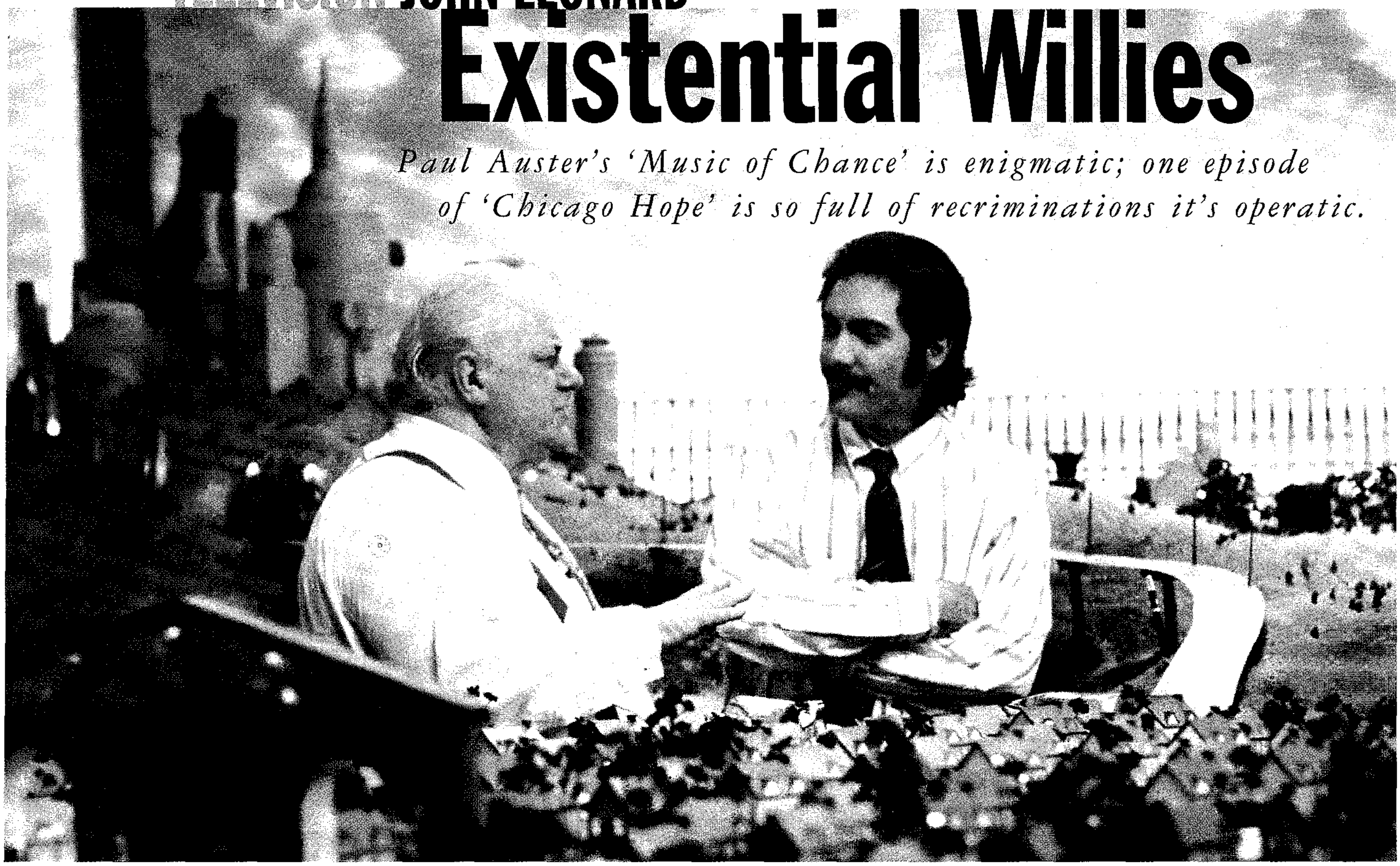
JOHN LEONARD

Existential Willies

Paul Auster's 'Music of Chance' is enigmatic; one episode of 'Chicago Hope' is so full of recriminations it's operatic.



Charles Durning and James Spader in American Playhouse's *The Music of Chance.*

Photograph by K. C. Bailey.

BEFORE IT BECAME A MOVIE, **The Music of Chance** (American Playhouse, Monday, January 2; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) was a novel by Paul Auster. So much goes unspoken in an Auster novel that I sometimes suspect there's less than meets the eye. But from blank enigma and existential willies he's got himself a cult. And a clever camera loves these empty spaces. Landscapes distract the eager eye. Actors gladden it. We rush in with our own meanings. That a man named Nashe, fleeing a bitter divorce in a BMW with a glove compartment full of cash, should pick up a hitcher named Pozzi, and agree to bankroll him in a high-stakes poker game against men with names like Flower and Stone, is strange enough. That Nashe and Pozzi should blow their wad and the BMW, after a very long discussion of prime numbers, randomness, and terrifying chance, is what one expects in the Twilight Zone. That they should then be pressed into months of indentured servitude, building by hand a wall from 10,000 stones, under the supervision of a troll named Calvin Murks, may even be what they deserve—though why Nashe should enjoy this servitude, while Pozzi Wails at their brand-new Wall, is indeed perplexing.

But we don't care, so long as Nashe is played by Mandy Patinkin, for once under control and maybe even sedation. And Pozzi is played by James Spader, a Mad Hatter. And Flower is Charles Durning, an Easter Island Santa Claus. And Stone is Joel Grey, a Stan Laurel with recessive fascistic tendencies. M. Emmet Walsh doesn't really need a name as resonant as Calvin Murks in order, as always, to embody all the James Dickey funny stuff that happens to us when we go into the redneck woods. In such splendid company, it's easy to believe there's something profound in the long parentheses. Philip Haas directs his own adaptation with a reverence for these parentheses that's almost creepy, a sort of Calvin Murkiness, as if any old meaning might even be Kafka.

Of course, I am paid to wonder where a cardsharp like Pozzi, whose idea of entertainment is karate movies on hotel TV, got his gift of gab about medieval European castles. And how come Nashe, who used to answer bells for the Boston Fire Department, is suddenly singing snippets of William Blake. And why Flower, a retired accountant, and Stone, a retired optometrist, should want to spend $20 million in lottery winnings on the slave-labor construction of something like a cross between the Great Wall of China and Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon. But I can be as enigmatic as an Auster on Games and Domination Theory, Space Sickness, and the Unbearable Lightness of American Being. When he sings William Blake, perhaps Nashe means to signify the new Jerusalem in "England's green and pleasant land." On the other hand, maybe what we've got instead is *The Cincinnati Kid Kisses a Spider Woman Halfway Across the Bridge on the River Kwai.*

There is more Patinkin, at full-throttle sneer, in two new hours of **Chicago Hope** (Sunday, January 1; 10 to 11 P.M., and Monday, January 2; 10 to 11 P.M.; CBS), to startle us into awareness of its switch to Monday nights in the old *Northern Exposure* time slot. I'm still surprised NBC's *E.R.* proved to be the more popular of the two new hospital shows. It repeats its hectic self week after week, like a jab in the eye with a syringe. Whereas *Hope,* like *Picket Fences,* novelizes. But there's a resistance to David E. Kelley, who writes nearly every episode of both *Picket Fences* and *Chicago Hope.* And while this resistance is usually expressed as a weariness with his emphasis on "issues"—a moral crisis and a civics lesson twice a week—I think we're uncomfortable with characters who are often wrong and who must live with the mess they've made. Patinkin's Geiger, for instance, is obnoxious. (Well, his crazy wife did drown their only child.) We are tired of Adam Arkin's mope. (So Roxanne Hart dumps you; be a mensch.) And just because Roxanne this Sunday fumbles a heart in the middle of a transplant, and somebody kicks it across the floor, and the rabbi dies, doesn't mean she has to blow the hospital cover-up. (Nor smell of sex with the feckless hunk.) Having only recently reacquired the use of his surgeon's hands, E. G. Marshall should keep them off blonde nurses who are prepared to sue for sexual harassment. (He never behaved like that on *The Defenders.*) We wince at more in *Chicago Hope* than the open wounds of the patients.

But Monday's episode is brilliant. Never mind why most of the principal characters end up in quarantine and at one another's throats. The lacerating last half-hour of revelations and recriminations is more than a Speaking Bitterness at some Chinese Struggle Meeting. And more, too, than a cantata of the damned. It's operatic. Every secret motif is heaved at us like an aria. Also on Monday, in the old *Love & War* slot, is **Cybill** (Mondays, starting January 2; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; CBS), the first of three second-season sitcoms intended to buoy Black Rock, which has lately had that sinking feeling. Cybill Shepherd stars as the twice-divorced actress/mother looking in Los Angeles for work and sex. With ex-hubbies Alan Rosenberg, as a novelist, and Tom Wopat, as a stuntman, dropping in and out of an extended dysfunctional family, and best friend Christine Baranski deep in the gossip and gin, *Cybill* has its (mostly raunchy) moments.

Fearful of raunch, the folks at the Learning Channel have edited the British version of **The Human Animal** (Sundays, January 1 through February 12, except January 22; 10 to 11 P.M.; TLC) to spare an American audience the full frontal nudity. You and I may both wonder how many prurient millions there really are out there, with their Joycelyn Elders centerfolds, ready to sit through a six-part Desmond Morris miniseries on our very own primate behavior, in hopes of a crotch shot. But this is the series that planted Minicams in a penis and a vagina. If Morris has been complacent about himself since his sixties best-seller, *The Naked Ape,* he's still an engaging host all over the world, back in time, and, ah, deep inside. We actually see, from the sperm's point of view, the first home video of a female orgasm—sort of like Keir Dullea's descent to Jupiter in *2001.*

In brief: FROM BODY PARTS, ANIMAL NAMES, kinship relations, and verbs in motion, with a lot of help from the computer, scientists who believe there must once upon a time have been a mother tongue go **In Search of the First Language** (*Nova,* Tuesday, December 27; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13). They won't find it, but we do have fun with Sanskrit, Old English, Basque, and cave paintings. ■

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THIS CHILDREN'S-WEAR BOUTIQUE HAS cut prices in half on much of its winter clothing in sizes 3 months to 14 years. Sale items include down- and fiber-fill jackets, coats, and snowsuits from Cacharel, Brambilla, and Babymini, were $116–$288, now $58–$144; denim, corduroy, and flannel-lined pants by IKKS, Jean Bourget, and Petit Boy, were $36–$92, now $18–$46; sweatshirts, sweaters, and woven shirts by Cacharel, IKKS, New Man, and Marese, were $48–$116, now $24–$58; dresses, skirts, and jumpers by Cary, Simonetta, Maxou, Claude Vell, and David Charles, were $36–$320, now $18–$160. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Small Change, 964 Lexington Ave., near 70th St. (772-6455); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5:45 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

New Wave

THIS UNISEX SALON AND SPA IS OFFERING UP to 50 percent off its prices for such full services as a women's haircut and styling, was $50, now $25; permanent or body wave, was $95, now $50; spiral permanent, was $120, now $60; men's haircut and styling, was $40, now $20; single-process hair color, men or women, was $60, now $30; one-hour rejuvenating facial, was $60, now $30; one-hour collagen facial treatment, was $70, now $35; cellulite treatment, was $75, now $40; one-hour aromatherapy or European exfoliating treatment, was $65, now $35. An appointment is necessary; A.E., M.C., V. accepted. *Gloria Cabrera Salon and Spa, 605 Fifth Ave., near 49th St. (750-0808); Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–7 p.m.; through 1/31.*

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THIS BEDDING COMPANY IS CELEBRATING ITS seventy-fifth anniversary with a sale at its Brooklyn factory outlet. Sale items include polyester hypoallergenic washable medium-density pillows, standard size, were $9, now $6, six for $30; firm-density pillows, were $15, now $10; *faux*-down pillows, were $25, now $19; feather pillows, were $15, now $10, six for $54; white goose-down pillows in standard size, were $99, now $79, two for $150; European box-stitched goose-down comforters in all sizes, were $260–$425, now $180–$345; other goose-down comforters, were $89–$259, now $65–$180; imported Italian merino-wool blankets in light, medium, or heavy weights and in all sizes, retail $150–$400, here $60–$165. Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *J. Schachter Factory Outlet, 5 Cook St., between Manhattan and Graham Aves., Brooklyn (718-384-2732); Mon.–Thurs. 9:30 a.m.–5 p.m., Fri. till 1:30 p.m., Sun. by appointment only; through 1/16.*

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THIS SHOP RENTS DESIGNER GOWNS AND dresses, and is selling off some 200 (all freshly dry-cleaned) at greatly reduced prices. Most are in sizes 6–10, but some items are available in sizes 2–16. A Karl Lagerfeld dark-blue chiffon gown with beaded collars and cuffs, size 8/10, originally $4,000, here $300; Bob Mackie Couture short multicolored layered chiffon dress, sequined bodice, size 6, originally $10,000, here $1,500; Guy Laroche two-piece black velvet size 10 long dress, originally $2,000, here $450; Scaasi size 6 floral long gown with silk-jacquard wrap, originally $2,500, here $500; size 14/16 Oleg Cassini black beaded chiffon long dress with see-through top, originally $1,500, here $250. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *One Night Stand, 905 Madison Ave., near 73rd St., 2nd floor (772-7720); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Penne Saver

THIS NEW RESTAURANT'S $8.95 PASTA DINner special includes a hot-bread basket, your choice of soup or salad and any of eight entrées, such as rigatoni with fresh tomato and basil; orecchiette with artichokes and fresh-tomato-lemon-and-garlic sauce; and spaghetti alla Norma, with eggplant, tomato, and pine nuts. The "Columbus" special costs $14.92 and includes a hot-bread basket, choice of fried calamari, gravlax, or steamed mussels in wine sauce as appetizer; choice of soup or salad; choice of four entrées—penne Madeira; chicken cooked in sherry sauce with sun-dried tomatoes and sweet peas; veal parmigiana with mushrooms and linguine; scrod piccata—and coffee or tea. Live jazz music Wednesday through Sunday nights. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; reservations necessary. *East River Cafe, 1111 First Ave., at 61st St. (980-3144); through 1/30.*

Tiny Bubbles

ALL BATHS & SPAS IS CLEARING AWAY DIScontinued colors and floor samples of spas, whirlpools, saunas, sinks, and bidets by very famous makers at 40–75 percent off list price. Spas include Sundance 1994 floor samples for four to eight persons, list prices $3,500–$9,000, here $2,450–$5,500: Royale 600 six-person deluxe spa with three 5-hp pumps, list $8,100, here $4,800. Whirlpool tubs include Jacob Delafon cast-iron models, $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 feet long, in bone or silver, 1-hp polished-chrome or -brass systems, perfect condition but no longer available in the U.S., list from $3,500, here $1,300–$1,500; French-made Porcher cast-iron Madeline eight-jet 1.5-hp system, 5 ft. 7 in. by 31.5 in., in bone or silver, list $3,500, here $2,100; American Standard white under-counter sink, list $115, here $58. M.C., V., checks accepted; delivery arranged at additional cost; all sales final. *All Baths & Spas Warehouse, 159 Saw Mill River Rd., Yonkers, N.Y. (call 914-965-9272 or 800-875-2600 for directions); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–4:30 p.m.; through 1/31.* ▬

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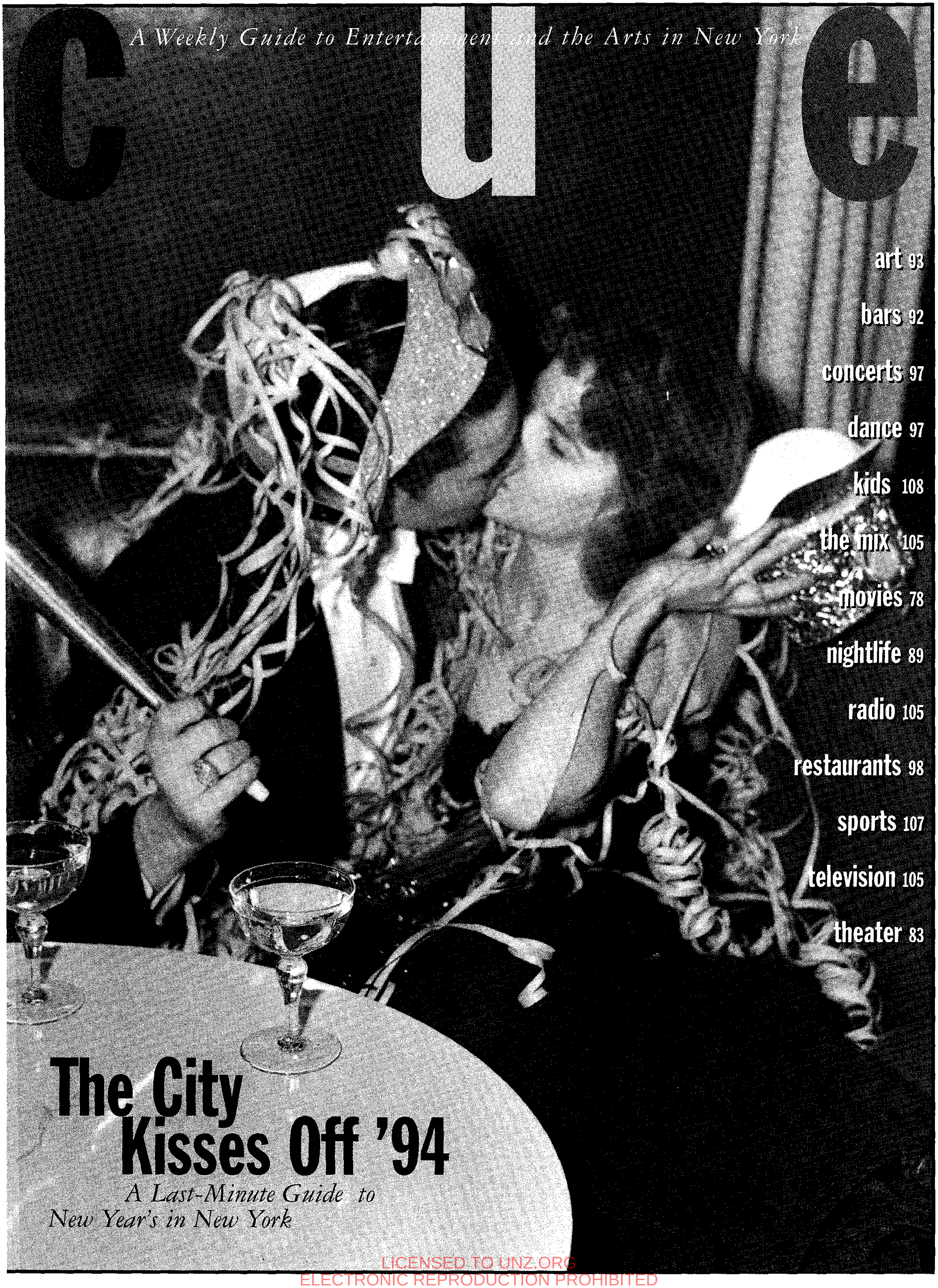
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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The City Kisses Off '94

A Last-Minute Guide to New Year's in New York

Mirren's reign...Newman's crowned

New Films

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert—Two Australian drag queens—one young and butch (Guy Pearce), one burdened and regretful (Hugo Weaving)—and one old, distinguished, and lonely transsexual (Terence Stamp) tour the Outback in a ravaged bus and perform for cowboys and desert rats. Stephan Elliot, the writer-director, doesn't so much make a movie as package it; *Priscilla* is a slick, shrewdly ingratiating entertainment about drag queens stranded in the desert that jumps from highlight to highlight and lives on sparkle. Terence Stamp gets off some viciously funny lines; he might be a Roman senator's wife whose toga has slipped a little. (Denby, 8/29/94) (1 hr. 42 min.; R) *57th Street Playhouse.*

Boys Life—A compilation of three short films about young men coming to terms with their sexual orientation, *Boys Life* is well made, well acted, funny, and happily free of the angst that usually typifies the portrayal of gays in movies. *Pool Days,* written and directed by NYU grad Brian Sloan, is a sharp-eyed look at a high-school senior (Josh Weinstein) who serves as a lifeguard at a local gym, catching the eye of a female instructor and—more to his liking, though he can't admit it—a good-looking regular (Nick Poletti). *A Friend of Dorothy,* by Raoul O'Connell, shows an innocent college student hungry for intimacy but willing to wait for romance. And *The Disco Years,* written and directed by USC grad Robert Lee King, captures the seventies to a tee in the story of Tom (Matt Nolan), who has to decide between accepting himself and risking rejection by his family and friends. Angrier and more earnest than the others, it also manages to boogie its way to a satisfying finale. All are notable first and foremost as promising and entertaining debuts, rather than for any strides they may make in advancing onscreen portrayals of gays. That's just a bonus. And here's looking forward to a *Girls Life* in '95. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair. But it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? When the gangster's mistress (Jennifer Tilly) goes into the play, the gangster assigns his henchman Cheech (Chazz Palminteri) to look after her. A gravel-voiced thug, Cheech sits silently through rehearsals until he has an idea for improving the plot. Which he offers. And then an idea for some better dialogue. Which he also offers. The thug, it seems, is the true playwright. What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. If we believe what Allen's saying, any kind of stupid behavior can be justified as necessary in the service of art. What can't be justified, however—not even by Woody's sleight of hand—is bad art With Tracey Ullman. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby.... A ★ denotes a current release that New York recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element.... Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Now Playing

Legend in the Making

If nothing else, *Legends of the Fall* will be remembered as the movie that launched the American career of the gorgeous and talented British actress Julia Ormond. She recently nabbed the sought-after Audrey Hepburn role in a remake of *Sabrina* starring Harrison Ford.

Clerks—For New Yorkers, this is a taste of the forbidden, an immersion in that bizarre and scandalous land of anti-creation—New Jersey (i.e., the rest of the country, but frighteningly near). In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches, shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. What comes next? (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 68th Street Playhouse.*

Cobb—Baseball great Ty Cobb was an ornery bastard, sharpening his spikes before a game so he could do some serious damage when sliding into an opponent, getting into fights with other players at the drop of a hat, cursing, spitting, drinking, hurling racial epithets with venom, and much more. But he *was* great, and that's why his talent is so intriguing to those who expect exceptional skill to be married to exceptional character—or at least human decency. Not the case here, and writer/director Ron Shelton explores the reasons why in this movie about the later years in Cobb's life, when he was a bitter, old man (Tommy Lee Jones) trying to convince a sports writer (Robert Wuhl) to write his biography. (2 hrs. 10 min.; R) *Village East; Gemini Twin.*

Colonel Chabert—Gerard Dépardieu stars in this epic drama based on the Balzac classic. In a twist on *The Return of Martin Guerre,* Depardieu plays a returning war hero thought dead who finds his wife has remarried and claimed his inheritance. Directed by Yves Angelo, who's served as a cinematographer on *Tous Les Matins du Monde, Un Coeur en hiver,* and other recent art-house hits. In French. (1 hr. 50 min.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Death and the Maiden—Roman Polanski repeats his stage success with the film adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's drama about a woman (Sigourney Weaver) who believes she's found the man (Ben Kingsley) responsible for torturing her during a political imprisonment many years ago. But has she? And does that give her the right to treat him in the same dehumanizing manner? The questions don't start until the nastiness does. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Paris Theatre.*

Disclosure—Reviewed in this issue. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Drop Zone—Wesley Snipes goes after some parachuting bad guys and Gary Busey goes after some of the commercial heat that slipped by him and stuck to Tommy Lee Jones when they played baddies in *Under Siege.* Director John Badham, as always, goes for the popcorn crowd (in his credits, where others would put "A John Badham Film" he proudly states "A John Badham Movie"). If you want Shakespeare, go to the theater. (1 hr. 41 min.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six.*

Dumb and Dumber—Well, duh. Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels star as two fellows who are one nit short of

Photograph by Kerry Hayes/Tri Star.

a wit. There's a plot, but it hardly matters. Expect silliness and stupidity and bathroom humor, and hope for some laughs. Somebody wrote it and somebody directed it, but that's hardly the point here. Carrey is. (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas.*

★**Eat Drink Man Woman**—The greatest chef in Taipei, Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung), still grieving over his long-dead wife, busies himself by cooking for his three grown daughters, who live at home. Working with the two screenwriters Hui Ling Wang and James Schamus, director Ang Lee (*The Wedding Banquet*) offers the routine yet mesmerizing anguish of love and romance and filial piety. Every plot development passes through the comic family banquets, a formal device that brings order to flux. *Eat Drink Man Woman* is an abundant yet disciplined work that marks a huge step forward for Lee. With Chien-Lien Wu and Kuei-Mei Yang. (Denby, 8/29/94) (2 hrs. 3 min.; NR) *Worldwide Cinema.*

Federal Hill—Writer-director-producer Michael Corrente makes his feature-film debut with this Scorsesean tale of five young men growing up in an Italian, working-class neighborhood in Providence, Rhode Island. Filled with small-time gangsters and confused kids who don't know what they want, it focuses on Nicky (Anthony De Sando), who falls hard for a college girl, antagonizing his dangerously violent friend, Ralph (Nicholas Turturro). Corrente, like one of the characters, is a former construction worker. He's lived in Manhattan, struggling to make his movie while blue-collar workers across the street from his apartment built a huge new skyscraper. Now his film is premiering at Lincoln Square in that very same building on December 9. (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Columbus Circle.*

★**Forrest Gump**—Another idiot-savant picture, in the commercially lucrative line of *King of Hearts, Being There,* and *Rain Man;* and like those movies, it's marred by sentiment and cant and much flattery of the audience. If it's better than any of those movies—and at times it's a jaunty, high-flying cinematic experience—that's because the director, Robert Zemeckis, has the shrewdness and skill to turn what's most dubious about his ideas into poetic comedy. Our central actor, Tom Hanks, makes Forrest limited in consciousness but unlimited in feeling, and the audience is with him every inch of the way. (Denby, 7/18/94) (2 hrs. 22 min.; PG-13) *Cinema 3.*

Heavenly Creatures—Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, with standout performances by Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinema.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends, who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. From the point of view of technique or narrative strategy, there's nothing startling here, but the portrait is full-bodied and complex. What is so frightening about the movie is how cruelly the dreams fall away—how suddenly and absolutely they sheer off into failure and nowheresville. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Film Forum; Quad Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

Immortal Beloved—Beethoven wrote some nice tunes, sure. But the really exciting news is that he was sexy as hell, romanced a string of women, and left his estate to an unnamed "immortal beloved." This movie, starring Gary Oldman as the lover/composer, probes the mystery of who that woman was, centering on several tempting candidates—including Isabella Rossellini and Valerie Golina. Directed by Bernard Rose. (2 hrs.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Interview With the Vampire—Perhaps the most expensive and beautiful cult movie of all time—a film of great technical distinction but no dramatic interest whatsoever. Poor morose Louis (Brad Pitt). Two hundred years of bloodsucking and not one moment of guilt-free pleasure. His story begins near New Orleans in 1791. The young master of a plantation, he's bitten and turned into a vampire by Lestat (Tom Cruise), an effete southern gentleman/vampire in ruffles. They join in unholy rites, prowling the humid bayous, biting prostitutes and other ladies of the night. The mock-debonair tone of all this is rather pathetic. The movie is tedious and fairly disgusting, and it would be best to avoid it: Let the undead bury the undead. Directed by Neil Jordan; written by Anne Rice from her novel. With Antonio Banderas as the world's oldest living vampire; Christian Slater; and Kirsten Dunst. (Denby; 11/21/94) (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Ziegfeld; 84th Street Six.*

I.Q.—Walter Matthau seems a natural to play Albert Einstein, but the scientist's niece (Meg Ryan) doesn't think nice lug Tim Robbins is a natural to be her boyfriend. That's when Al and his friends decide to play matchmaker, quickly proving they know more about the dance of atoms than the mating dance. Directed by Fred Schepisi, who worked romantic comedy magic with the charming *Roxanne.* (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Junior—*Twins* team Ivan Reitman, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Danny DeVito get together for another comedy, this one about a research scientist (Arnold) who winds up becoming the first man to carry a baby to term (if one counts Billy Crystal's turn in *The Rabbit Test* as a failed delivery). (1 hr. 50 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; Manhattan Twin; National Twin; First & 62nd Street Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

Ladybird, Ladybird—Director Ken Loach delivers a wrenching, memorable drama with this story about a single mother trapped in abusive relationships who manages to break free and begin a new life, only to find the government has decided she's unfit and has taken custody of her children. Crissy Rock has already received international praise for her performance as Maggie, and while it's probably too raw and ferocious to curry favor with the Academy come Oscar time, it's certain to be remembered by critics at the end of the year. (1 hr. 42 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

LA MUSIQUE DES TSIGANES DU MONDE DE L'INDE A L'ESPAGNE
BANDE ORIGINALE DU FILM
LATCHO
DROM

Recordings

Along with every other "newly" discovered ethnic musical tradition, traditional Gypsy music deserves a day in the sun. Its spirited songs are filled with resilient, melancholic joy—inspired, perhaps, by the joy of merely surviving, for the discrimination Gypsies face is well documented in *Latcho Drom,* the movie that spawned this terrific compilation. (Caroline; $14.98.)

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep a corrupt world going. With superb performances by Bill Pullman and Peter Berg as two different kinds of helpless sap. Written by Steve Barancik. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It telss the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same. (2 hrs 13 min.; R.) *Chelsea Cinema; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Lion King**—A return engagement of Disney's latest animated blockbuster feature. (1 hr. 27 min.; G) *Movieland 8th Street; Embassy 1; 57th Street Playhouse.*

Little Women—The classic tale, with Winona Ryder stepping into the role that Katharine Hepburn left her indelible stamp on. Potentially very good, with a cast that includes Susan Sarandon and Garbiel Byrne, and direction by Gillian Armstrong. (1 hr. 50 min.; PG.) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

A Low Down Dirty Shame—Keenen Ivory Wayans—feeling dissed by the way Fox used his hit TV series *In Living Color* to plug virtually every hole on its schedule—returns to the big screen as private investigator Andre Shame in this action-comedy he wrote and directed. Naturally, his loyal assistant (Jada Pinkett) has a secret crush on her boss, but she's far more attractive and feisty than the usual dowdy secretaries from detective flicks of old. With Charles S. Dutton. (1 hr. 44 min.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 86th Street East.*

The Madness of King George—Reviewed in this issue. See also essay on Helen Mirren. (2 hrs.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza.*

A Man of No Importance—Albert Finney stars as a bus employee in a small town who stages theatrical productions and has a crush on the handsome driver he works with. He seems too old to deal with the feelings he has, and his attempts to meet someone in a bar prove quite unsuccessful—though not as disastrous as his staging of Oscar Wilde's scandalous *Salomé.* With Brenda Fricker. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Lincoln Plaza.*

Mixed Nuts—Nora Ephron's follow-up to her wildly successful *Sleepless in Seattle* is a romantic comedy set in a suicide-hotline center in Los Angeles on Christmas Eve (Ephron does love her holidays). Based a little on a French film, it stars Steve Martin, Juliette Lewis, Madeline Kahn, and Rita Wilson. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle—See essay with Campbell talking about Robert Benchley, the role he essays in the film. Also with jennifer Jason Leigh and Matthew Broderick. Directed by Alan Rudolph. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Nell—Raised in isolation by a hermit-like mother, Jodie Foster is a "wild child" who speaks a language that seems entirely of her own devising when she's discovered by concerned folk Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson. They have divergent ideas about what's best for Nell: Neeson she's her as a natural wonder that shouldn't be sullied and wants to leave her alone; Richardson wants Nell locked up so she can be studied like some freak. They battle it out as Nell tries to go about her business while dealing with these unexpected intruders into her world. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13). *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinema; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum; Regency.*

Nobody's Fool—Richard Russo's novel is the source for this story about a man (Paul Newman) who's been down on his luck all his life and may have one last chance to redeem himself…if he's willing to risk it. With smaller, juicy roles for Jessica Tandy and Bruce Willis. Directed by Robert Benton, who has a habit of eliciting Oscar-worthy performances. (2 hrs.; 30 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—An ecstatically entertaining piece of suave mockery by Quentin Tarantino that revels in every manner of pulp flagrancy—murder and betrayal, drugs, sex, and episodes of sardonically distanced sadomasochism—all told in three overlapping tales. Two petty thieves sitting in a diner (Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer) announce a stickup, pull out their guns—and the episode breaks off. That's the beginning of the movie, and we return to them at the end, though what appears in the interim isn't all flashback. Some of it takes place before that moment, some *after.* The chronology of the three stories is daringly skewed so we can see people in the midst of different yet connected actions. Call it collateral narration. What goes around comes around. The two principal characters are hit men in black suits: John Travolta, overweight, puffy, with long hair falling from a knot in strands, and Samuel L. Jackson, lean, curly-haired, and with a mean tongue. They work for a local crime boss who sends them on a job to kill some yuppie punks. The two cross paths with boxer Bruce Willis, a stoic, Hemingwayesque loser paid by the crime boss to take a dive. There's much more, and the whole is bound with words—anecdotes, debates, rococo profanities, biblical quotations. It's a very funky, American sort of pop masterpiece, improbable, uproarious, with bright colors and danger and blood right on the surface. With Uma Thurman as the mobster's woman. Co-written by Tarantino and Roger Avary. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six.*

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Ready to Wear—Reviewed in this issue. (2 hrs. 12 min.; R.) *Angelika Cinema; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Red—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet.—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. Valentine hits a dog with her car and takes the animal to its owner, an embittered retired judge (Jean-Louis Trintignant) living alone in a dark-shadowed house. The judge spies on his neighbors, listening to their telephone calls, and he seems to know everything. In the long, groping scenes between Jacob and Trintignant, filled with tentative yet hollowly theatrical conversation, the movie falls into a mystical swoon and dies. Kieslowski constructs his movies with ineffable moments and with tiny visual motifs touched by grace. Yet the avant-garde techniques cannot conceal an extraordinarily weak dramatic sense and some very hoary ideas about women. Score by Zbigniew Preisner. (Denby; 11/28/94)(1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ANIMATION

Laserdiscs **One of the frustrations of the Academy Awards is hearing the names of intriguing animated shorts and knowing you'll probably never get a chance to see them. Problem solved with the long-overdue and vastly entertaining *The World's Greatest Animation,* a collection of sixteen Oscar winners and nominees from 1978 to 1990 that includes extensive background info and commentary about all the artists. Here's hoping it's followed by a live-action-shorts compilation. (Voyager; $99.95.)**

Richie Rich—Macaulay Culkin: The final chapter? Well, at least for his childhood roles, since Mac is edging into puberty. Even if this adaptation of the comic book is successful, it's hard to imagine why they wanted him, since his age would make a sequel almost impossible without a recast central role. Directed by Donald Petrie. (1 hr. 30 min; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book—A live-action version of the classic tale. With Jason Scott Lee as the lovable scamp Mowgli, Sam Neill, and the always pleasant Cary Elwes. From Disney. (1 hr. 48 min.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Safe Passage—Susan Sarandon is typically earnest as the harried mother of a brood of sons who's on the outs with her husband (Sam Shepherd) and trying to gain a little self-esteem by training to be a social worker. They're all brought together during the Gulf War when they're told the eldest—who serves in the military—might have been in a building that suffered a direct hit. The family spends two days waiting for the good/bad news and poring over old hurt feelings and misunderstandings. A fine cast—including Robert Sean Leonard, Sean Austin, and Jason London—but too earnest by half. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *Theater undetermined at press time.*

The Santa Clause—Tim Allen is the quiet superstar: the most popular show on television, a best-selling book, and now the biggest comedy of the fall. Here he plays a father trying to reach out to his son when an unexpected turn of events makes him the new Santa. Weight gain, whiskers, and pesky elves soon follow as Allen tries to maintain a semblance of reality at home and work while his immense responsibilities—and the approach of Christmas Eve—loom ever larger. Directed by John Pasquin, a creative partner with Allen on *Improvement,* as well as a director of *Roseanne* and *thirtysomething.* (1 hr. 35 min.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; 59th Street East; 86th Street East.*

Sarraounia (1987)—The story of the warrior queen Aznas, who led her people to a brief but glorious victory over the French colonialists taking over her country. A major African epic gaining its first U.S. commercial exposure. Directed by Med Hondo. In French. (2 hrs.; NR) *Thalia.*

Speechless—This story about rival political speechwriters would have been a natural for Tracy and Hepburn. Here's hoping Michael Keaton and Geena Davis manage to generate even half their wit, charm, and passion. If so, director Ron Underwood (*Tremors, City Slickers*) will have made it three hits in a row. *Not* based on the James Carville–Mary Matalin romance and mustn't that just bug the hell out of 'em. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Star Trek: Generations—Anyone wanting a big dose of William Shatner's distinctive acting style should rent one of the earlier flicks in this series: Kirk plays a crucial but relatively smaller role here. For the launch of the big-screen *Next Generation,* the focus is strictly on the new kids on the block. Picard (Patrick Stewart) grapples with a baddie (Malcolm McDowell) hoping to destroy the universe, and Data (Brent Spiner) grapples with an "emotion chip" that enables him to come closer than ever to being human. Directed by David Carson. (1 hr. 58 min.; PG) *23rd Street West; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd Street Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Olympia Cinemas.*

Street Fighter—Video game. Van Damme. Violence? Vy, of course. (1 hr. 55 min.; R) *Essex; Village East; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinema.*

Temptation of a Monk—Joan Chen plays two pivotal roles in this lavish seventh-century epic about a warrior who tries to plan for an orderly succession to the throne when the emperor nears death, only to find himself violently outsmarted by a rival general. He enters a monastery to seek personal peace, but that simply is not to be. This is Chen's first all-Chinese-speaking part since she emigrated to the U.S. Directed by 27-year-old Clara Law. Based on a novella by the author of *Farewell My Concubine.* (1 hr. 58 min.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Tigrero: A Film That Was Never Made—Directors Sam Fuller and Jim Jarmusch travel to the Brazilian rain forests and the homes of the endangered Karajá Indians, the site of a Fuller expedition in 1954, when he took a 16-mm. camera to scout locations for an ultimately unmade adventure flick to star John Wayne. Directed by Mika Kaurismäki. (1 hr. 15 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family and friends through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94)(2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Angelika 57.*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for select groups of friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called director Louis Malle. The last time Malle, Shawn, and Gregory got together, it was for the memorable *My Dinner With Andre.* (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Mrs. Parker; Heavenly Creatures; To Live; Queen Margot; Clerks; Pulp Fiction; Ready to Wear.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nell; Bullets Over Broadway.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Temptation of a Monk; Gone With The Wind* (1939).

Essex—275 Grand St. (982-4455) *Street Fighter.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Hoop Dreams; Ladybird, Ladybird; Tigrero: A Film That Was Never Made.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Mixed Nuts; The Santa Clause; The Shawshank Redemption; The Lion King; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life; Vanya on 42nd Street; Hoop Dreams; Red.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Pulp Fiction; Jungle Book; Street Fighter; Interview With The Vampire; Dumb and Dumber; Cobb; Richie Rich.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *I.Q.; Nobody's Fool; Little Women; Death and the Maiden; The Last Seduction; The Professional; Disclosure; Federal Hill.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Junior; Drop Zone; Speechless.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Nell; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Pulp Fiction; Legends of the Fall; Street Fghter; I.Q.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Nell; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Mixed Nuts; Ready to Wear; Interview With the Vampire; Drop Zone; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber.*
23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Star Trek–Generations; The Santa Clause; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*
34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Speechless.*
34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *I. Q.; Little Women; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*
Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Bway and Eighth (869-8340)) *Drop Zone.*
Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Nell; Speechless.*
Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520 *Vanya on 42nd St.; Hoop Dreams.*
Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Ready to Wear; Bullets Over Broadway; Queen Margot.*
Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Forrest Gump.*
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Mixed Nuts; Disclosure; Star Trek—Generations; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; The Professional.*
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Dumb and Dumber.*
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Hoop Dreams.*
Embassy 1—1560 Bway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Lion King.*
Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *I.Q.; The Santa Clause; Pulp Fiction.*
57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360)(753-6022) *The Lion King; The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert.*
59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *The Santa Clause.*
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*
Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Junior; Street Fighter.*
Movieplex 42—244 West 42nd St. (997-7522) *Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Mixed Nuts; Drop Zone; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.*
National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Junior; Street Fighter.*
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Death and the Maiden.*
Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *The Shawshank Redemption.*
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Specialist; Love Affair; Little Giants; TimeCop; Barcelona; Eat Drink Man Woman; Miracle on 34th Street.*
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Interview With the Vampire.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Legends of the Fall.*
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Junior; Pulp Fiction; Star Trek–Generations; Richie Rich; Drop Zone; Little Women.*
Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Cobb; Mixed Nuts.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *I.Q.; Disclosure.*
Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Little Women; Mixed Nuts; Richie Rich; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Star Trek—Generations; Disclosure.*
68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Clerks.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Street Fighter; Speechless.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Jungle Book; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Santa Clause.*
Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *I.Q.*

Talent

Queen for a Day

T*he Madness of King George* features a number of striking contributions: Nigel Hawthorne repeats his exceptional stage performance as the loopy king; the usually handsome Rupert Everett pads himself out and dons a horrendous wig to play the snitty, usurping Prince of Wales; theater director Nicholas Hytner (*Miss Saigon; Carousel*) makes his film debut. And while the guys have all gotten their share of attention, it's Helen Mirren—who has a small but pivotal role as George's adoring, long-suffering queen—whom everyone wants to talk to. "I just loved to get dressed up in those clothes after wearing police-lady clothing," she exclaims, referring to her much-lauded portrayal of Detective Chief Inspector Jane Tennison on the popular British series *Prime Suspect*, the reason for Mirren's popularity with the press. "I got to wear a lot of very, very big dresses—big dresses and major, big hair. They were all specially made at *vast* expense, many of them with antique material." Mirren hopes to come to the New York stage sometime in '95, perhaps with *A Month in the Country*, the play she recently performed in London. But first comes more police work: She's currently in the middle of shooting three more two-hour stories for *Prime Suspect*. Dealing with stories of political corruption and missing children isn't quite as glamorous as playing a queen, however. "We were shooting outside St. Paul's Cathedral at six or seven on a Sunday morning," she says. "We were driving round in this ridiculous pink-and-gold coach for shot after shot. And I think the tourists thought we were the real thing."

Michael Giltz

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf + Western Plaza, Bway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Federal Hill.*
84th Street Six—2310 Bway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; Mixed Nuts; Rudyard Kipling's Junlge Book; Pulp Fiction; Star Trek—Generations; Interview With the Vampire; Drop Zone; Richie Rich.*
Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Bway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Red; Bullets Over Broadway; Heavenly Creatures; A Man of No Importance; Ready to Wear.*
Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th Street (336-5000) *Little Women; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; I.Q.; Colonel Chabert; Speechless; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Bway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Speechless; Disclosure.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book.*
Nova—3589 Bway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber.*
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Bway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter.*
Regency—1987 Bway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Nell.*
62nd and Broadway—1871 Bway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Junior.*
Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sankofa.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Little Women; I.Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Street Fighter; Speechless; Richie Rich; Mixed Nuts; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Disclosure; Drop Zone; The Santa Clause.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800)*Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Drop Zone; Junior; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Professional; The Santa Clause; Junior; The Lion King.*
Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Dumb and Dumber; Mixed Nuts; Street Fighter; Disclosure.*
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Richie Rich; Speechless.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *I.Q.; Little Women; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Dumb and Dumber; Speechless; Disclosure; Drop Zone; Junior; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Santa Clause; The Professional; Lion King.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Disclosure; Little Women; I.Q.; Nell; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; The Santa Clause.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dumb and Dumber; Nell.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Street Fighter.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Little Women; Ready to Wear; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book.*
Commodore—329 Bway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Dumb and Dumber; Streetfighter.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Street Fighter; Mixed Nuts; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Drop Zone; The Lion King.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Avenue H (338-3371) *Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Speechless; Mixed Nuts; Richie Rich; Street Fighter; Drop Zone; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*
Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Disclosure; The Pagemaster; Nell; Dumb and Dumber; Little Women.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Dumb and Dumber; Mixed Nuts; Speechless; Disclosure.*
Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Dumb and Dumber; The Lion King; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Little Women; Nell; Dumb and Dumber; I.Q.; Speechless; Junior; The Santa Clause; Star Trek—Generations; Disclosure; Drop Zone.*
Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *I.Q.; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; The Santa Clause.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Street Fighter; Disclosure.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; Drop Zone.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279)*Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Mixed Nuts; Drop Zone; Junior; Disclosure.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Ready to Wear; Speechless; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Disclosure; The Santa Clause.*

Center—42-17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Disclosure; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Blvd., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100)*Mixed Nuts; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; The Santa Clause; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The Santa Clause; Dumb and Dumber.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Ready to Wear; Mixed Nuts; Disclosure.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Street Fighter; Star Trek—Generations; The Lion King; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Drop Zone.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Little Women; Dumb and Dumber; Speechless; Mixed Nuts; Richie Rich; The Santa Clause; Disclosure.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dumb and Dumber; Jungle Book; The Santa Clause; Drop Zone; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Nell; Little Women.*

Fresh Meadows—183-15 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nell; Disclosure; Drop Zone; Junior; Little Women; I. Q.; Speechless.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Star Trek—Generations; Pulp Fiction; The Pagemaster; Interview With the Vampire; Disclosure; Richie Rich; I. Q.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Richie Rich; Street Fighter; Speechless; Junior; The Lion King.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Little Women; I.Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Mixed Nuts.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Little Women; I.Q.; Nell; Speechless; Strteet Fighter; Mixed Nuts; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Last Seduction; Junior; The Swan Princess.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* (both dubbed in Spanish).

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Street Fighter; Speechless; Disclosure; Junior; Drop Zone.*

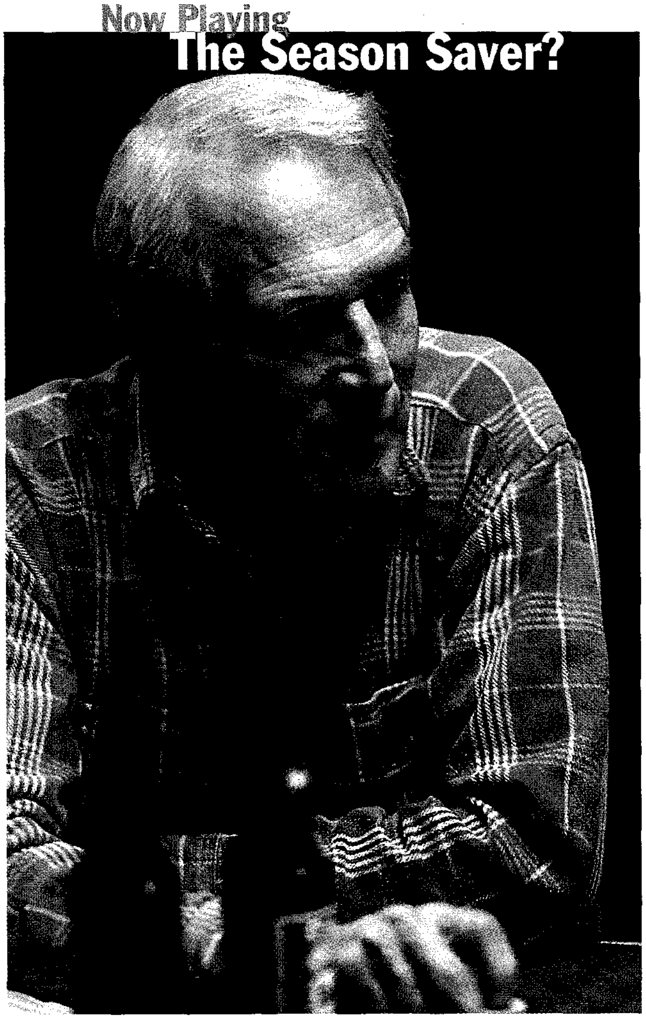
Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *I.Q.*

Utopia—187-02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *I.Q.; Little Women.*

Now Playing

The Season Saver?



Paul Newman—who just won the New York Film Critics Circle Best Actor award—ends '94 strongly with 'Nobody's Fool,' a modest drama that stands out in a season of overhype.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *I.Q.; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Disclosure; Junior; The Santa Clause; Pulp Fiction; The Pagemaster; The Lion King; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Ready to Wear; Dumb and Dumber; Mixed Nuts; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Junior; Disclosure.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 East Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Little Women; I.Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Nell; The Santa Clause; Street Fighter; Speechless; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 1/1/95: "Chuck Amuck: The Cartoons of Chuck Jones." A worthy tribute, yes. Artistic, meaningful, worthy of discussion. Yes, yes, yes. But above all, the classic shorts of Chuck Jones are hilarious, from the brilliant spoof "What's Opera, Doc?" to "Duck Dodgers in the 24½th Century," "One Froggy Evening," and the others. They're all here—more than 60 'toons—presented in 35 mm. Though they're best enjoyed a few at a time, this is a rare chance to see them away from the small screen. So overindulge, until you're sick with laughter. *The Bugs Bunny/Road Runner Movie* (1979) screened 12/26–12/30. Also, shorts on 12/26 and 12/31 and 1/1/95. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Donnell Media Center—Holiday Programs: 12/27: *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (1938); 12/29: *Mary Poppins* (1964); 12/31: *The Gang's All Here* (1943); 1/3: *The King and I* (1956). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619). Free.

Film Forum—See also "Movies." Through 1/2/95: "Mr. Benchley." Collections of disarmingly funny shorts by the nicest wit to arise from the Algonquin circle. 12/26: "Benchley Beside Himself." 1/2: "The Benchley Roundup." Through 1/12/95: "NYC *Noir.*" A sprawling look at the seedy, sadistic world of *film noir* (the toughest genre) set in New York City (the toughest metropolis). 12/27: *A Double Life* (1947) and *The Unsuspected* (1947). 12/28: *Blast of Silence* (1960) and *Madigan* (1968). 12/29: *While the City Sleeps* (1956) and *The People Against O'Hara* (1951). 12/30–12/31: *Deadline at Dawn* (1946) and *Side Street* (1949). 1/1/95: *The Woman in the Window* (1944) and *Scarlet Street* (1945). 1/3/95: *The Sleeping City* (1950) and *City Across the River* (1949). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 1/6: "Growing Up With Jean-Pierre Léaud, *Nouvelle Vague's* Wild Child." The muse for directors like François Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard, Léaud symbolizes everything Americans imagine the sophisticated, tragically romantic and cynical French to be. 12/26–12/28: *The 400 Blows* (1959), *Antoine and Colette* (1962), and *Stolen Kisses* (1968). 12/29–12/31: *Bed and Board* (1970) and *Love on the Run* (1979). 1/1/95: All five of the Doinel films shown in one marathon. 1/2/95–1/3/95: *The Mother and the Whore* (1973). "Movies for Kids": *George Ballanchine's The Nutcracker* (1993) on 12/31. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

Harlem Victoria V—See also its listing under "Movies." *Ashakara.* 235 West 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 12/27: *The Buddha of Suburbia.* A four-part drama from writer Hanif Kureishi (*My Beautiful Laundrette*) that's a typically messy, steamy, politically caustic look at the seventies—covering Zen Buddhism, sex, punk rock, sex, New York, sex, London, and more sex. With music by David Bowie. 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 1/5: "Josef von Sternberg." Timed to mark the hundredth anniversary of his birth, this is a welcome look at one of the greats. Highlights include: *Crime and Punishment* (1935) on 12/27 and 12/29 and *The Shanghai Gesture* (1942) on 12/29 and 12/31. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

The Museum of Television and Radio—Through 4/2/95: "Barbra Streisand: The Television Work." TV specials are rarely as innovative and charming as the work Streisand did on CBS in the sixties and early seventies. MT&R covers them all. 12/27–1/22/95: *Barbra Streisand and Other Musical Instruments* (1973). Streisand performs with musicians playing on virtually every instrument imaginable; highlights are two duets with Ray Charles and the finale, "Concerto for Voice and Appliances," in which she's accompanied by the clanging of kitchen utensils and such. Paired with a 1976 Barbara Walters interview that coincided with the release of her critically panned/commercially successful remake *A Star Is Born.* 25 West 52nd Street (621-6800); $6.

Photograph by Kerry Hayes/Paramount Pictures.

Grandma Is Alive…*Passion* Is Dead

A Death in the Family

Apparently, New Yorkers can't get enough of the zany-audience-participation-comedy-with-an-ethnic-spin genre. *Tony n' Tina's Wedding* is still going strong after almost six years, and its Jewish counterpart, *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* (above), has just stepped up its schedule from one performance a week to four. Call 691-1555.

Broadway

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Susan Egan plays the girl; Terrence Mann plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Carole King, Philip Lehl, Ric Ryder, and Adrian Zmed. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Carousel—Closing 1/15/95. A wildly acclaimed revival of the 1945 Rodgers & Hammerstein musical about a carnival barker whose romance leads to violence and finally redemption. As contemporary as anything on Broadway. With James Barbour stepping in as Billy Bigelow. $55–$65. Opened 3/24/94. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 55 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Christmas Carol—This acclaimed one-man show has turned into something of an annuity for Patrick Stewart, the actor best known as Captain Picard of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. And what luck for all involved. Stewart must enjoy delving into this treasure of a production, and audiences couldn't possibly find a better way to spend the holidays. Above all, his charming, intelligent performance allows us to appreciate the words of a classic that have been denuded of their power through endless variations on television and the movies. $40–$50. Through 1/8. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Comedy Tonight—A comedy revue featuring Dorothy Loudon, Mort Sahl, Joy Behar, and new vaudeville juggler/comedian Michael Davis. Special songs for Loudon written by Kander and Ebb open and close the evening. $12.50–$50. Dark Sun. Opened: 12/18/94. *Lunt Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical. Harry Groener and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' Girl Crazy, about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig, co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. James Brennan takes over for Groener on 1/2/95. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—Closing 12/31 to go in hibernation for the winter. It will reopen 2/27/95 with Jerry Lewis making his Broadway debut as the Devil. Will Lewis's mugging provide the same box office jolt as Vanessa Williams's singing did for *Kiss of the Spider Woman*? $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—They're not related, they weren't born in Russia, they don't fly (at least not for very long), and yet they insist on being called the Flying Karamazov Brothers and insist that you attend their latest vaudeville evening of puns, *faux* ballet, music, poetry and logic-defying feats. $19–$49. Through 1/1. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs.*

The Glass Menagerie—Frank Galati's strength, as a director, appears to be epic, as it was in his stunning *Grapes of Wrath*, not lyrical as it must be here, for Tennessee Williams was a poet and should have forgot about being an innovator. Indicative of Galati's earthiness is that the one player in this theatrical string quartet who strikes no false note is Kevin Kilner as the Gentleman Caller, whose grounding cello provdies the anchoring bass. Julie Harris—as the doting and dotty, yet also dictatorial, mother—does well by isloated passages but does not penetrate to the complex heart of the role. But at least she does not go to the horrendous extremes of Calista Flockhart as the tormented Laura, whose frozen tempos, vacant stares, andclunkily exaggerated limp reduce a touching character to a hospitalizable retardate. Most disturbing, though, is the coming to grief of Zeljko Ivanek, one of our finest younger actors, as the authorial alter ego, Tom. This tricky character must shift effortlessly from nostalgic narrator to unhappy comedian, but Ivanek ends up playing something much heavier than what is written. Yet the play's greatness is inexpungible. (Simon; 11/28/94) $50. Through 1/1/95. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400). 2 hrs., 30 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing production of the musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959; book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Guys and Dolls—Closing 1/8/95. Jennifer Allen, Jeff Brooks, Kim Crosby, and Martin Vidnovic now star in this revival of the 1950 musical. The book is by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, and is based on Damon Runyon's characters (all as intoxicatingly irresistible as ever) in his short stories about high and low life around Times Square; score by Frank Loesser; directed by Jerry Zaks. $20–$65. Opened: 4/14/92. *Martin Beck Theater, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, for Best Play Revival, Best Direction (Stephen Daldry), Best Featured Actress (Jane Adams), and Best Lighting Design (Rick Fisher). With Kenneth Cranham, Rosemary Harris, and Philip Bosco. $45–$55. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Vanessa Williams has scored a personal triumph in the title role and extends her run (yet again) through the end of February. The show is based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys last year, including Best Musical. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel recently notched its 3,000th performance. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Passion—Closing 1/7/95. Winner of four 1994 Tony awards, for Best Musical, Score, Book, and Actress; based on the 1869 Italian novel *Fosca,* by Igino Tarchetti, about a woman's unrequited love for a handsome young army captain. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; book and direction by James Lapine. With Donna Murphy, Jere Shea, and Marin Mazzie. $40–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/9/94. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

The Phantom of the Opera—An undeniable technical achievement, chock-full of gorgeous scenery and costumes. Davis Gaines plays the Phantom, who haunts the Paris Opera House as mercilessly as Puccini haunts Andrew Lloyd Webber. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 min.*

The Shadow Box—Michael Cristofer's Pulitzer Prize–winning work is playwriting by the numbers. In it, at a hospice for the terminally ill, one cottage stands in Ayckbournishly for three, each with its dying cancer patient—one for every social class. Under Jack Hofsiss's conscientious direction, and among decent production values, the good actors try hard. Mercedes Ruehl plays the drunken but jolly floozy Beverly brilliantly and Marlo Thomas and Jamey Sheridan are almost as splendid. But Cristofer is poor at imagery and his piling-up of horrors is not poetry but the pornography of death. In the end, characters freeze to speak their repetitious, fragmented banalities in a fugue, which makes things even more pretentious. (Simon; 12/5/94) $36–$40. Through 1/1/95. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway, entrance on 50th St. between Eighth Ave. and Broadway (239-6200). 2 hrs. 10 min.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvingly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetrantly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure;" remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; and Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. The word about Glenn Close was that, though she couldn't quite sing the role, she certainly could act it, half of which proves true. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she leaves the show in July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19; Karen Mason will play Norma during that period. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Performance Going, Going ...

Winter always cuts a swath through the theater, claiming any frail shows for its own. Last year, the drop in temperature—and its attendant drop in attendance—even threatened the life of that hardy Off Broadway survivor *The Fantasticks.* Nineteen ninety-five is no exception, with three shows calling it quits and a fourth—*Damn Yankees*—hoping to cheat death by going into hibernation until February 28. Close out the year by catching them while you can.

Show	Closing Date
Damn Yankees	**12/31/94**
Passion	**1/7/95**
Guys and Dolls	**1/8/95**
Carousel	**1/15/95**

Damn Yankees **12/31/94**

Why tough it out during the frozen months of January and February? The producers of this musical decided it was smarter—and cheaper—to go on hiatus until February 28, when Jerry Lewis makes his Broadway debut as the Devil, taking over for the departing Victor Garber.

Passion **1/7/95**

Closing just eight months after it opened, Stephen Sondheim's intimate musical about obsessive love, like many of his shows, will doubtless prove more commercial when revived a few years down the road. It's set to open in London in the fall of '95.

Guys and Dolls **1/8/95**

The happy case of a Broadway show that succeeded commercially *and* critically. It garnered great reviews, ran for more than two and a half years, and had the good taste to close shop just before besting the 1,200-performance mark of the revered original.

Carousel **1/15/95**

Director Nicholas Hytner will see his brooding, acclaimed revival of the Rodgers & Hammerstein classic close on Broadway just as his debut film—*The Madness of King George*—opens in theaters around the country. *Carousel* premiered March 24 to strong business and even stronger reviews, but Lincoln Center decided to close it rather than undergo the cost of bringing in new cast members, moving the show to another house, and weathering the reduced box office of winter.

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. Winner of five 1993 Tony awards. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

A Tuna Christmas—The denizens of Tuna, Texas—brought to life by Joe Sears and Jaston Williams—come to Broadway after touring around the safer waters of the country for several years. The folks in Tuna must face Christmas Eve and the perils of a community production of *A Christmas Carol,* among other holiday horrors. Those good ole boys play all 24 citizens in this show, written by Sears, Williams, and Ed Howard and directed by Howard. $40–$45. Dark Sun. Opened: 12/15/94. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on…well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Through 1/29/95. New Year's Eve show is $50 and features champagne during intermission. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

Him—Christopher Walken wrote and stars in this take on Elvis Presley and tabloid reality. Directed by Jim Simpson, it marks Walken's playwriting debut. $25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3. In previews; opening 1/5/95. Through 1/8/95. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7150).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. An Ontological-Hysteric production. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. In previews 12/29; opening 1/5/95. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological at St. Mark's Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St., second floor (533-4650).*

The Venetian Twins—The third production for the Pearl Theatre Company in its new home is the Commedia dell'Arte masterpiece by Carlo Goldoni, in a new translation by Michael Feingold. A tale of mistaken identity when two twins—one good, one naughty—arrive in Venice at the same time and cause havoc with the confusion that ensues. Directed by John Rando. $15–$20 in previews; $20–$25 after opening12/27. Through 1/28. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 5 and 9; Wed. and Sun. at 2. 12/19 and 12/28 is Family Night, with children accompanied by a paying adult admitted free. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (598-9802).*

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics' Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

American Dreaming—The very talented Chinese composer Tan Dun has collaborated with Japanese-American Chiori Miyagawa on this music-theater piece about a young woman, the Japanese-born Yuki, who marries Robert, a Caucasian-American. It incorporates Peking Opera, jazz, Eastern European, and medieval music and is peformed by a chamber orchestra with an eclectic mix of Eastern and Western instruments. Directed by Michael Mayer. $30. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 3. Through 1/8/95. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25, $40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Cheever Evening—Extended through 1/1/95. A. R. Gurney intertwines elements from eighteen works by John Cheever to create a new work that pays homage to one of his influences while showing Cheever's work in a new light. Directed by Don Scardino. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 3; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

A Christmas Carol—A lavish, $13-million musical version of the Charles Dickens classic, with its eye on the Radio City Christmas Spectacular and the massive holiday crowds that show attracts. The top-notch talent includes Alan Menken (score), Lynn Ahrens (lyrics), Mike Ockrent (direction; book with Ahrens), and Susan Stroman (choreography). With Walter Charles as Scrooge. $19–$55. Through 1/1/95. *Paramount Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6741).*

A Doll's Life—A newly revised version of the musical sequel to Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House.* Basically, it imagines what happened after Nora (Jill Geddes) slammed the door on her old life. Music by Larry Grossman; book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Directed by Robert Brink. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 1/22/95. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-5820).*

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey/The Truman Capote Talk Show—Two one-man shows starring Bob Kingdom, who received strong notices in Great Britain, not to mention the patronage of Anthony Hopkins (who directed *Dylan Thomas*) and Eric Clapton (who decided to be one of Kingdom's producers). $25. **Thomas:** Tues. and Thurs. at 8; Sat. at 6. **Capote:** Wed. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 9; Sun. at 7. *Perry Street Theater, 31 Perry St. (307-4100).*

Family Secrets—Closing 1/1/95. A one-woman comedy with Sherry Glaser, who plays everyone from a grandmother who finds love at 80 to a bratty teenager and her pregnant sister; co-written and directed by Greg Howells. $35, $37.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/6/93. *Westside Theatre (Downstairs), 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan Street Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members even before she's been laid to rest. $35, which includes a mitzvah meal. The New Year's Eve show at 9 is $75 and includes champagne and dancing after the performance is over. Opened: 10/9/94. Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. Also 12/28 and 12/29 at 7:30 and 12/31 at 5 and 9. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 12/4/94. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Inside Out—A musical comedy about six smart women who regularly come together to share their triumphs and setbacks. Book by Doug Haverty; music by Adryan Russ and lyrics by Russ and Haverty. Directed by Henry Fonte. Choreographed by Gary Slavin. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/29/95. Opened: 11/7/94. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $25 to $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—A transfer to Broadway is set for this hit show, so don't despair over its current sold-out status. Eight men gather at an idyllic country home over the course of three holiday weekends in the latest play by Terrence McNally. Directed by Joe Mantello. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2:30; Sun. at 7. Through 1/1/95. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Mirele Efros—Jacob Gordin's classic Yiddish play about the clash between a rich mother and her daughter-in-law. Starring Zypora Spaisman. In Yiddish, with simultaneous English translation. $14–$25. Wed. at 2; Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/8/95. *Folksbiene Theatre, 123 E. 55th St. (755-2231).*

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

The Petrified Prince—A ribald musical—based on an Ingmar Bergman screenplay—about a near-catatonic young prince awakened by the love of a young woman. Book by Edward Gallardo; music and lyrics by Michael John La Chuisa, who's had a run of success with *First Lady Suites* and *Hello Again.* Directed by Hal Prince, who's had a run of success with virtually every other musical around these days. $35. Through 1/15/95. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 475 Lafayette St. (598-7150).*

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play about a young man obsessed with James Cagney. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/28/95. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Repertorio Español—A theatrical company dedicated to the Spanish repertory, with many shows—but not all—featuring simultaneous translations. *And the Carnival Erupted!,* conceived and directed by Jorge Alí Triana with music by German Arieta. 1/1/95 at 3; 1/6/95 and 1/7/95 at 8. $15–$25 for Carnival; $15–$20 for all others. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850).*

Slavs! Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtue and Happiness—The latest work from encomium-heavy playwright Tony Kushner—his first since *Angels in America.* Drawing upon that piece's focus on a world in flux, *Slavs* focuses on the fall of the Soviet Union as symbolized by the death of the world's oldest living Bolshevik. With Mischa Barton, David Chandler, Barbara eda-Young, Ben Hammer, Gerald Hiken, John Christopher Jones, Mary Shultz, Marisa Tomei, and Joseph Wiseman. Directed by Lisa Peterson. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 12/12/94. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (302-NYTW).*

Stomp—A loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. Far more engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., between 7th and 8th St.s (307-4100).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Now Playing

Seeing Double

The Pearl Theatre Company settles into its new home—the former site of the late, lamented film revival house Theatre 80—with Carlo Goldoni's comedy
Call 598-9802.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, **81 Christopher Street;** then a reception at **147 Waverly Place,** with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(279-4200).*

Trafficking in Broken Hearts—An off-beat love story by Edwin Sanchez about a volatile, street-wise hustler (Giancarlo Esposito), a repressed lawyer (Neil Pepe), and a teenage runaway (Anthony Rapp). Their lives intersect in the underbelly of New York as they look for love. Directed by Anna D. Shapiro. $5–$25. Through 1/7/95. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (645-1242).*

Uncommon Women and Others—A revival of the Wendy Wasserstein play about friends at a small New England women's college who meet for teas and socials and then for a reunion six years later. $32.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/26/94. Through 1/1/95. Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievious, and damn good company. Effortless luxury best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow alomst two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edward's English-countryside set. Don't assume this to be an academic exercise about two literary lesbians; it is the glowing conjuration of a world of love and wisdom, banter and profundity, sunlight and sadness. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Opened: 11/21/94. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8 (dark Wed.); Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 6. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Zooman and the Sign—A revival of the 1980 Charles Fuller play about a young girl accidentally killed when caught in the crossfire of rival gangs. Fuller is the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *A Soldier's Play.* Directed by Seret Scott. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 1/15/95. *Second Stage Theatre. 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Coney Island Circus Sideshow—The human pincushion Kurt Steel, the snake charmer Delmonica, an erotic fire dancer, and a neon sword swallower are just a few of the many amazements on display in this totally real, all true, genuinely authentic collection of oddities. $10.50. Fri. at 10:30; Sat. at 8 and 10:30; Sun. at 8. Through 3/31/95. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Dropping in on the Earth—Two visitors from another planet survey contemporary life in this evening of skits and songs. Directed by Mark Marcante; book, lyrics, and skits by Tom Attea and Marcante. $7. Thurs.–Sun. at 8:30. Through 1/15/95. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Ferryboat—In the town of Coolwater, the ferryboat disappears and three pairs of young lovers try to unravel they mystery of why, in this musical with a book by 17-year-old playwright Sam Midwood and music, lyrics, and direction by Bart Midwood. A Broken Clocks production. $20. 12/27–12/30 at 8; 12/28, 12/30–1/1/95 at 3; 1/6/95 and 1/7/95 at 8; and 1/7/95 and 1/8/95 at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Final Feast of Lucrezia Borgia—A Renaissance-bondage production recounting the life of Italy's most infamous homicidal queen and her rival Orsini as they battle over a young Italian boy. With Sherry Vine as Borgia, Mistress Formika as Orsini, and *New York Press*'s "Go-Go Boy of the Year 1993," Mark Allen, as the boy. Written by Douglas Sanders; directed by Joshua Rosenzweig. A Theatre Couture production. $10. Mon. at 8. Through 2/23/95. *CBGB Gallery, 313 Bowery St. (598-4307).*

A Glimpse of the Light—A musical based on the events leading to the birth of Israel. Written by Ben Finn; directed and choreographed by Tina Marie Panyard. $10. Sat. at 3 and 8; Sun. at 3. Through 1/8/95. *Queens Family Theater, 256-21 Union Turnpike, Queens (718-343-1052).* Also 12/27–12/30 at *Inner Space Theatre, 134 W. 26th St., Manhattan.*

Hair—With *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* either here or on the way, it's a regular hippie revival. This is a return engagement for the show, with "Aquarius," "Let the Sunshine In," and nudity. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Theatre 1•2•5, 125 W. 22nd St. (800-822-7846).*

The Honeymoon Is Over—The latest one-woman show from actress/comedienne/Charles Busch regular Julie Halston. She vents humorously on various topics and pulls hilarious tidbits out of various newspapers and magazines. $15. Wed. at 8 and Sat. at 8:30. Through 12/28. *Eighty Eight's, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Little Monsters—Two hustlers, their john, and a beautician/dominatrix (hey, you do what you have to do to make ends meet) must fend off the Mob in this dark comedy written by Alan Bowne. Directed by David Saint. With Gil Bellows, Yusef Bulos, Brooke Smith, and John Cameron Mitchell (a standout). $12. 12/27–12/29 at 8. *Cucaracha Theater, 500 Greenwich St. (229-8148).*

Pass the Blutwurst, Bitte—John Kelly uses choreography, film, and song to dramatize the life of Viennese Expressionist artist Egon Schiele. It focuses on his imprisonment as a pornographer (Schiele delved into erotica) and his untimely death at age 28. An expanded version of the production that first gained attention for Kelly in 1986. $20 for 12/31 opening-night. Otherwise, $15. Thur.–Sun. at 7:30; Sun. at 3. 12/30–1/15/95. *La MaMa Annex Theater, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Players Club—A new evening of performance comedy—a combination of sketch comedy, physical gags, and witty wordplay—written by David Latham and performed by Latham and Paul Boocock, a.k.a. Premium Bob. The latest in a series of well-received shows by the duo. $8.50. Thur. at 10:30. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Play-Time Series 30—A rotating series of one-act plays. *Vertinsky—The Baron's Confession,* written and performed by Russian actor Igor Larin. (This show inaugurates an exchange between Theatre-Studio and Larin's Osobnyak Theatre in Russia.) *The Web* and *Thirst,* both written by Eugene O'Neill and directed by A.M. Raychel. $12. 12/29 and 12/30 at 8. *Theatre-Studio, Inc., 750 Eighth Ave., second floor, at 46th St. (719-0500).*

Polka—Troy is 20 years old; his girlfriend Tina is 19 and pregnant. They turn to Troy's mother, which may not be such a good idea, since she spends much of her time daydreaming on the roof and talking about the polka. Then Troy kills Tina and things get *very* unusual in this dark comedy written by and starring Tony Greenleaf. Directed by Richard Hoehler. $8. Thur.–Sat. at 7; Sun. at 3. 12/29–1/15/95. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

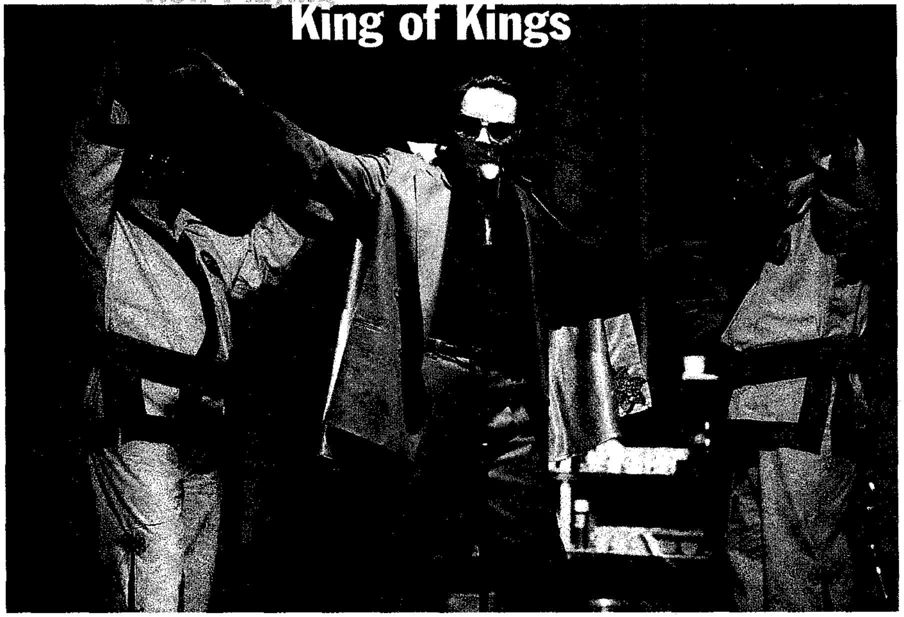
The Preacher and the Rapper—A new satire written by Ishmael Reed and directed by Rome Neal. $10. Thur.–Sat. at 7:30; Sun. at 4. Through 1/10/95. *Nuyorican Poets Cafe, 236 E. 3rd St. (465-3167).*

Schools of Fish—A cult leader from Texas, a prosecuting attorney, and a jury foreman square off in this drama written by Jim Gardiner and Len Fink and directed by Ken Dashow. $8; two-drink minimum. Mon. at 9. Through 1/31/95. *Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Too Jewish—A musical comedy revue created by and starring Avi Hoffman, including a Yiddish *Hamlet* and little-known comic and love songs from the golden years of Jewish theater. $20. Sat. at 5; Sun. at 2 and 5. In previews; opening 1/15/95. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

King of Kings



What do Elvis and Jesus have in common? Both are Capricorns, were spotted roaming the earth after their deaths, and are in new shows. Jesus, of course, is in the 'Radio City Christmas Spectacular' as well as an upcoming revival of 'Jesus Christ Superstar'; Elvis stars as 'Him,' written by and featuring the ever-more-curious Christopher Walken (above). At the Public; call 598-7150.

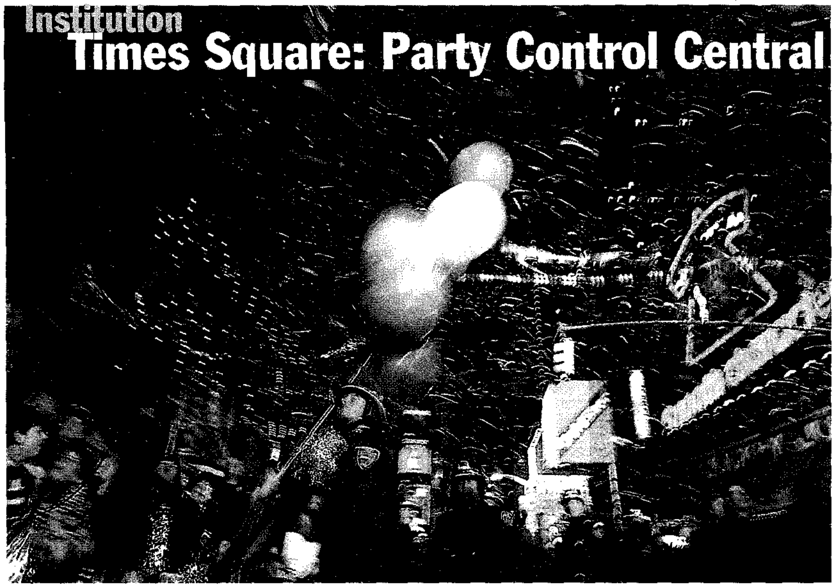
Photograph by Michal Daniel.

nightlife

ecil Taylor...Lainie Kazan...Skatalites

Institution

Times Square: Party Control Central



For most of the country, Times Square is the mecca of all New Year's revelry. For those of us a mere taxi ride away, however, the historically boozy sub-riot could not be a less appealing option for the evening. But in the past five years or so, the police of Manhattan South have regimented the once anarchic spree. And when the ball drops on 1995, the safest, driest, and most vigilantly governed zone in New York just may be ground zero. "The event has come under very tight control," confirms Manhattan South police chief Allan Hoehl. "It's changed from something everybody feels is going to be a drinking party to a very positive celebration with almost no alcohol at all." An eleven-year veteran of a beat that's regularly exposed to such precarious public events as the Rangers' Stanley Cup celebration and last summer's unauthorized gay-pride march up Fifth Avenue, Hoehl has unique experience with crowd control, and state-of-the-art methods for this particular challenge. "We're able to predict crowd movements and funnel people into areas that are acceptable for viewing and celebrating," says Hoehl, who goes on to describe the deployment of "frozen areas," the urban equivalent of a demilitarized zone, in which only police officers are allowed and from which they can monitor the fluctuations of the crowd. Booze control has also met a new level of refinement. Open containers of alcohol are seized and destroyed; closed bottles are confiscated and secured in an on-site truck. "We give them a receipt for the bottles and they can pick them up afterwards," says Hoehl. "But we don't guarantee they'll stay cold."

Chris Norris

Concerts

Boyz II Men—Philly's squeaky-clean R&B sons celebrate the New Year and their months-long siege of the national charts—joined by Babyface and Tevin Campbell. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. and 33rd St. (465-6000).*

Blues Traveler—Like Phish, these tie-dyed twentysomethings are auditioning to take over for the Grateful Dead when they pack it in, leaving millions of Volkswagen buses without a destination. 12/30 and 12/31. *Roseland, 52nd St. and Broadway (249-8870). $20–$25; $30–$35 on 12/31.*

Phish—12/30 *Madison Square Garden (465-6000). $22.50. Sold out.*

Clubland

A.K.A.—A smallish second-floor home to downtown hepsters, acid jazzbos, and local alternarock bands. 12/28: Saxophonist and local jazz guru Arnie Lawrence invites former students and current members of Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors to come sit in with the funky Co-Elation. 12/31: The local funk mob Milo Z ring it in. *77 W. Houston, bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Bottom Line—Seventies soul survivors Tower of Power are still going, and, though minus sax wunderkind Lenny Pickett (who occasionally visits), they still wield one of the mightiest horn sections in all funk. They play 12/27–12/28. 12/29–12/30: The Turtles; Chris Rush. 12/31: A bar band from hell, NRBQ, has made a name for itself by expertly managing all American pop styles—blues, C&W, jazz, etc.—with a rambunctiously unstudious flair. It's pretty much the perfect act to rock in New Year's Eve at this meat-and-potatoes venue. They play with the Motorkings. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Though recently given a minor face-lift and an honest-to-God stage, Avenue A's divey home to postcollege rock is still plenty homey, frequently hosting big names trying to keep low profiles. 12/29: Sweet Lizard Illtet; El Dopa; Master Plan. 12/31: Jack Ass; Trickbabys; Clowns for Progress; the Friggs; NY Loose. *169 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Cafe Wha?—Once a stronghold of the Beat movement, now a low-ceilinged matrix of hippyish good vibes, this is a regular home to a fairly diverse group of urban revelers, all grooving to the Cafe Wha? Band, Wednesdays through Sundays. *115 Macdougal St., bet. W. 3rd and Bleecker (254-3630).*

CBGB & OMFUG—The Village Vanguard of punk rock, this 25-year-old institution still looks refreshingly unsanitary and still books up-and-comers from garagelands everywhere. 12/27: All About Suzy; Voice of the Turtle; Half Breeds. 12/28: Soda Boy; Dead Susan; Ancient Chinese Secret; 12/29: Two bands of a psychiatric bent—Barbie Complex and DSM-III—play with Glaze, Tripe, and Vision Thing. 12/31: The Murmurs and Numb lead a loud New Year's celebration. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

CB's Gallery—CB's tonier performance annex, with good beers at the bar, punky art on the walls, and slightly quieter musicians on the stage. *313 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (677-0455).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 12/31: Big Time Sarah and the B.T.S. Express blow in to wish us well. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterrannean, steel-corridored home to weird rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. One of the hipper venues in the city and rarely over-full. 12/30: Living Colour guitarist Vernon Reid leads Masque, joined by the similarly fret-burning outfit the Screaming Headless Torsos. 12/31: Still carrying on, doubtless with guidance from beyond, the Arkestra continues to spread the mirthful vision of its pianist and bandleader, the late, great Sun Ra. They play under the direction of longtime Ra saxophonist John Gilmore, with Masque, Kehinde Ouhuru, and El Shabazz D'Jembe Orchestra. Closed 1/1–1/8. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—The plush ambience of the Time Cafe, along with an extremely posthumous Mingus craze, has made Thursday nights at Fez the pose hour of choice, complete with models and record execs—all turned out to bask in the vibes and music of the Mingus Big Band. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—12/31: God Street Wine play "Auld Lang Syne" and other favorites, joined by G. Love and Special Sauce. *17 Irving Plaza, at 15th St.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Ron Haviv/Saba.

Previews

No Resolutions Required

After last New Year's pay-per-view spectacular, Howard Stern is taking the night off, leaving Sandra Bernhard to fill the bad-taste gap. Those who crave an unrepentant, unwholesome night of song and satire can join her at Club USA.

Photograph by Ellen Von Unwerth.

(777-6800).

Knitting Factory—Continuing a years-long tradition, the mighty avant-blues guitarist James Blood Ulmer brings in the New Year with ripping, soul-charged rock and funk. He's joined by the high-speed groove outfit Defunkt, led by trombonist Joe Bowie (brother to trumpeter Lester). *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church (219-3055).*

Limelight—The Goth-rock ride on a club kid's Disneyland, with several floors of leather pants, platform shoes, and general fabulosity. 12/31: Crystal Waters and the Lords of Acid. 1/1: the winsome death-metal group Brutal Truth and the delightful Pungent Stench. *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (807-7850).*

Manhattan Center—"Skarmageddon '94" presents an apocalypse of skanking guitars and offbeat rhythms, graced by the timeless Jamaican all-stars, the Skatalites, along with the Scofflaws, the N.Y.C. Ska Jazz Ensemble, Inspector 7, King Chango, Shaken Not Stirred. On 12/30. *311 W. 34th St. (279-7740).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side with blues and good-time rock and roll. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells there for Ladies' Night. 12/27: Bill Perry. 12/28–12/29: Milo Z. 12/30–12/31: Little Mike. Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB's West, this is the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 12/30: San Diego's bluesy roots-rocking Rocket From the Crypt play with Ladyfinger. 12/31: Rocket From the Crypt are joined by the garagey Swingin' Neckbreakers and the Superchunk offshoot Portastatic. Shows at 10 Fri. and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064). $.*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's most happening music spots, the Mercury regularly hosts rock, country, and folk artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 12/27: Thin Lizard Dawn; Jane Corliss; Maggie; Pierce & E.J. 12/28: Jennifer Charles; Cakelike; Cibo Matto. 12/29: the Useless Playboys. 12/30: Shasha/Kovic; Dusty Diamonds. 1/2: Leslie Nuchow. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

New Music Cafe—Like Tower of Power, only with dreads and cool clothes, Groove Collective plays vamp-based, horn-powered jazz-funk that can set heads a nodding at 50 yards. It's hardly the revelatory blend that jazz/hip-hop *arrivistes* were proclaiming a few years ago, but it's still a great way to get the New Year started on a good foot. They play "three long sets" on 12/31. *380 Canal St., at W. Broadway (941-1019).*

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar—A regular Wednesday- and Saturday-night home to the rollicking hip-hop-driven Irish band Black 47, which is a lot better here after a few pints than on record or on the road. $10. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210). $.*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. Shows at 8. *94 Avenue A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Tramps—Though marred by ringing walls and a mid-stage column, this is still a dependable venue for the greats of American soul, funk, and roots music as well as sundry flavors of nineties rock. 12/30: Local funksters Milo Z, no doubt fulfilling lifelong dreams, play with alto saxophonist Maceo Parker, former James Brown hornman and king of staccato swing. 12/31: the Bogmen. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie vibes and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is Dead night. 12/29: Esta; Piamenta Band. 12/30: Moe; Professor Spoon. 12/31: the Niagaras; All God's Children. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably due to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 12/30: Branford Hayes. 12/31: Rhythm Nation. 1/1: Masa Quartet. 1/2: Adele Zane. Shows nightly at 9, 10:30, and midnight. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening, and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 12/27–1/1: David Sanborn Quintet. 12/31: David Sanborn Quintet; Diane Schuur trio. $60–175. 1/3–1/8: Diane Schuur. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, darkly paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 12/26–12/31: John Hicks, Victor Lewis, Santi Debriano, and David Williams. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 a.m. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist/inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 12/27–1/1: Jimmy Witherspoon. 1/3–1/8: Terry Blaine. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Five Spot—A palatial ballroom that presents jazz greats and quite presentable lesser-knowns. 12/28–12/29: Lafayette Harris Jr. 12/30–12/31: Jareese. Sets Mon.–Thurs. at 8, 10, and 11:30. *4 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—Probably the most exciting young saxophonist around, 25-year-old James Carter returns to the site of his thrilling run this fall, sure to amaze listeners and terrify players. Carter's burnished R&B-tinged honk sounds as timeless and rooted whether he's in one of his dizzying free-jazz explosions or a breathy, Ben Webster–ish seduction. He leads a crack quartet of fellow Detroiters, playing 12/27–12/30. 12/31: Dennis Jeter's Big Band. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 a.m. On Sundays, the Sterling Trio plays Baroque trio sonatas and chamber works by Haydn, Mozart, and other cats for brunch. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled, brass-railed room with Old New York ambience, frequently visited by excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—Enjoying the enhanced booking power that comes with impressive new digs, the Knitting Factory presents the great piano innovator Cecil Taylor, who lives in Brooklyn but only recently resumed playing in his own hometown. Capping off a season of unusually high visibility—a solo recital at Alice Tully Hall, a run at the Village Vanguard—the pianist still commands the most radically inverted ratio of critical acclaim–to–commercial success of just about any jazz musician. It's only recently that he received a fairly universal pronouncement of recognition—the MacArthur Foundation's "genius" Award—and at 65, he's definitely ready to collect some props. He's sure to fill the house with disciples when he leads a trio on 12/28–12/30. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church (219-3055).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts every night. Every Monday, it's "Women in Jazz & Blues." Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 12/31: George Gee's thirteen-piece band plays swing for '95. 1/6–1/8: Sandy Stewart. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their regular gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. 12/31: *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's liquor-license-free and so stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 a.m. Nightly jams start around 2 a.m. and often involve free beverages and food. 12/27: Charles Owens. 12/28: Fabio Morgera. 12/29–12/31: Gerry Gibbs. 1/3: Dylan Keefe. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies vinyl fest Soul Kitchen. On Thursday nights, it's the acid-jazz confab known as Giant Step. 12/28–12/29: Kwanzaa celebration with Kimati Dinizulu and the Kotoko Society, with special guests Olu Dara and Steve Turre. 12/30: The Mighty Sparrow plays calypso. 12/31: Latin-jazz statesman Tito Puente leads a truly all-star All-Star Latin Orchestra, whose distinguished members include conga legend Mongo Santamaria. Shows at 9 and 11. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 12/27–12/31: Hank Jones All-Stars. 1/3: Kenny Barron Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—Diva, an all-woman big band, rings in the New Year at this ostentatious little Central Park rest stop. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Corner—N.Y.'S CORNER OF WALK AND DON'T WALK, as the awning reads. Mark Thompson holds forth Sunday, starting at 8. Other piano-playing regulars include Carol Britto, Bross Townsend, Michael Wilner, and Peggy Stern. Sets at 9. *142 Bleecker St. (473-9762).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky, 59-year-old institution is revered by fans around the world. Through 12/27–1/1: Dr. Michael White's Original Liberty Jazz Band of New Orleans. On the Eve, there's a $40 cover, a $20 drink minimum, and Cajun snacks for all takers. The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra keeps the faith on Mondays. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $*

Visiones—Spanish food and surprisingly avant-jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 12/27: Ed Neumeister Quintet. 12/28: Steve Hall Quartet. 12/29: Kevin Bruce Harris Quartet. 12/30: "Killer" Ray Appleton Quintet. 12/31: Renée Manning and her sextet. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sun. it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 Macdougal St. (800-831-2326).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 12/27–1/3: Kirk Lightsey, Cecil McBee, Marcus Belgrave. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno, who we're told was once funny, as well as several other comedy greats. Many of them came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's comedy series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. 12/26–12/30: Larry Miller (Lou from NBC's *Mad About You*) with Greg Giraldo. 12/31: A New Year's "Countdown Celebration," with a showcase of Caroline's regulars: John Henson, Dave Attell, Linda Smith, Greg Giraldo, and Jim David. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. 12/31: Letterman regulars Allan Havell, Dave Chappelle, and Dave Attell join Gregg Rogell, Mark Cohen, and Larry Amoros. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 Macdougal St. (260-5358).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs. shows start at 9; Fri. at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30. *1568 Second Ave., bet 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through Through 1/1: Sean Donnellan; Mark Unger; Lenny Varnedoe; Quentin Heggs; Rich Ramirez; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. 1/2–1/8: Brian McFadden; Quentin Heggs; Mike Robles; Terry Gillespie; Al Romero; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Symphony Space—12/14: Bill Connolly at 8 p.m. *2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $21–$25.*

Stand-Up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sundays, it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway. (666-8687).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—In the Oak Room through 12/31: Weslia Whitfield brings her droll wit and keening alto to bear on two shows. "Strictly Standards" on Tues.–Sat. at 9 and "I Have Dreamed: Songs of Rodgers and Hart and Hammerstein II" on Fri. and Sat. at 11:30. $30–$35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Performance

Fête to the Beat

While any given night in New York offers live music from all ends of the stylistic spectrum, the list goes especially eclectic on New Year's Eve. Here's a brief guide to a few of the more notable extremes at your disposal.

Act	Vibe
Tito Puente (*above*) S.O.B.'s (243-4940); $50–$175.	**Latin jazz, led by the salsa king, with special guest Mongo Santamaria. What to expect: conga-oriented bonhomie aplenty.**
Cypress Hill Palladium (869-6103); $40.	**THC-enhanced gangsta rap from L.A. What to expect: frat-hop partyers and MTV-tailored ghettowear.**
Sun Ra's Arkestra, under the direction of John Gilmore Cooler (229-0785); $25.	**Visionary big-band jazz from the late pianist/sci-fi-minded bandleader. What to expect: middle-aged jazz-folk, alternative-minded kids, Mardi Gras atmosphere.**
Crystal Waters with Lords of Acid Limelight (473-7171); $35 advance; $50 door.	**House music's one-hit diva of '92 joins forces with techno powerhouse-of-the-moment. What to expect: Loud, fast beats and flashing lights; platform shoes and small pupils. A definite all-nighter.**
James Blood Ulmer with Defunkt Knitting Factory (219-3055); $20.	**Turbo-charged avant-funk,-rock, and -jazz; an annual tradition. What to expect: Downtown bohos and brainy funkheads.**
Tommy Tune, Maureen McGovern, the Impalas Rainbow Room (632-5000); $375 per person. (Sold out.)	**Schmaltz Central, with singer/hoofer Tune, McGovern, and a "Felliniesque" (their word) climax complete with female impersonators. What to expect: Vertigo.**

The Ballroom—Thurs. at 6:30: Hellman's Angels. Fri. and Sat. at 6:30: Phillip Officer. $15. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Blue Angel—"Les Incroyables," a Parisian musical revue. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Wed. at 2. *The Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. (262-3333).*

Cafe Carlyle—Bobby Short winds up another fall at the Cafe Carlyle. Through 12/31. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues, Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Cleopatra's Supper Club—New Year's Eve celebration includes five-course dinner, bottle of champagne or three drinks, and the usual party favors. $175 per person. "Cleopatra's Follies," a continuous revue. $10–$15; $15 minimum. Wed.–Sun. at 9. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. 12/27 and 12.30: Scott Ellis. 12/28–12/29: Cheryl Alexander. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—12/27: Kim Tooks. 12/28: Chrissy Faith; Kura Shepard.12/29: Ricky Ritzel as Jimmy Durante. 12/29–12/30: Bobby Belfry. 12/30: Steven Brinberg as Barbra. 12/30–12/31: The Stand-Up Comedy Experience. 12/31: Jenny Burton; Dick Hammer. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Duplex—Thurs.: Gotham City Improv; *He's Coming Up The Stairs.* Fri. and Sat. at 10 and Sun. at 8: *Dressing Room Divas.* Fri: *Nose Job.* Sat (except New Year's Eve): *Nuns Against Filth.* Sun.: *Sam's Funky '50s Funhouse.* Covers range from $3 to $15. *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Eighty Eight's—12/27: Joel Silberman; Robert Hodge. 12/28: Musty Chiffon. 12/29: Angela LaGreca; Matt Leahy. 12/30: Ricky Ritzel as Jimmy Durante; Alexandra Haas. 12/31: Angela LaGreca, Karen Saunders, Belinda Sinclair, and Jay Rogers with a music, comedy, and magic New Year's Eve show. $40. In general, $10–$12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Kaptain Banana—"Masquerade," an extravagant, time-traveling revue. $40. *101 Greene St. (343-9000).*

Lainie's Room—Lainie Kazan inaugurates a new cabaret in the Regency Hotel with performances from 12/27 to 12/31. $40; no minimum. New Year's Eve includes dinner, champagne, party favors, and the show for $600 per couple. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4012).*

Michael's Pub—*The Capote Caper,* a musical about Truman Capote and society columnist/playgirl Doris Lilly, with music by Bruce MacRae; lyrics by Leslie Gurchik, S. Reynolds, and MacRae; and a book by Reynolds and Michelle Weissman. Tues.–Sat.; $20–$25, plus a two-drink minimum. As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—New Year's Eve shows include Maureen McGovern ($325), Tommy Tune ($325), the Impalas ($325); the Promenade Bar party ($50), and the Fifth Annual Fellini Fantasy Parade at midnight. Through 1/7: Maureen McGovern with "My 'Reel' Romance With the Movies." Her No. 1 smash "The Morning After" was the theme from *The Poseidon Adventure,* so it's no surprise McGovern has a soft spot in her heart for music from the movies. No doubt she'll sing that, plus "We May Never Love This Way Again" and other movie faves. $40 cover. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Rose's Turn—A mix of stand-up, sketch comedy, female impersonators, and singers. Thurs. and Fri. at 8 through 1/27/95: *The Musical Enquirer.* 12/27, 12/28, and 12/30: *Comedy Palooza!* 12/31: Highly Improvable; Talking Themselves in From the Ledge. $6–$15; two-drink minimum. *55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Russian Tea Room—New Year's Eve show with Mary Cleere Haran, prices ranging from $50–$75. 1/1/95 show $20, plus $10 minimum. *150 West 57th Street (265-0947).*

Tatou— "Just for Kicks," a nightly revue featuring the Tatou Follies Dancers. $10, plus two-drink minimum. Tues.–Thurs.; $15, plus two-drink minimum. Fri.: shows at 10. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

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Trocadero—Sat. at 8: *Sexually Incorrect.* $10, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8 and 10: *Renegade Sluts on Bikes.* $10, plus two-drink minimum. *368 Bleecker St. (242-0636).*

Bars

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a *rendezvous* (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias, the delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

C. J. Bentley's—Got a thing for a man out of uniform? This is a cop pickup bar, so don't be surprised if, mid-flirt, you discover a wedding band in the officer's hip pocket. Added bonus: Disco never died here. *7110 Third Ave., at 79th St. (718-745-0748)*

Tommy Milano's—The mother of all dive bars. The only reason they're not picking people off the floor is that a man of average height could not lie down across this bowling alley–inspired booze-up. (Be warned: The place becomes a crowded must-avoid when the New York *Press* holds its editorial meetings here, on Tuesday nights.) *51 E. Houston St., nr. Mulberry St. (226-8632).*

Fez—Heavy-duty North African ambience thing with a sensual banquette-dependent seating arrangement. Like stepping into the fashion-spread conception of the city this room is named after. A great escape. *380 Lafayette St., nr. Great Jones St. (533-7000).*

Great Jones Cafe—Must have sold auto parts in a past life. Now it's an elbow-banging, "sorry pal," putatively southwestern watering hole. Stay long enough to recover from a Cajun martini. *53 Great Jones St., nr. Bower. (674-9304).*

Tenth Street Lounge—Former automotive chop shop still plying its trade, sort of, on the souls of a richer-than-thou herd. *212 E. 10th St., nr. First Ave. (473-5252).*

Flamingo East—A far better bar than a restaurant, which it also is. There's something for everyone: downstairs, a chic subterranean beauty contest; upstairs, a townhouse parlor that bears a striking resemblance to a high-school party. *219 Second Ave., nr. 13th St. (533-2860).*

Stephen's Green—Irish "football" fans camped here during the World Cup this summer because it's just like home. *43–39 46th St., at Queens Blvd. (718-786-5737).*

Spring Street (Shark) Lounge—Takes low tech to new heights with the notable exception of the top-of-the-line pinball machine. *Mulberry St. and Spring St. (219-0157).*

Bowery Bar—Finally open and already the it bar (of course). Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender for whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Red Strype—A downtown concept bar. Red Stripe, Dragon Stout, Ting, Hennesey, Baileys, and Amaretto; that's it. *33 Crosby St., nr. Broome St. (422-5788).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overly enthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look like they deserve a drink. On Wednesday night this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnestly low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Alligator Alley—Speaking of which: Jägermeister on tap, Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84rd St. (873-5810).*

Teddy's—Soulful neighborhood haunt keeps the locals on the right side of the bridge even on the weekends. Live music occasionally, but the pressure to live up to the memory of in-house piano man Shorty Jackson keeps all but the ignorant or stouthearted away. *96 Berry St., at N. 8th St. (718-384-6787).*

Les Poulets—The roar on Wednesday night at this almost exclusively Puerto Rican night club is welcome relief from the self-congratulatory murmur of the typical Flatiron feedery. *16 W. 22nd St., nr. Fifth Ave. (229-2000).*

Montero's—A longshoreman's bar sans stevedores, but their stuff is strewn all over the place. Tragically drunk old men kept honest by the toughest female bartenders you'll ever come across. On weekends there's a gate and you won't get buzzed in if you're too pretty. *73 Atlantic Ave., nr. Hicks St. (624-9799).*

Bar 5757, at Four Seasons Hotel—You may require a few martinis to shell out $18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original, yes, you guessed it, "shaken not stirred." *57 E. 57th St., at Madison Ave. (758-5700).*

ñ—The bar formerly known as Prince. Duel bars prompt double vision in this highly stylized haunt. A great sherry selection, responsibly limited tapas offering, and a bartender who will take a stab at recommending a glass of wine. Shouldn't that sink be in the bathroom? *33 Crosby St., nr. Spring St. (219-8856).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size *pissoirs.* Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

Mercbar—The velvet rope. Do I dare test the velvet rope? Will I make it? If I do, will my friends? If they do, will I? And if I get in, will it be fun? The hunting-lodge décor couldn't be more appropriate. *151 Mercer St., nr. Prince St. (966-2727).*

Mare Chiaro—The bartender is deaf, and the owner has been known to dance about in his underpants. The Little Italy that existed before tourists were invented. *176 Mulberry St., nr. Broome St. (226-9345).*

Milady's—The Brew and Burger prototype. Rush-hour seating arrangement and a bad pool table. Saving grace: It's the only low-key bar in SoHo. (No, Fanelli's is not low-key.) *162 Prince St., at Thompson St. (226-9340).*

Ear Inn—A lived-in pub that always pulls a good pint of Guinness, where, time was, poets danced on the bar and howled. The likely originator of the much-copied policy of providing crayons and paper tablecloths for customers. And the pub food will surprise you, one way or another. *326 Spring St., nr. Hudson St. (226-9060).*

Fanny's Oyster Bar—The live music in the basement makes this place a never-fail. If you're not picky about your Creole cooking, the four-table dining room in the back of this funky storefront is a peerless first-date destination. There's nothing wrong with the food; in fact, if you consider that it's all prepared on a hot plate, it's miraculously pretty okay. *765 Washington St., nr. 12th St. (255-5101).*

The Cedar Tavern—No peanuts, but the bartender might ask a line-chef to pick some up for you when he goes out to get some smokes. No gimmicks. This tavern is happy with its fading reputation as a writer's bar. *82 University, nr. 12th St. (929-9089).*

The Cafe Centro Beer Bar—The marble floors lend the place all the charm of a Wall Street office lobby. And the professional crowd that gathers after work carry on as though they're at a corporate Christmas party. Young's Bitter is the highlight of the ten beers on tap. If you're tempted, make sure to call ahead for a pint, they serve it too cold. *200 Park Ave., at 46th St. (818-1222).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's nightcrawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *Eldridge St., nr. Houston St.*

The Marlin—Go back to the Marlin. Chances are it won't be quite as exciting as when you were underage, but the beer is still cheap and it's a vast improvement over the slightly downtown alternatives. 2844 *Broadway, at 110th St. (678-9039).*

art

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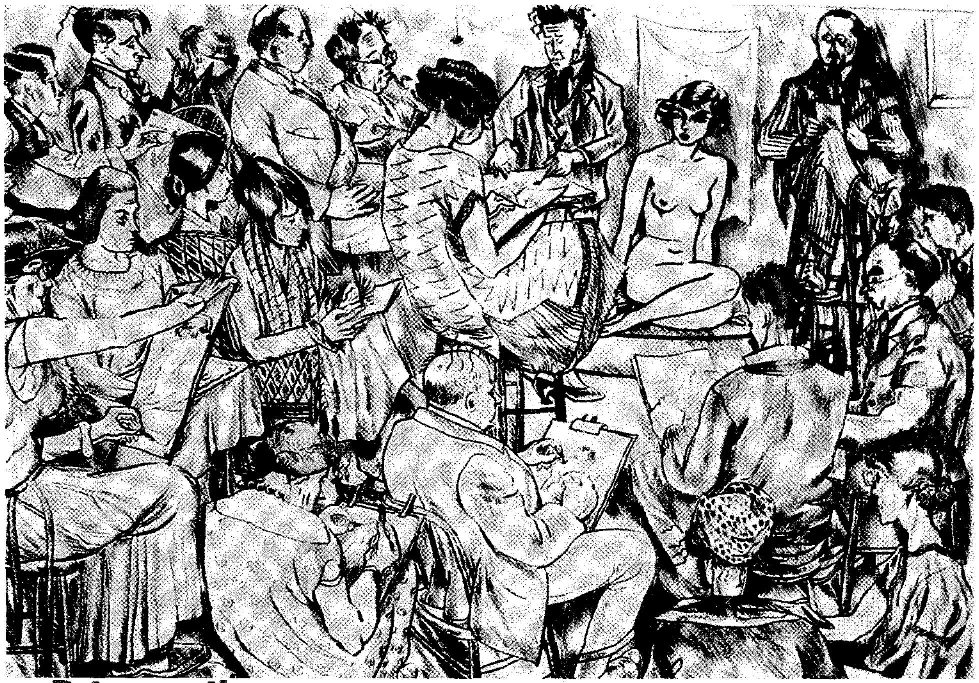


Retrospective

Prints From the Studio Club

The Whitney's latest "Collection in Context" exhibit features 60 prints acquired by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, among them Peggy Bacon's 1925 drypoint "The Whitney Studio Club" as well as the club's original glass-paneled doors.

Openings

Ten figurative painters from across the United States converge in "Figuratively Speaking." They include, among others, Hovey Brock, Lynn Davison, Michael Peglau, Bruce McGrew, Nancy Pierson, and Bibiana Suarez (opens January 3 at Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

John Berger—A selection of drawings by the author of *The Sense of Sight*, *About Looking*, and other critically acclaimed books on art; through 1/28. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Willem de Kooning—A group of rarely seen paintings and drawings from the late twenties through the sixties; through 1/22. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6878).

Jane Egan—These Cornell-influenced, glass-sealed boxes contain maps, newspaper clippings, envelopes, various flea-market finds, and other typically American ephemera; through 1/28. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Per Kirkeby—Never previously shown in the United States, the Danish artist's paintings from the sixties reflect his involvement in Fluxus; through 1/14. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Robert Motherwell—Paintings and works on paper from the series "Elegies to the Spanish Republic"; through 1/5. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Edmund Rucinski—Paintings on wood panels, drawings, and glass panels that draw on Byzantine iconography; through 1/13. Barnard, Biderman & Worth, 22 E. 72nd St. (772-2352).

David Smith—Not exhibited in New York since 1940, this series of fifteen bronze reliefs titled "Medals for Dishonor" was the artist's response to World War I and the Depression; through 1/28. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

57th Street Area

Jean-Michel Basquiat—A survey of the late artist's more reductive paintings in black and white; through 1/7. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Jake Berthot—These new abstract paintings have a looser, more scumbled touch than his earlier works, bringing aspects of underpainting and drawing to the surface; through 1/11. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

James Brooks—Abstract Expressionist works on paper from the fifties and sixties; through 1/14. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Michael Byron—Oil paintings on plaster panels made between 1982 and 1985 that were shown at Artists Space, the New Museum, and P.S. 1; through 1/14. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

William Merritt Chase—Paintings, watercolors, and pastels spanning the American Impressionist's career; through 1/31. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Werner Drewes—Abstract paintings and works on paper from the thirties and forties; through 1/14. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Katsura Funakoshi/Hans Hofmann—Life-size figures carved from camphor wood that depict real and imagined people/Small- and large-scale abstract paintings. Through 1/14. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Karen Karnes—Vessels that suggest lunar landscapes; through 1/7. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Raymond Mason—The artist, who is English and has lived in France since 1946, paints dramatic city street scenes on polyester resin reliefs; through 1/7. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Joe Nicastri/Leonard Stokes—Symbolic boxes and wall pieces/Small-scale collages. Through 1/21. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen—Drawings and maquettes of realized and unfinished projects from the past 30 years; through 1/7. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Scott Prior—New paintings that depict the artist's life in Northampton, Massachusetts, where he lives with his wife and three children; through 1/14. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Wallace Putnam—Still-life paintings from the forties, through 1/7, at AHI, 41 E. 57th St. (223-0925), and paintings from his "Snow Series" of the seventies that portray blustery winter scenes, through 1/7, at Littlejohn/Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Raffaele—The Florentine artist's first one-person show in New York conisists of small-scale paintings of landscapes, still life, and fantasy scenes from the seventies to the present; through 1/28. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

Lucie Rie/Hans Coper—A survey of ceramic works by two of Britain's most highly regarded potters; through 1/7. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Gretchen Dow Simpson—Small-scale oil paintings of architectural exteriors in Morocco and New England; through 1/7. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Abraham Walkowitz—Watercolors from 1905 through 1920 of New York cityscapes, landscapes, images of Isadora Duncan, and abstractions; through 1/7. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Nancy Azara—Carved wooden wall sculptures and freestanding structures painted in aluminum and gold leaf; through 1/7. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Farrell Brickhouse—In these recent abstract paintings on eccentrically shaped panels, the artist refers to the natural world through the use of deep greens, murky grays, and aquatic blues; through 1/14. Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (966-7753).

Stan Brodsky—Abstract paintings based on the artist's memories of landscapes; through 1/3. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Gavin Brown/Kevin Landers—A work that comprises the

Photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum.

artist's own eclectic collection of paperback books, offset posters, and other images and objects/Color photographs and objects that explore the peculiarities of life in New York. Through 1/28. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Brian Clarke—Examples of pieces in stained glass and mosaic by this British architect who has collaborated with Arata Isozaki, Zaha Hadid, and others; through 2/4. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Jean-Philippe Delhomme—Whimsical gouache-on-paper paintings, for the Barneys ad campaign and for pleasure; through 1/14. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Suzan Etkin—An installation that transforms the gallery space into into an architectural conundrum, using bronze hand mirrors, a blown-glass chandelier, French doors, and other reflective and transparent materials; through 1/28. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Tony Fitzpatrick/Torkil Gudnason—New prints that continue his theme of one central figure surrounded by hieroglyphic symbols/Large-scale photographs of objects from nature. Through 1/6. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Viola Frey—New ceramic works; through 1/11. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Malcolm Liepke—Realist paintings of figures involved in daily activities; through 1/8. Ettinger, 155 Sixth Ave. (598-4440).

Ken Lum—Photographs accompanied by imagined text; through 1/14. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

William Majors—*Etchings from Ecclesiastes* and other prints from the sixties by this African-American artist; through 1/28. Berman/Daferner, 568 Broadway (226-8330).

Isamu Noguchi—Two works from 1985—one titled *Beginnings* that consists of five randomly placed masses of Andesite that recall Japanese stone gardens, and another, *Endings*, a Swedish-granite sculpture positioned specifically in relation to its architectural environment; through 1/21. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Claes Oldenberg—Drawings, prints, and ephemera from 1966 to 1991; through 1/14. I.C. Editions, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Guido Orsini—Images of palm trees shot in unique film pelicula and mounted on canvas; through 1/7. 65 Thompson, 65 Thompson St. (219-2219).

Anna Paparatti—Self-portraits of the artist in various stages of meditation; through 1/10. Nosei, 100 Prince St. (431-9253).

David Shaw—Fabrications of objects and materials—a human arm, a bubble, a glass of water—that are intended to be as "real" as possible in scale and representation; through 1/21. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Donald Sultan—A series of 100 drawings of flowers; through 1/28. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Other

Thomas Chimes—A survey charting the artist's development from his Surrealist-inspired boxes of the sixties to his somber portraits based on photographs of Symbolist writers to his "white paintings" of the eighties and nineties; through 1/27. NYU's Alexander S. Onassis Center for Hellenic Studies, 58 W. 10th St. (998-6838), Mon.–Fri. 9–5.

Ellsworth Kelly—This show of recent minimal paintings inaugurates the gallery's Chelsea space; through 1/29. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). Works by Condo, Holzer, Kim, Palacios, Schumann, Woodman, others; through 1/21.

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). American paintings executed between 1807 and 1935, by Church, Cole, Gifford, Glackens, Hassam, Moran, others; through 2/1.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Our Own Bright Land: American Topographical Pictures, 1770–1930" with paintings, drawings, and prints that document the rise and progress of America's natural and man-made history, by Bierstadt, Cole, Hassam, Kensett, Sloan, others; through 1/28.

Sander—19 E. 76th St. (794-4500). Bolshevik placards made for the Russian Telegraph Agency between 1919 and 1921; through 1/7.

Shepherd—21 E. 84th St. (861-4050). Nineteenth-century European paintings, drawings, and sculpture, including a plaster cast of Gericault's *Ecorché Man*, and a rediscovered painting by Johann Heinrich, Füssli; through 1/14.

Spanish Institute—684 Park Ave. (628-0420). Works by seven young Spanish artists who are living in New York, among them Victoria Gil, Federico Guzman, Walter Martin, and Paloma Muñoz; through 1/31.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Small-scale landscape paintings by Hudson River School artists that were conceived for the cabinet or an intimately scaled room, by John Frederick Kensett, Sanford Robinson, Worthington Whittredge, others; through 1/14.

57th Street Area

De Nagy—41 W. 57th St. (421-3780). Collaborations between the poet Kenneth Koch and various artists, among them Nell Blaine, Red Grooms, Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, and Larry Rivers; through 1/14.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "The Music Box Project" features seventeen newly created artworks combining visual and aural components, by Acconci, Anderson, Bender, Marclay, Paik, others; through 1/17.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). "The Figure Transformed," with sculpture by Bourgeois, Dubuffet, Gober, Gonzalez, Miro, Puryear, Shapiro; through 1/7.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Book illustrations by Crumb, Mariscal, Mattatti, Spiegelman, Tardi; through 1/7.

Sheehan—41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). "The Big Picture" brings together large-scale, large-in-impact works on paper by Bellows, Johns, Kelly, Mitchell, Stalla, Twombly, Warhol, and others; 1/3–28.

Stiebel Modern—32 E. 57th St. (759-5536). The painters Saxton Freeman, Phyllis Herfield, and Blake Summers take their inspiration from Northern European masters of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries; through 1/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Anderson—476 Broome St. (431-8547). Works that explore the desire to unveil hidden memories, by Lee, Levenstein, Reed, Risley, Preheim; through 1/28.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Conceptual Art From the Bay Area," with installations by Tom Marioni and David Ireland; through 1/7.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). An exhibit celebrating the 10th anniversary of Parkett, with all 63 special editions and multiples; through 1/28.

Cristinerose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). "Chasing Angels," with works by Blondel, Charlesworth, Gerber, Majore, Merola, Pou, Serrano, Wray, others; through 1/21.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "It's How You Play the Game," a three-month project in which five curators will take turns choosing and installing works over a five-week period; all of the works will remain on view for the last five weeks; through 1/28.

Gering—476 Broome St. (226-8195). An exhibit by The X-Art Foundation titled "Bioinformatica" that occurs simultaneously in this gallery and in a corresponding gallery constructed in cyberspace; through 1/14.

Gladstone—99 Greene St. (431-3334). Figurative sculpture by Akpan, Balkenhol, Fischli/Weiss, Honert, Koons, Montesano, Oates, Ray, Stadtbaümer, Veilhan; through 1/30.

M-13—72 Greene St. (925-3007). Abstracted landscapes by Kelley, Kim, Kuijpers, Stonehouse, Van Selm; through 1/7.

Silverstein—591 Broadway (226-0640). Recent works by Brown, Cotton, Hahn, Nuell, Rainee, Warner, others; through 1/15.

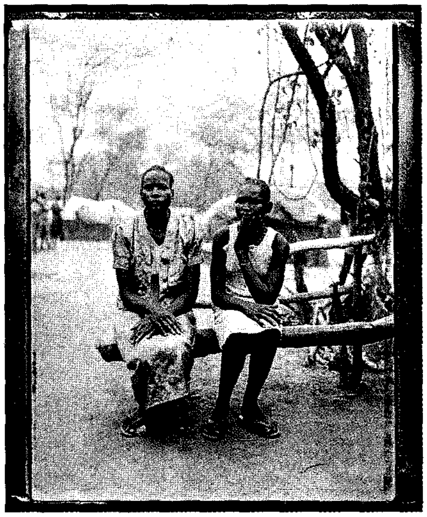
Steinbaum Krauss—132 Greene St. (431-4224). Works that explore childhood memories, by Brandt, Buchanan, the Gerlovins, Liu, Nakashima, Schapiro, others; through 1/7.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). "Another Dimension: Paintings by Sculptors," with works by Chamberlain, Di Suvero, Heizer, Hesse, Judd, Lewitt, D. Smith, T. Smith, Smithson; through 1/7.

Zarre—48 Greene St. (966-2222). The gallery's twentieth-anniversary exhibition features works

Photography

Out of Africa



Photograph by Fazal Sheikh/courtesy of Pace/MacGill Gallery, New York.

On his first trip to the Sudanese refugee camp on Kenya's northwest border, with the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, photographer Fazal Sheikh had been briefed on the suffering he would see. He was not, however, prepared for the sensationalism. "After we landed on a sandy spit at Lokichoggio, the journalists immediately began their work," he says. "Their stories had to be compiled quickly as they were leaving in the afternoon on the return flight to Nairobi. As I watched them work, I noticed they were drawn to the areas that the spokesman had suggested would provide the best footage," which, Sheikh noticed, inevitably provided the most pitiful images. On a later visit to that camp, Sheikh came across a European diplomat who was there on a "fact-finding" mission. "He was unsatisfied with the children at the feeding center, as there were none of a sufficiently emaciated and ghostly build to provide him the proper accompaniment for a publicity photograph."

The son of a Kenyan father and an American mother and raised in Manhattan, Sheikh spent his summers with his father's family in Kenya. In his own portraits of refugee Africans, on view at Pace/MacGill Gallery, he looked for balance and a sense of humanity and found both. Says Sheikh: "My photographs show the people of Northern Kenya as not wholly unlike you and me."

Edith Newhall

by Barth, Borstein, Daphnis, Lanyon, Ohlson, Pereira, Strider, Zapkus, others; through 1/29.

Other

Margolis—251 W. 21st St. (255-0386). Ceramic works by Ferne Jacobs, Phyllis Kudder-Sullivan, Lucy Rie, and Hans Coper; through 1/30.

Photography

Karl Baden—Photographs of dog and cat shows that take an ironic look at the standards of perfection by which felines and canines are judged; through 1/21. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Andrew Bush—Photographs that depict envelopes at their actual size and placed in antique negative holders or printing frames; through 1/7. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Ellen Carey—Recent abstract photographs in a variety of sizes and photographic media, including 20-by-24-inch color and 8-by-10-inch black-and-white Polaroid prints, color coupler prints, and gelatin silver prints; through 1/7. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9854).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). Fashion photographs by Avedon, Beaton, Dahl-Wolfe, Klein, Steichen, Weber, others; through 1/14.

Robert Frank/Jun Morinaga—Images, some of them unpublished, of the United States from the fifties, including works from the series "The Americans"/Meditative black-and-white studies of waves. Through 1/14. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). Vintage and contemporary fashion work by Bailey, Elgort, Munkacsi, Parkinson, Turbeville, others; through 1/14.

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. $4; $2.50 students and seniors. "William Klein: In and Out of Fashion"; through 2/26.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tue. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11-6. $4; $2.50 students and seniors. "Toni Frissell: Four Decades of Photography"; through 2/12. . . . "A Singular Elegance: The Photographs of Baron Adolph de Meyer"; through 2/12.

Koichiro Kurita—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of nature by a Japanese artist who works in the mountain country of Yatugatake; through 1/28. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Danny Lyon—The civil rights movement, motorcycle gangs, the destruction of Lower Manhattan, and the Texas prison system have been this photographer's subjects over the past four decades; through 2/25. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

Abelardo Morell—Surreal juxtapositions of imagery photographed with a camera obscura, large-format photographs of images from art-history books, and water studies; through 1/14. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Hanno Otten—These large-scale Cibachromes from the "Kino" series appear to be abstract but are actually close-up photographs of movie curtains; through 1/21. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Sebastiano Piras—Black-and-white portraits of artists, among them Louise Bourgeois, Eric Fischl, Jackie Winsor, and Richard Serra; through 1/14. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Herb Ritts—Photographs of Africa; through 1/7. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Fazal Sheikh/Frederick Sommer—Portraits of Africans in refugee communities near the Somali, Ethiopian, and Sudanese borders of Kenya/Recent photographic collages by the 89-year-old photographer. Through 1/7. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Paul Strand—An exhibition of photographs taken in Europe and Africa after Strand moved to France in 1950; through 2/4. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Takashimaya—693 Fifth Ave. (350-0115). Works by Asian and American photographers—Conner, Ito, Nomura, Snelson, Sugimoto, and others—that deal with the elements of the physical world; through 1/7.

292—120 Wooster St. (431-0292). Classic images of snow, by Callahan, Fassbender, Giacomelli, Kertész, Munkacsi, Stieglitz, Weegee, others; through 1/14.

Bruce Weber—Photographs of Newfoundlands; through 1/7. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Discreet Objects: Maureen Connor: Selected Works 1978–1994." A survey of sculptures and multimedia installations that examine social constructions of the feminine and the process by which women form their own subjectivity. Through 12/23. 594 Broadway (966-4444).

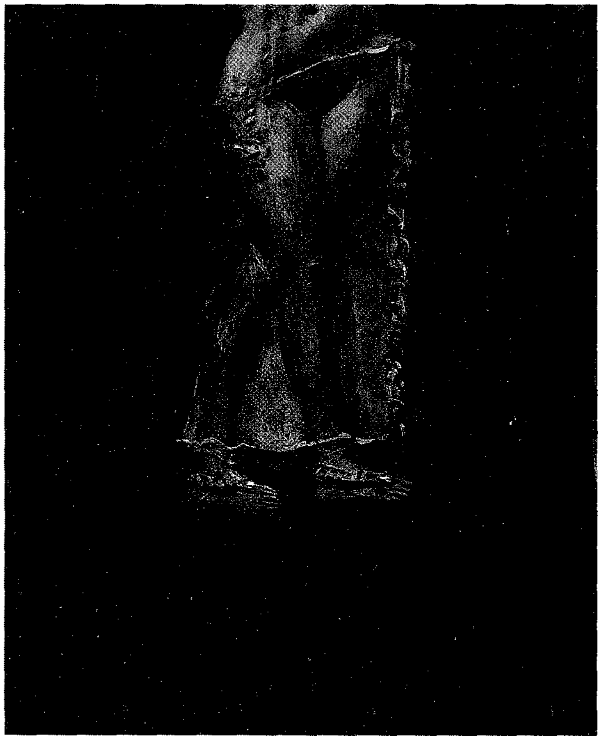
American Craft Museum—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920–1945." More than 160 objects by American craft artists. Through 2/26. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535), Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Royal Tombs of Sipan." Through 1/1. . . . "The World Explored: 125 Years of Collecting Photographs." Through 1/30. CPW at 79th St. (769-5100). Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45; Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"An Enduring Legacy: The Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection." Through 1/15. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992, Promised Gift to the Brooklyn Museum." Through 12/31. . . . "Realms of Heroism: Indian Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." Through 1/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Cartographies: 14 Artists From Latin America." Map-inspired works by Jose Bedia, Mario Cravo Neto, Julio Galan, Guillermo Kuitca, Nahum B. Zenil, others. Through 1/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th St., Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; $3 suggested admission, $2 students, $1 seniors.



On View **In 1965, Umberto Eco dedicated his essay "In Praise of Bad Faith" to Raffaele's humanoid robot sculptures, but since 1974 the artist has dedicated himself exclusively to painting. Some of his tiny works depict the landscapes of Fiesole, near Florence, where the artist has lived all his life; others are strictly the stuff of fantasy. At Paolo Baldacci Gallery.**

Photograph courtesy of the Paolo Baldacci Gallery.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 2/19. . . . "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace." Through 2/26. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, seniors and students $1.50; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, *The Last Supper Paintings.*" Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, *Worlds Envisioned.*" Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/28. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232). Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings From a Private Collection." Through 2/12. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700), Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943–1968." The development of Italian abstraction, from Alberto Burri's *informale* paintings through the early works of Arte Povera artists in the sixties. Through 1/29. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500), Sun.–Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thur.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Japanese Art After 1945: Scream Against the Sky." Through 1/8. 575 Broadway (423-3500), Sun., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"Otsu-E: Japanese Folk Painting From the Harriet and Edson Spencer Collection." Through 1/8. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912–1922." Through 1/29. . . . "Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200), Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Willem de Kooning: Paintings." Through 1/8. . . . "Origins of Impressionism." Through 1/8. . . . "The Photographs of Edouard Baldus: Landscapes and Monuments of France." Through 12/31. . . . "Orientalism"; through 3/19. . . . "Ominous Hush: The Thunderstorm Paintings of Martin Johnson Heade." Through 1/8. . . . "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through 2/26. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300–1450." Through 2/26. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . "Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche." Through 1/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500), Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700), Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." Through 1/22. . . . "Charles Dickens: *A Christmas Carol.*" Through 1/8. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Recovering Popular Culture." The second segment of "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations With El Museo," an exhibit celebrating Latin American customs, traditions, and popular arts. Through 1/8. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4 suggested contribution, $2 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." Through 3/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Every

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Picture Tells a Story: Word and Image in American Folk Art." Through 1/15. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Cy Twombly: A Retrospective." Through 1/10. . . . "Mapping." Works that use maps as a source. Through 12/20. . . . "Thresholds/O.M.A. at MOMA: Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture." Through 1/31. . . . "New Photography 10: Shimon Attie, Abelardo Morell, Jorge Ribalta, Michal Rovner." Through 1/10. . . . "The Prints of Louise Bourgeois." Through 1/3. . . . "A Century of Artists Books." Through 1/24. . . . "American Politicians." Through 1/3. . . . "Drawing in Black and White: A Selection of Contemporary Works From the Collection." Through 1/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480), Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Making of a Mural: Reginald Marsh at the U.S. Custom House." Preparatory drawings, watercolor studies, photographs, and glass-lantern slides produced by Marsh in the thirties in the course of designing his mural for the U.S. Custom House. Through 1/22. . . . "Beals's Bohemians: Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals." Through 12/26. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Ferdinand Hodler: Views and Visions." Through 1/15. . . . "An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Through 2/19. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. to 8); $3.50, $2 seniors and students, free Fri. 5–8.

National Museum of the American Indian—"Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief." Objects from tribal groups from North, Central, and South America. Alexander Hamilton U.S. Custom House, 1 Bowling Green (668-6624), daily 10–5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Visiting Hours: An Installation by Bob Flanagan in Collaboration With Sheree Rose." Through 12/21. . . . "Who Are We? What Are We? Where Did We Come From? A Project by Rita Ackermann." Through 12/31. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sun. noon–6, Sat. noon–8; $3.50, $2.50 seniors and students.

New York Public Library—"Garbage! The History & Politics of Trash in New York City." Through 2/25 . . . . "The Raw and the Cooked: Images of Food in Prints, Drawings, and Photographs." Through 12/30. . . . "Broken Rules and Double Crosses: Ken Campbell, an Artist's Books." Through 12/30. . . . "e e cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089), Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Museum—"The Winter of Love." Through 1/8 . . . . "Alternating 1 to 100 and Vice Versa by Alighiero e Boetti." Through 1/8. 46–01 21st St., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $2 contribution.

Whitney Museum—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. . . . "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through 2/26. . . . "Recent Photography Acquisitions." Through 2/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676), Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—"Sam Gilliam, Golden Element Inside Gold." Through 12/31. . . . "Photographs From the Permanent Collection." Through 12/30. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). Next auction on 1/10.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). Next auction on 1/10.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). Next auction on 1/11.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). Next auction on 1/10.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). Next auction on 1/5.

in concert

New Year's at the Met...Last Chance *Nutcracker*

Classical Music

Wednesday, December 28

Francis Heilbut—The founder of the American Landmark Festivals is an accomplished pianist in his own right, and he performs a free program of Mozart and Beethoven today at 6:30. Jefferson Market Library, 425 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (866-2086).

Peter Schickele—"P.D.Q. Bach: It Is to Laugh, It Is to Cry" brings Schickele to Carnegie Hall tonight. On the program is "The Short-Tempered Clavier: Preludes and Fugues in All the Major and Minor Keys Except for the Really Hard Ones," featuring pianist Christopher O'Riley. Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$37.50.

Andrew Bolotowsky—He's a familiar performer with the American Landmark Festivals, and he plays flutes with names you've probably never heard of. He also specializes in rescuing interesting composers from obscurity. Today his program features Jen Daniel Braun's *Pieces Sans Basse,* published in Paris in 1740 (he doesn't know Braun's birth and death dates). Bolotowsky reports the effect of the pieces is polyphonic, the style evokes Bach. Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (866-2086), at 12:30; free.

New York Philharmonic—Andrew Davis conducts, and pianist Andrei Gavrilov makes his first appearance with the Philharmonic since 1986. Works by Rachmaninoff, Ravel, and Borodin are on the program. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.

Thursday, December 29

New York Philharmonic—See 12/28.

"Winter Lights"—The Greek Cultural Center choir presents *Dodekaimero* (the twelve days of Christmas and New Year's). Citicorp Atrium, Citicorp Center, 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (691-9510), at 12:30; free.

Friday, December 30

New York Philharmonic—See 12/28.

"Winter Lights"—Kadar Khan presents a program featuring the Indian Deepavali Festival of Lights. Citicorp Atrium, Citicorp Center, 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (691-9510), at 5:30; free.

Saturday, December 31

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Preview

Diva's Last Dance

Her body hyperextended, her manner refreshingly brash, Heather Watts has enjoyed the balletgoing public's rapt attention for decades; few dancers make Balanchine, Robbins, and Martins quite as memorable. Now Watts is retiring from the New York City Ballet, and tickets are likely to be gone well before her final performance on January 15; call 870-5570 to reserve a place.

Photograph by Steven Caras.

Andrew Bolotowsky—Same program as 12/28. Today at the Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St. (866-2086), at 2. The concert is free, but there is a $2 house admission charge.

Peter Schickele—See 12/28.

Sunday, January 1

Samuel Bartos—The pianist performs music by Mozart, Debussy, and Chopin. Hotel Wales, 1295 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (876-6000), at 6 and 8; free.

Monday, January 2

"In Celebration of Kwanzaa"—The Queens Council on the Arts presents a concert featuring percussionist Kimati Dinizulu. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza. Call the Queens Council on the Arts (718-647-3377) for ticket prices. At 3.

Tuesday, January 3

"Juilliard in Concert"—Soprano Christine Arand, tenor Jon Villars, and pianist Tim Long perform works by Fauré, Bizet, Bernstein, and Barber. Continental Insurance Atrium, 180 Maiden Ln., nr. the South Street Seaport. (799-5000), at 12:30; free.

"Winter Lights"—Andrea Hoag and Paul Morrissett present music from Sweden and Norway, including songs of the Santa Lucia celebrations. Citicorp Atrium, 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (691-9510), at 12:30; free.

New York Philharmonic—See 12/28. Tonight's performance is at 7:30.

Opera

Amato Opera—Verdi's *La Traviata* is the featured production through 1/8, but the only performance this week is on New Year's Eve. Not suprisingly, it is also a party. Sally and Tony Amato invite you for champagne, punch, hors d'oeuvre, and dessert. You must reserve; tickets are $50. At 7:30, 319 Bowery (228-8200).

Metropolitan Opera—12/28 at 8, 12/31 at 1:30, and 1/3 at 8: Britten's *Peter Grimes,* with Renee Fleming, Ann Howard, Sarah Walker, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Thomas Stewart, and David Malis; conducted by James Conlon. 12/29 at 8 and 12/31 at 7:30: Strauss's *Die Fledermaus,* with Pamela Coburn, Tracy Dahl, Jochen Kowalski, Neil Rosenshein, Anthony Laciura, Hermann Prey, and Wolfgang Brendel; conducted by Hermann Michael. 12/30 at 8: Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* with Catherine Malfitano, Wendy White, Richard Leech, Dwayne Croft, Margaret Lattimore, and Pierre Lefèbvre; conducted by Daniele Gratti. 1/2 at 8: Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* (call number below for casting information). The 12/31 performance of *Die Fledermaus* features surprise guest artists appearing in the Act II party scene. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000), $22–$110.

Dance

Jane Comfort and Company—Performing the new dance-theater work *S/He.* 12/3 at 8, Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $17.

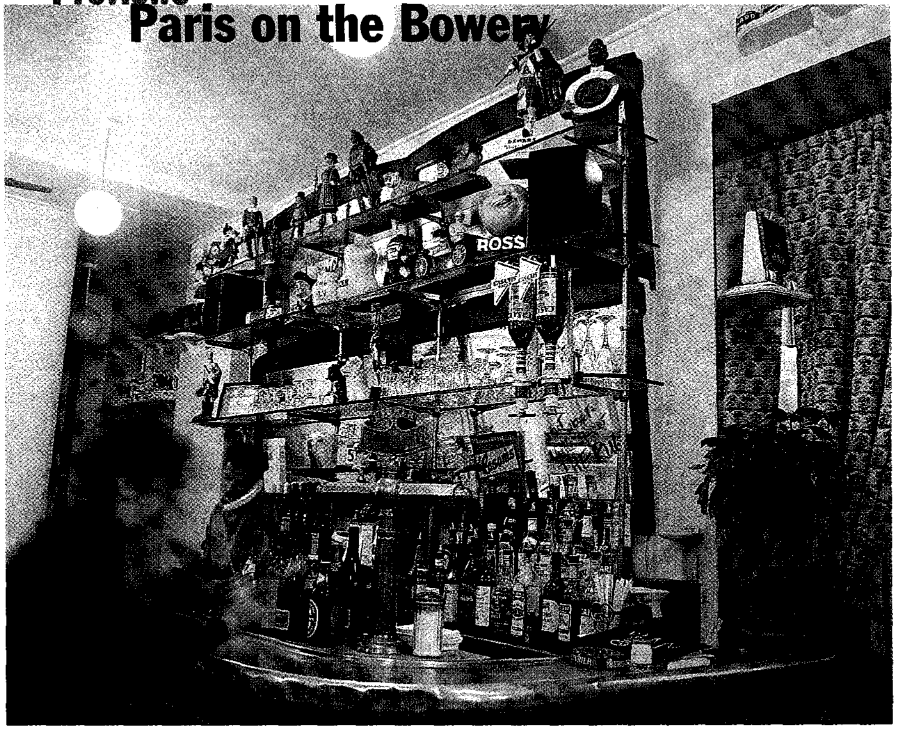
Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater—"The Women of Ailey," works by, about, and in honor of women. City Center, 131 W. 55th St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212). Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30, through January 1; $10–$47.

New York City Ballet—*The Nutcracker,* through December 31. 12/28 at 2 and 6, 12/29 at 6, 12/30 at 8, 12/31 at 2 and 7. The repertory season begins 1/3 at 8. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $12–$60.

restaurants

Hangover Brunch...Piles of Parmesan

Previews
Paris on the Bowery



The one-piece zinc bar—shipped here from France—and the downstairs shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac make Casanis (54 1st Street) a portal to Paris in the forties, and one of the little-known oases of the Lower East Side.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes. Perfectionist and owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. 475 West Broadway at Houston St. (533-1933) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Baluchis—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. 193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. 152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.

Bouley—David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. 165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Can—Pole position on SoHo's main drag. Inventive French-Vietnamese cuisine in an elegant, minimalistic dining room. 482 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-6333). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bomb provides an explosive close to the meal. 218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce) is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasti offering. Ironing-board tables in the booths that line the east wall and tile floors. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. 4 World Financial Center. (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three-course and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sun. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobb makes brunch on Sunday a must. 2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E). AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave home. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. 203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited his restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St., (925-1866) (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

Two Eleven—Casual contemporary American fare with an occasional celebrity appearance. 211 West Broadway at Franklin St. (925-7202) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

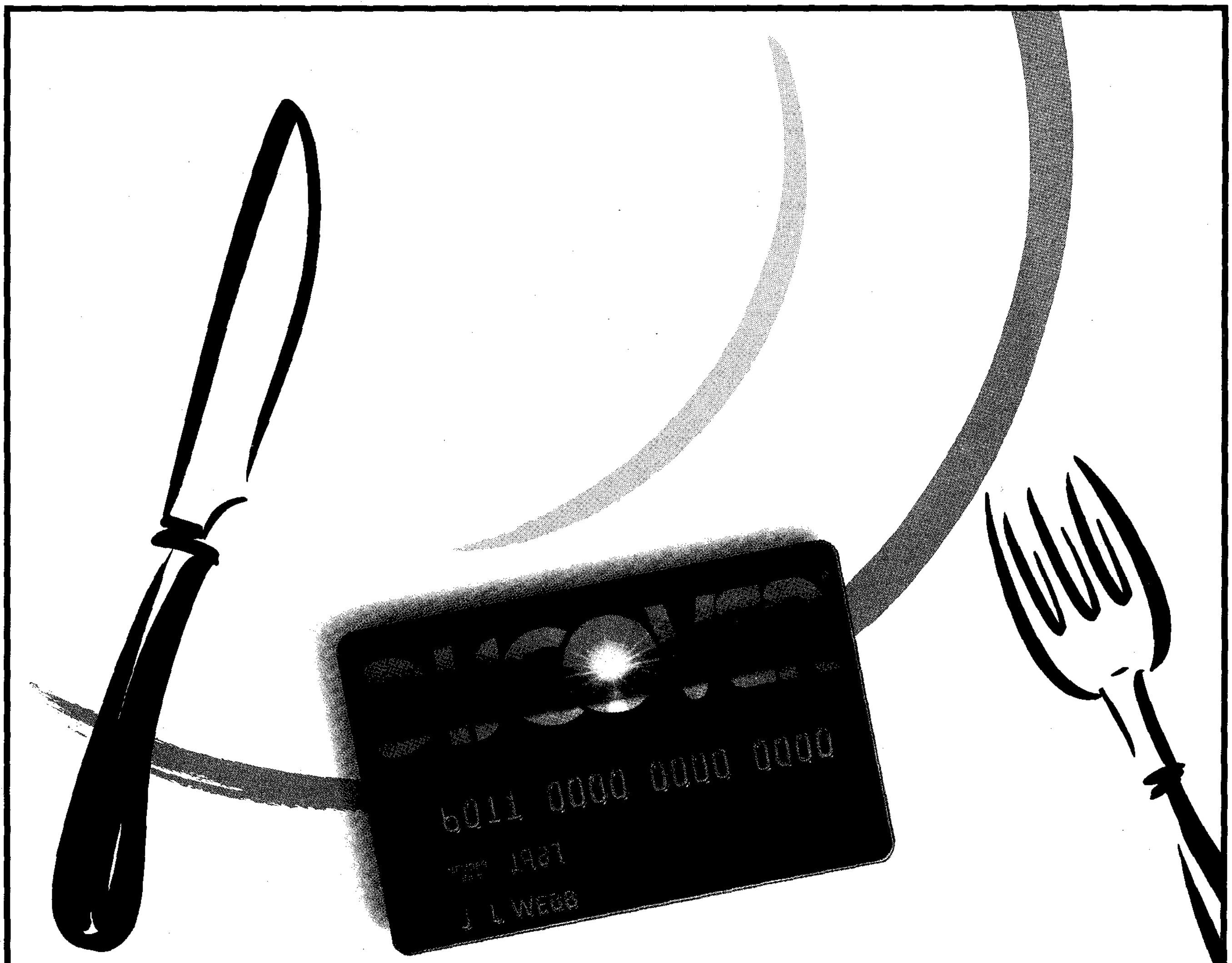
Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting with mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. 77 Hudson St. nr. Harrison St. (233-

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.



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3287). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. 1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM,V.

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. 11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. 15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,TM,V.

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverly* moored at the Seaport Museum. Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC,V.

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. 11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po' boys. Every booth has a window view. 14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the forties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. 54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M). ($)

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC,V.

Gotham Bar & Grill—This awesome dining temple, it's ingenuity and whimsical creativity, has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. Maybe old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. 387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood, very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (I) (475-9891/260-4950). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

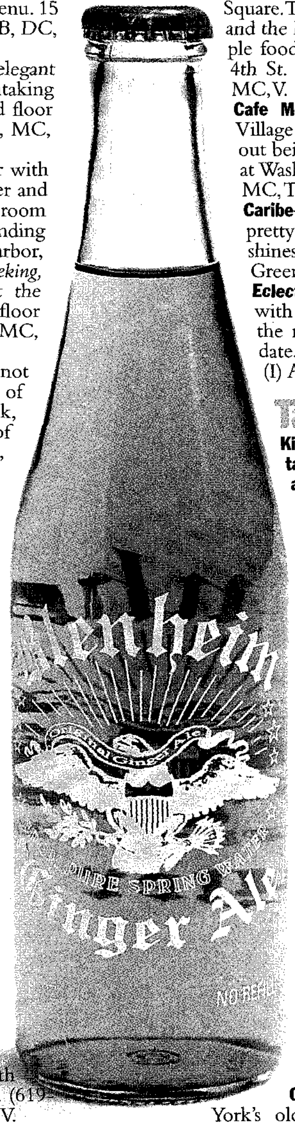
Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good simple food keep them coming back. 190 W. 4th St. (663-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Cafe Melville—This exposed-brick West Village café is cozy and comfortable without being claustrophobic. 110 Barrow St., at Washington St. (924-0110). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. 117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC,V.

Eclectic—Traditional American food with a hint of Provence served to you in the most romantic of settings. Bring a date. 38–40 Carmine St. (807-1939). (I) AE,TM.



Takeout

Kitchen, the surpassingly great Mexican take-out restaurant at Eighth Avenue and 21st Street, has the most exotic beverage selection around. There's Orange Crush in the old bottles, tamarind soda from Mexico, and Guarana (the Coke of Brazil). The best of the lot is the magnificently spicy Blenheim Ginger Ale, which has enough of a bite to put the most fiery vindaloo on 6th Street to shame. Manufactured in a tiny town in South Carolina, it's available in hot, not-as-hot, and diet versions.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage posters on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* and other nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. 546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC,V.

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steakhouse just blocks away from the city's meat markets. Look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. You'll find a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. 56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC,V.

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. 319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a menu to strictly American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. 488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Bolo—Neo-Spanish cooking in a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Owner Bobby Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck and a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM,V.

Campagna—Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Crystal Fountain—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business and tourist crowd. Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. 323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. 10 E. 38th St. (447-1854) (M) AE, DC,V.

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM,V.

Les Halles—This Left Bank bistro is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., nr. 29th St. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and their mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. 14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.

Mesa Grill—Big flavors and big portions from the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. So., nr. 29th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC,V.

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Steak Frites—Only a few places manage not to get lost in this bustling intersection of restaurant rows. A menu complete enough to hit the nail on the head and almost small enough to do everything well. 9 E. 16th St. (463-7101). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. 500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Photograph by Paul Manangan.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. 55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Da Umberto—This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Lola—A lively entrance that gives way to a vast and airy room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. 30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. 169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St., (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with customers' art drawn at the table. 182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC,V.

37th Street Hideaway—Don't dress down for this restaurant. Jacket required. A charming space with a 100-year-old fireplace caters to a mature audience. Italian Continental cuisine. 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (M) AE, CB, DC,V.

T-Rex Restaurant and Bar—Modern "cave cuisine" blends old traditions with new flavors. 358 W. 23rd St. (620-4620). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC,V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

The Barclay Restaurant & Terrace—Another two-in-one treat. These two dining spots cater to the different moods of diners. The Barclay Restaurant is elegantly decorated like a traditional gentlemen's club with wood-paneled walls. The Terrace is a bit more lively and overlooks the lobby so you can view all the goings-on in the hotel. Both serve Continental fare. 111 E. 48th St., in the Hotel Inter-Continental (421-0836). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. 100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840). (M) AE, MC,V.

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. 485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St.(366-4020) (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th Street at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies, and the pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

La Cote Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. 5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC,V.

La Mangeoire—A Cote D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of Southern France to a rustic room in midtown. 1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086. (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner has run this consistently fine kitchen. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Oceana—Formal setting and an extensive seafood menu make it a favorite for business lunches. 55 E. 54th St. (759-5941) (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM,V.

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and good food—Creole-southern with New England twitches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Monday-night talent showcase. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

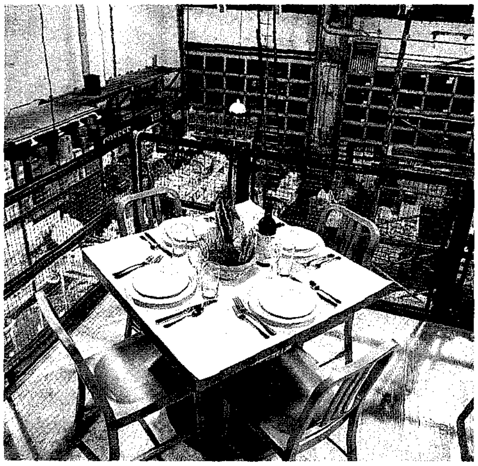
Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. 34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Vong—Chef Jean Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace is a showy temple indeed. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC,V.

Installation

A Food Factory

An East Side matron, her impossibly coiffed helmet rattling as she clicks up a desolate stretch of 91st Street near the FDR Drive, circumnavigates a fetid puddle of antifreeze that has flowed from a nearby garage and, looking straight ahead, strides purposefully toward her destination. This isn't a part of town one is accustomed to seeing her type wandering around in. But everyone loves a bargain, and the word on Eli Zabar's Vinegar Factory (433 East 91st Street)—one of the Upper East Side's few soulful retail-food treasures—has reached even the most well-heeled inhabitants of its neighborhood. Early last summer, food czar Zabar converted this former working factory and opened an indoor Greenmarket bustling with fresh produce, homemade pâtés, and the largest selection of goat cheeses in New York and possibly the universe. "We also have the best price on Parmesan in the city," brags Zabar, bright-eyed and intense, scurrying through the aisles, munching a handful of raw string beans. "But we *better* have the best price. We order a hundred wheels at a time. Other stores order, maybe, one."



In addition to the fresh-produce room (refrigerated at a chilly 48 degrees) and massive deli counter, Zabar's store also features a wide selection of his famous breads: sourdough loaves, whole-wheat baguettes, country loaves as big as manhole covers. And early in the New Year, Zabar will open a restaurant serving breakfast, brunch, and lunch (during the weekend only) on a balcony overlooking the tangle of food below.

In his restaurant, as in his store, Zabar plans to run a tight ship; nothing goes to waste. Downstairs, the bagel chips are made from yesterday's batch, the cherries fresh from Chile will be in next week's pie and rugelach. Upstairs, both the long bar serving beer and wine and the restaurant's tables were made from the 20-foot-tall fermenting casks that used to fill this giant room. Crouching down over the few remaining unused boards and pressing his nose to the raw wood, Zabar inhales deeply. "See?" he says, grinning. "You can still smell the vinegar."

MANNY HOWARD

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne— The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized luncheonette with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours, free parking after 5:30 p.m. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Barbetta—Impressive and old-world, this theater-district favorite has a regal dining room and a romantic garden serving Northern Italian food. 321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your Ninas while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Ciao Europa—Because of its muraled walls and abundant greenery, many feel like they're entering a castle when they walk into this Italian restaurant. But this is no monolithic Italian: Each week, a regional dish from a specific European country is served as the special. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Cite—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Dish of Salt—Classic Cantonese that serves well as a pre-theater meal or a business lunch. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242) (M) AE, CB, MC,V.

Frankie and Johnnie's—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Keewah Yen—An unlikely hybrid of upscale Chinese fare and high audio technology—karaoke system and all. 50 W. 56th St. (246-0770) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American pattern. Lots of steaks and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. 307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

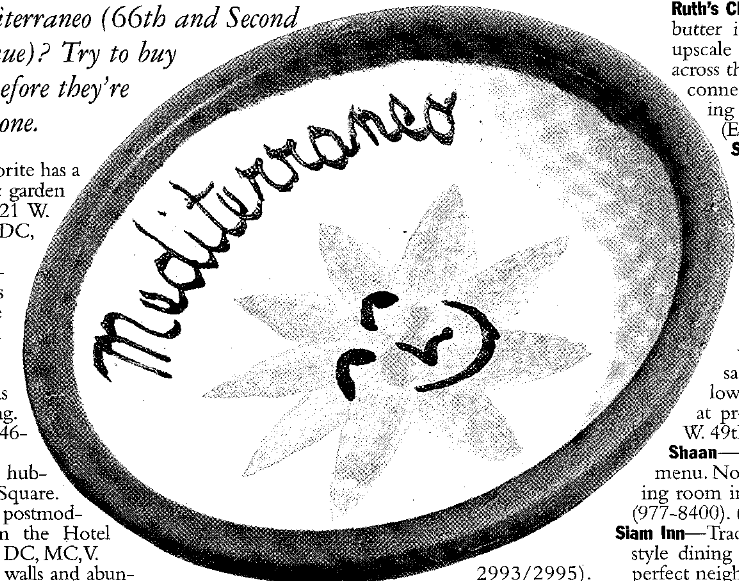
La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC,V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Object of Desire
The Endangered Ashtray

Many restaurantgoers applauded the City Council's proposed ban on smoking in restaurants that seat more than 35. And though we know it's maybe all for the best, won't anyone else mourn the mass exodus of such elegant ashtrays as the one at Mediterraneo (66th and Second Avenue)? Try to buy one before they're all gone.



Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC,V

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. 328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Marriott Marquis—American contemporary cuisine with a Broadway flair. Each dish is named after a Broadway play, so come feast on Miss Saigon or Cats. 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (704-8900). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. 7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming. The food won't surprise you, but that is indeed the point: reliable and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC,V.

Rainbow Room—The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic and a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Rene Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean Michel Bergougnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. Stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near MOMA. 33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.

Ruth's Chris Steak House—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. 57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candle-lit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. 916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC,V.

Top of the Sixes—A beautiful view and a restaurant to boot. Perched atop the office that houses Universal Pictures' offices. American-Continental food. 666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., 39th floor (757-6662). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM,V.

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful. With a stained-glass ceiling overhead and business-minded types abound. 475 Park Ave. nr. 57th St. (838-1717)(M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces will make anyone feel welcome. 240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-eggmonger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC,V.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. 112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Gauguin—Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded bird song, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Le Bar Bat—An American grill that looks like a bat cave—yes, as in bats hanging from the ceiling. Also a multilevel club, with three bars and live entertainment. 311 W. 57th St. (307-7228). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, 6th floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Veau d'Or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. 129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian red cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Pierro's on the Park—Italian with a twist of art history. This park-side restaurant features original Art Deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. 150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Plaza Hotel—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving Continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh pomegranate margarita"? Indeed someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

The Townhouse American—Continental cuisine in a classic English setting. Caters to a gay and lesbian crowd. 206 E. 58th St. (826-6241) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. 140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC,V.

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern in adobe-like setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440) (M) AE, MC,V.

Baraonda—Another casual Italian spot on the Upper East Side. But this one reportedly starts cooking late-night when there's more dancing than dining. With a name that translates to "what a mess," it certainly has a reputation to live up to. 1439 Second Ave. at 75th St. (288-8555) (M) ($)

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candle-lit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. 339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. 354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. 1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people watcher's paradise. Don't settle for less than the front row. 768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary American cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. 2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the *whole* neighborhood. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian restaurant has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; in this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. 50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC,V.

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475). (M) AE, MC,V.

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. 151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years. 1028 Third Ave at 61st St. (223-9430) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish in this elegant, jewellike dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC,V.

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but. . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. 680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian. . . . Good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. 1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. 1485 Second Ave., nr. 78th St. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. Leave with a suntan. 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Moscow on the Hudson—Authentic Russian fare. After that, there's live entertainment with music, dancing, and a live gypsy show. 803 Second Ave., at 93rd St. (534-4866). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chef in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling,

Data

Hangover Helper

While we might want ambitious and beautiful meals the night before, on New Year's morning—if we want to eat at all—we crave that which is quick, easy, basic, and solid. The following is a list of restaurants with open doors for brunch on New Year's Day.

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Wells: Order the soothing fried-chicken-and-waffle combination in a comfortable, no-fuss setting. 247–49 Seventh Ave., nr. 132nd St. (234-0700).

Josephina: If the natural fresh-pressed juices with ginger don't fix you, nothing will. Try walnut-buttermilk pancakes with apple-cranberry chutney and turkey sausage. 1900 Broadway, nr. 64th St. (799-1000).

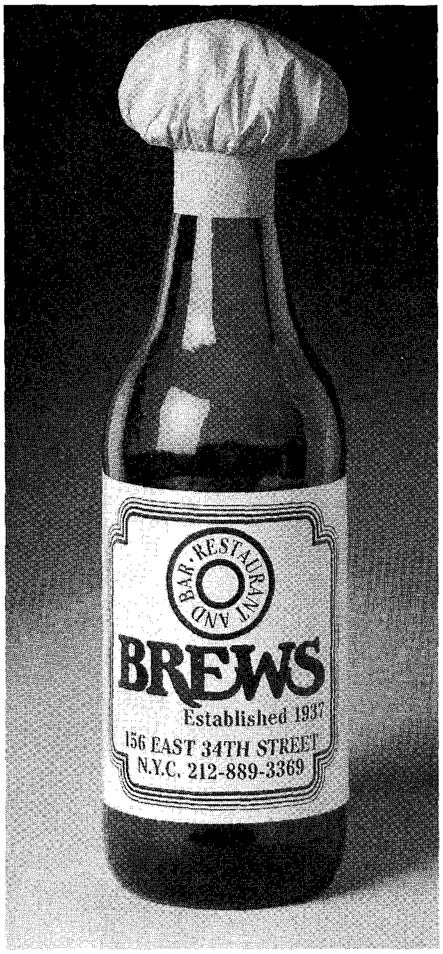
Mandarin Court: A generous dim sum for those whose physical condition is fairly stable. 61 Mott St., nr. Canal (608-3838).

Tartine: Apple pancakes, brioche, croque monsieurs, and other pretty French food. 253 W. 11th St. (229-2611).

Baby Jake's: Though they don't sound promising, the "Honkey Eggs" *will* set you straight. Order an absorbent mound of grits. 14 First Ave., at 1st St. (254-BABY)

Florent: Why wait for the hangover? The charmingly reckless and diverse crowd at this 24-hour diner eats brunch all night long. 69 Gansevoort St., nr. Greenwich St. (989-5779).

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.



AMERICAN EXPRESS PRESENTS
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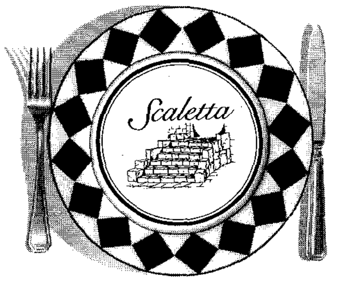

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and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. 840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 65th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sign of the Dove—Chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.

Tony Di Napoli's—Family style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. 1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro like every corner needs. 154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.

Cafe Des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with its frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. 200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. 73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the *Yuppie Handbook* and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among Upper West Siders. 467 Columbus Ave., nr. 83rd St. (769-1144). (M) AE.

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese joint on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. 235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($)

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this giant space seem cozy. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Picholine—Skillfully prepared Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. 72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sidewalkers'—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. 12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

West 63rd Street Steak house—Mahogany tables and red suede walls, make this nicified steak house less stultifying than it's midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Brooklyn

La Bouillabaisse—Just what the neighborhood needed—a local bistro so good that a gaggle of grateful and ferociously loyal regulars will wait in the rain for a table. What makes it special is that Amanda, the hostess/owner will lend you her umbrella. It's BYOB, so scan the menu while you wait, then nip down the block to the Heights Chateau. Ask for a recommendation. 145 Atlantic Ave., nr. Henry St. (718-522-8235). (M) ($)

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. 1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($ or Peter Luger's house charge card)

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. The owner fetches the fish each morning. 24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($)

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. 75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. 44th Drive at the East River. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tuesday–Saturday 6–11. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V..

the mix

Claire McCardell...Midnight Run

John Leonard's TV Notes

In **Conversations With Gorbachev** (Tuesday, December 27; 9 to 10:30 P.M., and Sunday, January 1; 6 to 7:30 P.M.; Channel 13), while strolling over the Lenin Hills near Moscow University, Princeton professor of Politics and Russian Studies Stephen Cohen talks to the godfather of *glasnost* and *perestroika* about everything from Star Wars to the KGB, from Clinton to Vladimir Zhirinovsky, from Raisa's health to Yeltsin's duplicity, proving once again that there's nothing wrong with talking heads on television so long as the heads that talk actually know something.

James Brolin enjoys himself almost as much as the camera enjoys Tanzania in the latest installment of ABC's *World of Discovery*, **Lion: Africa's King of the Beasts** (Thursday, December 29; 9 to 10 P.M.; ABC). With Brolin, through a rainy season and two dry ones, we follow a pride of lions as they mate, rear, stalk, savage, and snooze (up to twenty hours a day, and they hate wet paws). All this, plus flamingos, hippos, rhinos, zebras, wildebeests, and one sorry hyena.

Objects of Desire

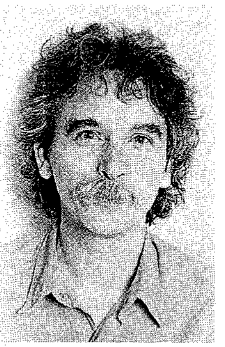
This Old Thing?

Skip the cheesy postholiday store sales and head to the New Year's Antiques Show at the Coliseum, where everything from vintage bicycles to these gorgeous old bakelite radios regularly turns up.

In 1932, in the Ozarks, they would really rather be rid of Louis Gossett Jr., the only black farmer left in these hills. But he's so stubborn that even after the rape and murder of his wife and murder of his son, he sticks around long enough to turn into **A Father for Charlie** (Sunday, January 1; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), Charlie being the foul-mouthed 10-year-old son (Joseph Mazzello) of an abusive cracker dad (Don Swayze) who burns down Gossett's barn and harvest, never mind what he's also done to his own daughter. Besides talking to his dead wife in her humble grave and teaching little Charlie how to read, from *Treasure Island*, Lou behaves in general like Hollywood's idea of Mahatma Gandhi: big enough to hurt you, choosing not to.

For reasons Ted Turner will have to explain to you himself, nightly reruns of **Starsky and Hutch** and **In the Heat of the Night** commence the week of January 2 on TNT cable, at 6 and 7 P.M. respectively. This, at least, they can't blame on Jane Fonda.

To have missed the December 8 appearance of Joe Morton as a nightclub drag queen on **New York Undercover** (Thursdays; 9 to 10 P.M.; Fox) was to have missed the most amazing performance of the TV season. And to have missed the December 9 episode of *The X-Files* (Fridays; 9 to 10 P.M.; Fox), in which a turbaned cult of vegetarians calling themselves "the Church of the Red Museum" were erroneously blamed for the kidnapping of farm-town teenagers who turned out to have been doped up with alien DNA disguised as bovine-growth hormones, was to miss the most amazing plot of, perhaps, any TV season. I'm in awe.



Radio

Peter Bochan's is perhaps the only year-end wrap-up that people actually stay home for—on New Year's Eve, no less. The 11 P.M. broadcast features an expert juxtaposition of sound bites, interviews, and music (minus the intrusive voice-overs). WBAI 99.5 FM; the show is rebroadcast at 9:30 A.M. on January 2.

Radio Highlights

Soundprint—12/2 at 7:30 "The Boy in the Gap." Sean Potts, founding member of the Chieftains, discusses how the traditional music of Ireland is used as a means of self-expression. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—12/27: Galuppi's Flute Concerto in D; Bizet's Symphony in C. 12/28: Sessions's Piano Concerto; Brahms's Serenade No. 2 in A. 12/29: Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture; Dvorák's Cello Concerto in b. 12/30: Kabalevsky's *Colas Breugnon* Overture, *The Comedians*, Cello Concerto No. 2. Each weeknight at 8 (except for 12/28, when the broadcast is at 7); WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Airing the Met—WQXR does it twice this week. On 12/28 at 7, it broadcasts the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera's 1994–1995 season, featuring Puccini's *Il Tabarro* (with Placido Domingo, Teresa Stratas, and Juan Pons) and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* (with Luciano Pavarotti, Teresa Stratas, and Juan Pons). The operas will be simulcast on Channel 13. The regular Saturday broadcast at 1:30 features Britten's *Peter Grimes;* WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Positive Mind"—Ingrid Bergman remembers: "Once I said to Roberto when he was good-humored, 'You know, you frighten me when you get so angry.' . . . And I asked, 'What do I do?' 'Just throw your arms around me,' he said. 'Hold me close, hold me close so I can feel you and your warmth and your love.' And I said, 'All right, all right, I'll try that.' Well, the next time he had one of his seizures and things were flying, I rushed up and I took him in my arms and I started to say . . . and bang, he threw me against the wall so hard I almost broke in pieces." Rossellini's advice calls to mind all the easy strategies of self-help shows and their distance from the transcript of Nicole Brown Simpson talking to 911. Armand DiMele, host of this program, is quite aware of that distance and feels no affinity with Dr. Pangloss. Which makes this program particularly useful for those suffering from the chasm between holiday expectations and holiday realities. 12/28 at 1; WBAI, 99.5 FM.

Music With Lloyd Moss—12/28: Copland's *The Tender Land;* Chadwick's *Symphonic Sketches: A Vagram Ballad.* 12/29: Sibelius's *Tapiola;* J.C. Bach's Overture in E-flat. 12/30: Mozart's Divertimento in D; Berwald's *Serious and Joyful Fancies.* Each day at 3; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"A Shortcut Through 1994"—Peter Bochan's programs are worth listening to year-round, but at year-end he's at his best. Don't miss his New Year's Eve broadcast at 11 on WBAI, 99.5 FM.

Ruth Laredo and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Detroit native Laredo joined her hometown orchestra for this concert recorded in Detroit's historic Orchestra Hall in November 1993 and broadcast on WQXR on 1/6 at 9:06. She performed the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 1; Andreas Delfs, music director of the Bern Opera and regular guest conductor of the Bern Symphony, conducts the D.S.O.; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New Sounds, With John Schaefer"—12/28: Indian master flutist G.S. Sachdev performs ragas, recorded live in the WNYC studio. 12/29: Featuring the Norwegian trio Bukkene Bruse, recorded live on location in Oslo. Solos for hardanger fiddle, violin, flute, and traditional vocals, duos, and trios, all based on Norwegian music. 12/30: Schaefer's monthly program featuring new releases. 12/31: An abbreviated version of yesterday's new-releases program. Each day at 11; WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Vocal Gold: 25 Years of the Vocal Scene With George Jellinek—12/31 at noon: Jellinek spotlights "Vocal Vaudeville." WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Italian Sinfonia—Angelo Mazza kicks off 1995 with the annual listener countdown of the past year's music. Tune in on 1/1 at 6 for details of the listener contest and giveaways. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Classic Radio—1/4 at 7: Featuring selections from *The Fred Allen Show* and *The Mercury Theatre of the Air.* WFUV, 90.7 FM.

New York and Company—12/27: Ed Koch discusses his new book; Elizabeth Drew evaluates the Clinton presidency; Dan Rather explains why *The Camera Never Blinks Twice.* 12/28: Margarethe Cammermeyer talks about *Serving in Silence,* her story of being a Vietnam nurse, mother of four, and the highest-ranking officer to challenge the military's anti-gay policy; Sir Stephen Spender discusses his new collection of poetry and the reissue of his memoirs; Dr. Sherwin Nuland reflects on *How We Die.* 12/29: Actress Lauren Bacall on her new book, *Now;* Israeli novelist David Grossman on *The Book of Intimate Grammar;* Papparazzi Dominick Conde, Rose Hartman, and Bettina Serone discuss their work. 12/30: Terry Jones on *Lady Cottington's Pressed Fairy Book;* Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot on *I've Known Rivers;* Lily Tomlin on *Edith Ann: My Life So Far.* Each day at noon; WNYC-AM, 820.

Happening

Midnight Express

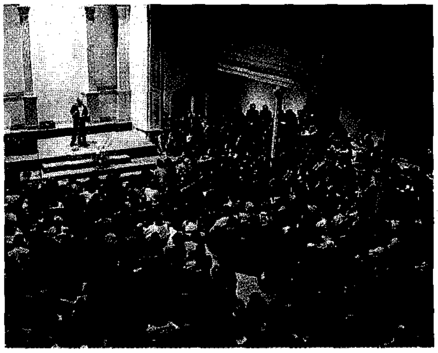
For sixteen years now, as everyone else prepares to pop corks and toss party favors, hardier souls have been warming up for the Road Runners Club's five-mile run. The event, which draws more than 5,000 people, starts at the stroke of midnight. Register until 10:30 P.M. on New Year's Eve. Call 860-4455.

Recorded Music

Various Artists: *Ready to Wear (Pret-a-Porter)* (Columbia)—With too-clean production, a mediocre rap, and a chorus copped from Cannibal and the Headhunters, "Here Comes the Hotstepper" should, by rights, be the most annoying dance-hall track ever. Instead, it's the No. 1 single in the country. Such is life, I guess, in the dislocated, mix 'n' match world of high fashion, whose spirit wends its way through the sound track to Altman's latest. Along with Ini Kamoze's infuriatingly infectious single, we get Supercat's infinitely more legit "My Girl Josephine," agreeably disposable house music from M People, Deep Forest, and Cece Peniston, and—in typical Altman fashion—a few star cameos: Janet Jackson, U2, and the Rolling Stones. Although none of it will really stick with you, the sound track's quite a pleasing collection of surfaces, flash, and good manners. Perfect for runway walking at home.

Various Artists: *The Unplugged Collection, Volume One* (Warner Bros.)—It goes like this: Superstar gives career overview, tosses in choice cover, and releases an album/souvenir that goes platinum. Clearly, Unplugged-mania is a marketing force run amok. Still, there are reasons to buy an overview of an overview, if only for the few exceptional tracks fanatics can't live without. This one has three: Stevie Ray Vaughan's "Pride and Joy," R.E.M.'s "Half a World Away," and k.d. lang's "Barefoot" (from her little-seen film debut *Salmonberries*). The rest ranges from the widely available (Clapton's "Before You," Neil Young's "Like a Hurricane") to the pleasant but not essential (Don Henley's "Come Rain or Come Shine") to the indifferent (Paul Simon's "Graceland"). Just like the show.

New York Philharmonic: Kurt Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins* and Berg's *Lulu Suite* (Teldec)—An illuminating program from our local Philharmonic: Two essential works by German composers, both written during Hitler's ascent, each with strikingly different responses to the shifting winds. Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins* was his last and probably finest collaboration with Brecht—a fantasy of American decadence that brings the poppy, cabaret-ish influences of *Three Penny Opera* and *Mahagonny* to fruition. Berg's *Lulu,* meanwhile, tells its story (a famous morality play about a man-eating vamp) through deeply atonal Expressionism with absolutely no popular elements at all. The Philharmonic makes both works undeniably compelling to contemporary ears, thanks in no small part to American soprano and Weill expert Angelina Réaux, who stars.



Institution

At the Poetry Project's twenty-first annual New Year's Day *marathon* reading, the seasoned stalwarts and rising stars of the downtown spoken-word scene convene. Expected among the assembled talent: Jeff Buckley, Dana Bryant, Eric Bogosian, Reg E. Gaines, Jim Carroll, Maggie Estep, Gary Indiana, Homer Erotic, and Gregory Corso. (St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th Street, from 2 until midnight.)

Slick Rick *Behind Bars* (Def Jam/RAL)—With so many rap superstars facing jail terms this year, the hoosegow jam—a conceit used by everyone from Public Enemy to Eazy-E—may actually become a new format. This is the second stab at it by rap icon Ricky Walters—who put out several landmark albums before going upriver for attempted murder—and it follows two surprisingly strong efforts by the all-amateur Lifer's Group. But with the help of some ace producers, Rick, one of hip-hop's wittiest and most original rappers, here delivers a breakthrough. The Warren G–produced title track is magic—glistening Fender Rhodes keyboards and quietly terrifying vignettes—and Rick's reedy, sing-songy voice scampers unmistakably throughout. A wry, bittersweet mix of reflection and lyrical flexing.

The Written Word

Readings

James Joyce's Finnegans Wake—Read nonstop at the twenty-first annual New Year's reading in the Paula Cooper Gallery. Approximately 75 people will read; the marathon begins at noon on 12/31 and lasts for another 30 or so hours. The gallery is located at 155 Wooster St., just below Houston St. Call 674-0766 for more information. The reading is free, and no reservations are required for any part of it.

The Poetry Project—Another twenty-first annual reading, this one not strictly literary. Countless musicians, dancers, and artists will be performing new works. Refreshments will be available, and tickets are $15 at the door (proceeds go the Poetry Project). 1/1 from 2 until midnight, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910).... The next day (1/2), at the same place, Marcella Harb and Merry Fortune will host an open reading. Sign up is at 7:30; everything gets under way at 8. $6.

Etcetera

Tours

Adventure on a Shoestring: Little Odessa—Most tour guides seem to be taking New Year's off, but the first few days of January will have them back at work. On 1/8, Howard Goldberg leads a snacks-and-sights safari of Little Odessa, the thriving Brighton Beach community in Brooklyn to which thousands of Russian Jews have immigrated. As recently as

cue

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Photographs: top, Jack Geschiedt; bottom, Jacob Burckhardt.

twenty years ago, this seaside enclave was not too far from becoming a ghost town. Its Art Deco apartment buildings were half empty; its main street had abandoned storefronts and little else. But in the early seventies, Russian Jewish émigrés began coming to this old Brooklyn neighborhood (more than a quarter of the Russian émigrés to the United States eventually settled in the area). Goldberg will explain Russian food traditions as well as fill you in on the history of Brighton Beach. The tour will pass the soon-to-expire Brighton Beach Bath and Racquet Club (it opened in 1907), M and I International (a superette specializing in rich Russian breads, fresh caviar, and other delicacies), and, of course, the boardwalk. The tour concludes with an optional luncheon at a popular local Russian restaurant. The tour is $5 plus $2.50 round-trip subway fare and the cost of food. For meeting time and place and reservations, call 265-2663.

New Year's New World—You'd be hard-pressed to find a holiday on which the Big Onion tour guides are not pounding the pavement. Their 12/31 tour of Ellis Island celebrates immigration and includes an exclusive talk on the history of the subject in America as well as a tour of the museum and grounds. Call 439-1090 for the meeting site. The $15 price includes a boat ticket and movie admission; seniors and students pay $12. The tour starts at noon.

"Radical Greenwich Village"—A BIRD THAT LAYS SUCH ROTTEN EGGS IS LONG OVERDUE FOR EXTINCTION, says a cartoon on the flier put out by Radical Walking Tours. The rotten eggs—WAR, DICTATORS, and UNEMPLOYMENT—were laid by a bird named CAPITALISM. You need not share the view that Adam was really created in 1776, by and in the image of another imperfect Adam, to find Bruce Kayton's walks worthwhile. His tours of the neighborhood are perhaps the only ones incorporating the Rosenbergs, the draft riots of 1863, and the activities of Thomas Paine. At $6 for an almost three-hour tour, they're bargains, too. Call 718-492-0069 for more information and a schedule of upcoming tours.

Sidewalks of New York—Call 662-5300 for information on this outfit's broad range of walks getting under way on the weekend of 1/7–1/8, including the Mafia tour, the murder-sites tour, the ghosts-at-twilight tour, the Greenwich Village architectural tour, and Ye Olde Tavern tour. On 1/8, Sidewalks' perennial favorite, "A Tribute to Jackie," returns. You collected pictures of her because she appreciated poetry. You bought sunglasses like hers because she was such a good mother. You copied her clothes because she was a revolutionary new woman/career girl and a very private person. Blame John-John, if you must, for giving us that deathbed scene of his mother surrounded by books, and deride Peggy Noonan's fantasy that people would point to her funeral train and whisper, "There is a patriot passing by," but don't deny your fascination with the late Mrs. Onassis. This tour is a rigorously researched walk by her favorite haunts. All tours are $10.

Fairs and Festivals

New Year's Antiques Show—Among the merchandise expected to fill the New York Coliseum: paintings, period furniture, prints, architectural artifacts, ethnic and tribal art, textiles, rugs, pottery, porcelain, deco and moderne furnishings, art glass, silver, jewelry, and lamps. Special selections of vintage fashions, costume jewelry, books, music collectibles, and ephemera will also be available. 12/31 from 10 A.M. to 5, 1/1 from noon to 6. The Coliseum is at Columbus Circle, 59th St. at Broadway. Admission is $10; call 201-384-0010 for further information.

Exhibitions

"Claire McCardell Redefining Modernism"—If you've never heard of the late Ms. McCardell, see below. If you take history but not fashion seriously, consider the fact she helped change perceptions about women and therefore could be considered part of both. The exhibition is on through 1/12 at Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St., near Fifth Ave. Call 229-8987 for further information.

"Judith Leiber: The Artful Handbag"—Soon after the outbreak of the Second World War, Ms. Leiber decided to immigrate to the U.S. (she met her husband, an American G.I., when he was stationed in her native Hungary). Before she left, she was determined to have a skill. She learned how to make handbags at a Budapest factory; at the same place, she says, she had instilled in her high standards of workmanship and scrupulous attention to detail. In 1963, Ms. Leiber and her husband started their own business out of a small Manhattan loft. Since then she has designed more than 3,000 exquisite bags, and today she presides over 200 employees and four floors of an office building. Pat Buckley, Anne Bass, Nancy Reagan, and Barbara Bush are among the women who have carried her creations. See at least 300 of her handbags for day and evening at the Fashion Institute of Technology's Leiber retrospective. They're on display through 2/4. Hours are Tuesday through Friday, noon to 8; Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5. Admission is free. Call 760-7642 for further information.

"Madness in America"—Put in an artistic context and kept from a precise definition, madness seems to the unafflicted almost auspicious: Anne Sexton told her husband that she suddenly didn't know how to bake a potato, but she suddenly *could* turn out poetry that impressed the Pulitzer committee. Theodore Dreiser, pronounced a "neurasthenic" and prescribed drugs after a nervous breakdown, went on to write *An American Tragedy.* Robert Schumann's biographer called the composer "one of those hallucinated spirits, ripe for an early death." This interdisciplinary traveling exhibition (subtitled "Cultural and Medical Perceptions of Mental Illness Before 1914") stops at the New York Academy of Sciences and the New York Academy of Medicine through December 30, and it focuses on the medical and social issues of madness as well as the artistic aspects. The exhibition is organized around a central question: "Assuming that views of insanity are linked with views of both sanity and humanity in general, what do the concepts and treatment of madness during this formative period in American history reveal about the nature of American society?" The Academy of Sciences (2 E. 63rd St.) presents most of the fine arts, the Academy of Medicine (1216 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St.), most of the medical material. Both are open daily from 9 to 5. Call 838-0230 for further information.

Sports

Basketball

On 1/4 at 7:30 in Madison Square Garden, the lovable John Starks—who may or may not be back on track—leads the Knicks against Dominique Wilkins and the Atlanta Hawks, who have been tearing up the track of late.

Retrospective *Really* Ready to Wear

When designer Claire McCardell died in 1958, the New York *Times* carried the news on the front page, just beneath the details of Mike Todd's plane crash and Eisenhower's public-works plan. She was, the paper reported, "a shy woman, and the honors that were heaped on her during her lifetime always came as a surprise." All those awards—the Coty, the Neiman-Marcus, the Women's National Press Club—recognized clothes that were clean-lined, highly practical, free of all couture influence. Most women are deeply familiar with the dictum that just such plainness, if it is elegant enough, is the highest form of style. ("Nothing looks as well as a navy-blue sweater and gray flannel pants," fashion editor Polly Mellon once told Scavullo. "Nothing. I mean, *Boom!*—perfect.") McCardell is held responsible for the look almost every woman professes to admire.

But a visit to Claire McCardell Redefining Modernism at Parsons School of Design reveals that timid austerity was not the designer's game, and perhaps too much has been made of her timelessness. *Bias-cut shirtwaist dresses in smart plaids* (below) look considerably less smart today. The denim "popover" dress now appears dowdy. And yet none of this diminishes McCardell's pioneering achievement: She took women seriously enough to give them an affordable wardrobe that functioned as well as any man's did. "I do not like glitter," she said. "I like comfort in the rain, in the sun; comfort for active sports, comfort for sitting still and looking pretty." McCardell's women did look pretty, but what impresses us today is that prettiness was an afterthought. (Through January 12.)

LINDA HALL

Photograph by Karen Zebulon.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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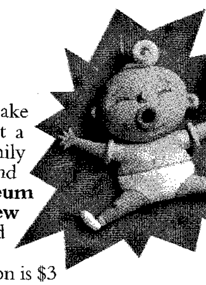
Kids

First Night, Circus

Children's Events

Happy New Year—The Fourth Annual citywide First Night celebration is more family-oriented than usual this year since December 31 falls on a Saturday. In **Bryant Park,** a chance to make a First Night banner for Grand Central Terminal with staff from the Children's Museum of the Arts; or take in a magic act, ride a pony, or pet a friendly llama—all from 11 to 4 in the park at 40th St. and Sixth Ave. Family skating is at the **Sky Rink** from 2 to 6. 450 W. 33rd St. (695-6555). See a magician at 2 and a clown at 2:45 at **The New York Public Library**, followed by modern dance choreographed by Tim Hadel and Paul Taylor for children, at 3:15 and 4:30 respectively. The library is at 42nd St. and Fifth Ave. Paulsen's Puppets appear at the **Grand Central Terminal**'s Vanderbilt Avenue Taxi Stand from noon to 4, and in the Terminal Waiting Room from 1 to 3. The terminal is at 42nd St. between Park and Lexington Aves. December 31. Admission to all events is by First Night button, sold at locations including The New York Public Library, Grand Central Terminal, Bryant Park and by mail. Buttons entitle wearers to discounted or free admission at a long list of places around town including the Empire State Building (free on Dec. 31), the Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation (free Dec. 26 to 31) and the Children's Museum of Manhattan (two for the price of one Dec. 29 through 31. For further information about First Night call 922-9393. Purchased after Christmas, First Night buttons are $7 for children; $20 for adults.●

One-Ring It In—A special New Year's performance of the Big Apple Circus—one of their last in New York—is followed by champagne and party favors for everyone in the ring, and a chance to dance with your favorite performers. Dec. 31, 9:30. Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (307-4100). Tickets are $35 to $125.●



Ruckus Manhattan—Make noisemakers and hats at a pre-New Year's family workshop. Dec. 28 and 29, 11 to 1. **The Museum of the City of New York**, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672 ext. 206). Suggested admission is $3 for children; $5 for adults; $8 for families.●

"A Christmas Carol"—Dickens's Christmas story, staged in the enormous **Paramount Theater** at Madison Square Garden. Broadway talent is out in full force with direction by Mike Ockrent, and a score is by Alan Menken. Through Jan. 1. For schedule, call the box office at 465-6744. Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Tickets are $19 to $48.●

Doll and Teddy Bear Party—Bring a favorite doll or teddy bear to join a children's party around the twelve-foot Christmas tree in the Courtroom of the Third County Courthouse. Dec. 29 from 1 to 2:30. **Historic Richmond Town**, 441 Clarke Ave., Staten Island (351-1611). $2.50 children, $4 adults. By paid reservation only.●

"Bash the Trash"—John Bertles's orchestra plays an original composition on found objects and then encourages children to join in the mayhem. Bring the noise home by making an instrument to go. For ages 7 and up. Dec. 28 at 11. New York Hall of Science, 47-01 111th St. Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). $12 for a child and adult; $5 for each additional person.●

Nutcracker Choices—Olympic gold on New York ice: Baiul, Boitano, and Petrenko skate the **"Nutcracker on Ice"** at the Nassau Coliseum, in Uniondale, New York, Dec. 28 at 7:30. information: 516-794-9300; tickets: 516-888-9000. $20.50 to $27.50. George Balanchine's *The Nutcracker* is at the New York State Theater through Dec. 31 (870-5570). Tickets are $20 to $67.●

Kids' Kwanza—Drummer Kimati Dinizulu tells children about the Kwanza tradition and leads a drumming workshop. African dance instruction to live music follows; then feast on exotic African American cuisine. For ages 3 to 12. Reserve for a table. Dec. 28 and 29 at 6 (doors open, and dinner can be served at 5.) **SOB**'s 204 Varick St. corner of Houston (243-4940). $5 for children; $10 for adults.●

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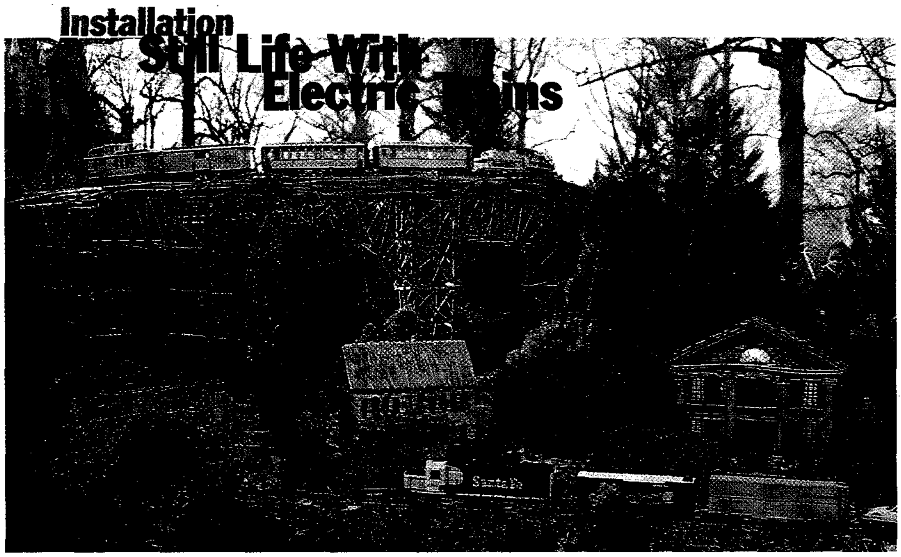

Toy trains chug their way through a fantastic twig landscape at the New York Botanical Garden—with dreamily rendered New York landmarks: the Brooklyn Bridge, festooned with spruce branches; Grand Central Terminal, fashioned from honeysuckle and oak bark. Through January 2, from 10 to 4 (closed on New Year's Day). Southern Boulevard and 200th Street in the Bronx (718-817-8700). Grounds admission is free for children under 6, $1 for children ages 6 to 16, and $3 for adults.

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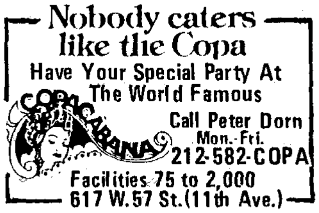

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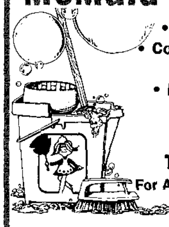

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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $34.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $30.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 3 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX) call 212-779-7500 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Initial Public Offering—Pretty, witty, lean, leggy (5'7"), smart and spunky Jewish female professional, 37, with a passion for travel, weekend frolics, the arts, lively conversation and lazy Sundays - seeks fun, adventure and long-term happiness with an accomplished, communicative, good-hearted and good-looking male best friend/lover, 33-40s, with a head on his shoulders and romance in his heart, who can find humor in any situation (including this one). Handwritten note/photo please. 4493 ✉

Intelligent, Educated Asian-American—Born in the USA, desired by unpretentious, intelligent, educated white male, 36. 4379 ✉

For A Good Time, Write—This 32, Jewish professional Manhattan woman. I love pop music, PG Wodehouse, old musicals and Doris Day/Rock Hudson flicks. I'm also afflicted with an addiction to travel. I'm looking for someone to laugh with and at, so a sense of humor is a must. So, if you're 28-38, and wouldn't crack a mirror, drop me a line. 4507 ✉

My Friend Is A True Gentleman—Shy with women, wealthy, mature, sensitive, handsome, with all the fun stuff: homes, travel, horses, art, support, etc. Seeking an attractive lady of good heart and character, age 28-39, who also is seeking the quest for feathered happiness. Please send photo (will return) and your telephone number. 4610 ✉

Seeking My Soul Mate—Attractive, successful, single Jewish man - warm, sentimental, introspective, affectionate and very bright, would love to meet a truly intellectual, cultured woman for marriage of the heart and mind. Literary or academic passions would I admire; a kind and generous spirit would I love. Photo appreciated. 4508 ✉ ☎

Enjoy Jazz, Supper Clubs, Rangers?—33-year-old, gorgeous, kind, divorced Catholic mom juggles it all easily with grace and humor on the upper East Side. I'm tired of the NY dating jungle, and would like a non-pressured introduction to a gentleman who can laugh easily. Note/photo/phone. 4504 ✉

Wayward Woman—Seeks partner-in-crime for lifelong adventure. Unconventional, slim, sexy, mid 30s, successful NYC financial professional. Into Springsteen, Sinatra, sun and watersports. Desires man with intelligence, passion, warmth and values. Mugshot. 4489 ✉

Handsome International—Businessman, looking for that special young lady, 21-28, to share candlelight dinners, long walks on the beach, travel to faraway places, intimate conversations in romantic settings. I am 5'8", college educated, health-conscious, easygoing. You are very pretty, sexy, stylish, college educated, slender, with a good sense of humor. Photo a must. 4595 ✉

Orthodox Paradox—Tall, good-looking, elegant, very successful professional, "nice guy", 42, shomer shabbat/kosher, sometimes sophisticated/sometimes playful, communicative, self-aware and more than slightly irreverent, complex to the point of absurdity but usually charming... Seeks fabulous female counterpart for spectacularly magical romance. Note/photo, please. 4558 ✉

Exceptional At 25!—Mature, handsome, intelligent, socially rounded, well-dressed young man, 5'10", Jewish. Multiple interests - gourmet dining, all sports, travel, books. Loves animals, family-oriented. Busy building career. Now wants to make time for a quality young lady, 20-25, who is an asset in her looks, personality, intellect and has strong family values. Surprise me with a note and photo. Perhaps we can become Valentines in 1995. 4593 ✉

Dishy Damsel—Dreams of daring knight to rescue her from tall tower where she sings of love. He: successful, intelligent and loyal. She: 43, 5'6", feminine, gorgeous, with a peaches-and-cream complexion, talented and loving. We: monogamous, music-loving and marriage-minded. 4484 ✉

Young Lawyer—26, seeks older, financially secure lady for dinner, dancing and friendship. Note/photo. 4514 ✉

Young 60-Year-Old Male MD—Seeks younger, beautiful woman. All options are open. I'm advanced, adventurous, amorous, ancient, athletic, etc., etc., just to start the A's. Photo/phone/note. 4473 ✉

Aussie - Blue Eyes, Banker—36, looks, smarts, sensitivity, integrity, warmth. Seeks nonsmoking professional female with similar attributes, who likes water sports, skiing, great restaurants...and desires to settle down. Note/photo/phone, please. 4533 ✉

Graceful African Beauty—32, educator, MSE, slim, stylish, seeks refined, sincere, accomplished professional man for a caring, committed relationship. 4601 ✉ ☎

A Rare Edition!—A compassionate, sensuous, Ivy MD/PhD/inventor with good looks and humor, cultured, 38, fit, tall, good shape, lots of fun. Seeks counterpart with special, caring woman under 36. Photo necessary. 4608 ✉

Brown-Eyed Beauty—Ivy professional female, world traveler - loves hiking, music, politics... Seeks intellectual male, 47-55, with sensitivity, sense of humor, yet can be serious - for friendship, maybe more. Send photo/note, please. 4552 ✉

Latin Beauty Desired—Preferably 35-45, by European, early 50s. Photo. 4495 ✉

Quality Man, 35—Attractive, caring, intelligent, seeks his match. 4536 ✉

Cultured, Athletic—39-year-old woman, nonsmoker - with wide range of interests, joie de vivre and one cat, seeks a smart, funny man who can pay his bills (I pay mine), and has time for opera, tennis, ballet, skiing, theater, scuba, travel, sailing, wine, reading, museums, loving life and loving me! Write to me. Photo appreciated. 4549 ✉

Ex-Sculptor/Artist—Single white male, 5'11", 180, honest, attractive, gentle, sensitive, perceptive, warmth of personality, solid values, passionate, compassionate, sense of humor - interested, interesting, raconteur, gourmand, traveled Jakharta to Johannesburg, never married, 40, physician. Seeking a perceptive, attractive, proportional woman, to mid 30s, with similar qualities. Phone and photo. 4540 ✉

Have I Seen You At Zabar's?—Upper West Side brunette, tall, slender, attractive professional - seeks unattached Manhattanite, 38 plus, over 5'8", nonsmoking male, to enjoy all NY has to offer. Please be fit, fun-loving and financially secure. Photo preferred. 4523 ✉

Tall, Dark, Beautiful And Jewish?—Exceptional Jewish guy, 30, 5'8", fit, good-looking, funny and successful, seeks an attractive, slim, intelligent, nonsmoking Jewish woman who I can kiss without bending over. Photo. 4607 ✉ ☎

Enchanting Brunette—Curly hair, warm brown eyes, loving heart, slim, feminine, active, bright, pretty, professional, young 50s - seeks caring, fun-loving, successful Jewish man for all seasons. 4520 ✉ ☎

Fun Lady Entrepreneur—Smart, happy, athletic nonsmoker seeks terrific (212) Jewish man, 48-56, with tuxedo and pizzazz, for New Year's Eve and thereafter. I sail, take photos, love music. 4526 ✉☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE

Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Are You Wonderful—Petite (under 5'2"), very attractive, humorous, sensual, creative, spontaneous, cultured, Jewish, nonsmoker, (212), emotionally stable, 30s-40s, and seeking your lifetime best friend/true love? Then meet your special beshert/soul mate by sending note/photo. 4602✉ ☎

Pretty, Jewish Female Professional—43, 115, vivacious, sense of humor, seeks counterpart. Photo/phone. 4506 ✉

Black Atlanta Beauty—20s, classy, intelligent, seeks wonderful gentleman for serious relationship. Note/photo. 4479✉ ☎

Handsome, Creative Professional Man—Psychoanalyst/writer, horse owner, top golfer, seeks attractive artist/dancer/writer in her 30s. Photo. 4579 ✉

Tired Of Riding Solo?—If you know one end of a horse from the other, are at least 5'10" and over 35, I am looking for a partner for hunter paces or polo - and life. I am a 5'9", mid 30s, blond and very attractive investment banker who wants to ride into the new year with a new partner. 4511 ✉

Pretty, Smart Blond—Law student, 34, divorced mom, Jewish, wholesome, charming, down-to-earth, accustomed to the best. Seeks: smart, successful, literate, attractive man, 45 and under. Must love kids and animals. Note/phone helpful. 4207 ✉

Gay Female—Pacific Rim, MBA/Olympic swimmer, 39, with artist streak (architect/cellist), seeks friend and companion. Photo a plus. 4505 ✉

Natural Foods Man—42, 5'7", seeks warm, down-to-earth female. I enjoy yoga, Tai Chi, cycling and WFUV. 4594 ✉

Blue Eyes, Youthful Looks—50 and full of Type-A enthusiasm, is looking for a thin, sensitive lady who loves the important things in life and is free to travel. Photo please. 4571 ✉ ☎

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Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

1995 - The Year Of My Dove—Is she you? This 36-year-old, athletic, cute, 5'9" Jewish attorney hopes so. Photo appreciated. 4482 ☒ ☎

Let's Warm The Winter Together—Genuinely handsome and muscular, 5'10" Jewish professional, 33, deep and sensitive yet spontaneous and silly; loves working out, talking and laughing. Seeks very pretty, warm, slender, single white female, 22-31, with similar qualities and interests. Please send photo. 4490 ☒ ☎

Nice-Guy Attorney (Oxymoron)—Tired of all work and no play. Wanting to make a go at relationship with special woman - rather than making just paperwork. You are slim, pretty, intelligent, with a sense of humor. I am Jewish, fit, 6'1", 37, and far from perfect. I just want to find that special female out there to please and make happy. 4064 ☒

CEO Of Well-Known Company—Succesful entrepreneur, well-traveled, youthful early 50s, 6', with many interests, seeks very attractive, affectionate, sensual, sophisticated Jewish woman, 33-43, 5'5" plus, intelligent, professional, to share loving relationship. Must be athletic, health conscious, enjoy skiing, biking, country weekends and adventure travel. Note, phone and photo please. 4576 ☒

Pretty, Sylphlike Professional—38, compassionate, infectious laugh, seeks meaningful relationship with nice guy, into travel, theater, concerts, candlelit dinners, good conversation, love of life. Photo optional. 4556 ☒

Be My Letter From Heaven—Self-evolved, exotic, Sephardic Jewish beauty, very spiritual, 5'3", 105 lbs, long dark hair/dark hazel eyes, late 30s, seeks younger/older, gentle, continental, foreign domestic, tall, dark/light, truly handsome, serious soul mate with passion, honesty, integrity, class and that special romantic sparkle in his soul. I miss you. You won't be disappointed. You'll be thrilled! Please write with photo. 4551 ☒

Female Seeks Female—Professional, sensitive and feminine, interested in same for meaningful relationship. Only someone special can appreciate softness and the importance of mutual respect. 4548 ☒

Turn-Of-The-Century Woman—33, in desperate need of a good conversation. I am seduced by words, not a swollen codpiece. Toulouse Lautrec would have iconized me. Ralph Lauren would throw me out of his office. I love politeness, swordfish, hot baths, Nabokov. Send picture and favorite recipe. 4544 ☒

Mildly Conservative Musician—Seeks bright, sexy woman, 30-50. Photo. 4575 ☒

His Brother Is Taken—I married him. But he's just as wonderful and he's available (but won't last). He is a Jewish male, 33, 5'7", attractive, successful, athletic, warm and generous, with a heart of gold. He enjoys fine dining, all sports, movies, theater and travel. He is seeking an attractive, Jewish, fit, outgoing female, 24-33, with similar interests and tastes, for committed relationship. Recent photo, please. 4603 ☒

Pretty, Petite, Professional—Jewish woman, 54, who loves classical music, seeks cultured man, 50-60. 4532 ☒

Marriage/Family-Minded Male—40s, seeks attractive female, 20s-30s. Photo. POB 1579, Huntington, NY 11743.

Woof! Woof!—Successful, NYC Jewish male, entrepreneur, 35, seeks sexy Jewish female, 22-35, to roam, play and make puppies with. Photo/note/phone. 4535 ☒

Jewish Male Golfer—Seeking soul mate. You are athletic yet elegant style, with a warm smile. You are Jewish female, 23-30, 5'3" or taller, with beautiful eyes. Me: 6'3", brown hair, blue eyes, 27, NYC, excellent golfer, super career. I play Saturday and Sunday mornings, and belong to wonderful, youthful club. You play golf as well or play tennis and don't mind this hobby. Note/photo. 4543 ☒

Make Me Laugh...—Single Jewish female, 32, who enjoys sports, travel, etc., seeks male with great sense of humor, who is sincere, serious, educated, easygoing, and feels one is never too old learn barre chords. Take a chance. 4553 ☒

LI Gay White Female—32, 5', 110, financially and emotionally secure, seeks gay white female, 30-45, for co-captain of my yacht. Must be feminine, classy, intelligent, professional and secure. Should like midnight cruises, theater and fine dining. No drugs/alcohol/disease. 4559 ☒

Jewish Female—Energetic, exciting, personal trainer, tall, dark and beautiful inside and out, needs an attractive, honest, athletic (doesn't have to be Jewish) male, 30-40. Send pictures. 4528 ☒

Funny, Sincere And Good-Looking—Jewish male, 36, artist/musician/performer, seeks unconventional, creative, petite female, 25-36, for honesty, laughter and spirited collaboration. 4577 ☒

Fun-Loving—Attractive, Jewish, 48, educated female seeks intelligent, kind male, 45-55, to share joys. 4590 ☒

Tall, Artistic Younger Man Sought—By slim, dark-haired, 40-plus woman, full of life - for expanding relationship. It works! 4557 ☒

Pretty, Age 26, Slim—Seeks man. Photo. 4562 ☒

Smart, Fun(ny), Warm—Offbeat, unslim, uncommonly sensual, LI Jewish female, 49ish, seeks soul mate. 4488 ☒ ☎

Nice Jewish Guy—42, 5'8", attorney, handsome, warm, easygoing, seeks slim Jewish gal, 5'3" plus, with sense of humor, for fun, romance, more. Photo. 4496 ☒

STRICTLY SPEAKING ...

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☎

Strictly Personals advertisers using the *free* phone line service get calls and letters in response to their paid personal ads.

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PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, NEW YORK, NY

It Happened Through New York Magazine's Strictly Personals...

Aroysgevorfen gelt

Although happily married for 36 years, my husband, Howard, and I share New York Magazine's Strictly Personals columns. We carefully scrutinize the ads like the high-risk rovers at Kennedy Airport whose job it is to spot people who might be carrying contraband. We dissect them and place the ads into one of two boxes:

"*Aroysgevorfen gelt*" - You threw out money on the ad. Your best chances of mating is to take up chess.

"*Nishtgedeiget*" - Don't worry; you'll get married.

Our eyes caught sight of this September 12, '94 ad:

Ferklempt But Stable–Divorced Jewish nonsmoker, 43, 20 miles north of NYC, pretty petite, bright, caring, down-to-earth professional. Seeks man of integrity and compassion to share life's *nachas* and *tzuris* and ultimately bagels and lox!

Nishtgedeiget

Although geographically undesirable (GU), we both enjoyed her use of Yiddishisms. She described herself as pretty (a *"haimish ponem"?*). She says she's bright (MENSA bright, or bright enough to know that in Yiddish there are no words for golf, but 273 different ways to complain about lower back pain? Is she intelligent enough to know that a *"Levite"* is not one who wears jeans religiously? Does she define *"tzuris"* as a Jewish wedding without a Viennese Table? Does this woman pronounce lox as *"Lahks"* and define bagels as "doughnuts with rigor mortis"? Is she down to earth enough to fax a Big Mac from McDonald's...or order a "Mayor Giuliani" sandwich (at the Stage Deli), and after it's served, switch to a Reuben?

If this New City lady answers "yes," have I got a son for her!

Sincerely,

Marjorie Wolfe
Syosset, NY

Sick Of Dating—41, petite brunette professional seeks 40s, fun, well-rounded guy. Interests in movies, NYC exploring, romance, beer, champagne and hanging out with northern NJ lady. Photo. 4545 ✉

Desperately Seeking Belafonte—(Or reasonable facsimile thereof!) A smart and classy, LI professional woman, with sultry good looks, impeccable character and selectivity, seeks her soul mate in a (very) handsome, successful professional man of color, 50 plus, for sharing the fancy and simple pleasures of life. Letter/photo exchanged. 4249 ✉

Tall, Dark And Truly Very Handsome—Jewish, 55. I'm a good listener, understanding, compassionate, emotionally supportive, honest, faithful, easygoing and very affectionate. Seek a kindhearted, good-natured wife who has everything except a loving husband and a truly best friend, who can also handle lots of affection and TLC. Photo/detailed letter. POB 340, B'klyn, NY 11229

A Proper Japanese Woman—5'4", slim, with class, down-to-earth and comfortable to be with. Likes golf, concerts. Seeks similar quality gentleman, 50 plus. Note/phone, please. 4519 ✉

Elegant, Sophisticated English Lady—26, 5'7", seeks NYC Jewish prince who should be dark and cuddly, for lasting friendship - to restore my faith in Mankind. 4569 ✉

Woman Of Natural Beauty—And warmth, 26, 5'7", seeks tall, sincere, compatible man under 35. Photo. 4478 ✉

Seeking Soul Mate—40, very attractive, sexy, funny brunette, 5'5", seeks passionate, sports-minded, 38-48, single white male to be best friend and lifetime partner. Note/phone/photo. 4609 ✉ ☎

Spectacular Man—30s, successful, handsome, very fit, Italian, northern NJ, seeks petite, attractive, marriage-minded female, 26-35. POB 314, Hamburg, NJ 07419.

Gay Man—Good athlete, good scholar - A-lists since Ivy days. Confident, social, wealthy, on some standards important. At 54, living quite well but undomesticated, hoping to share more. Be original thinker, high-caliber guy, any age. 4584 ✉

Elegant, Sensual, Well-Educated—Professional woman (leggy, long-haired brunette, 5'9", 49, with classic looks and down-to-earth spirit) seeks long-term lover, best friend and soul mate, who is dignified, successful, with sense of humor - and who likes to cuddle. 4599 ✉

I Have Been To—26 countries. Blond, sexy and 5'10", 27, Christian female seeks man, 25-35, for fun. Photo. 4527 ✉

Passion For Living—Svelte, pretty brunette, 39, seeks fun, love and romance with a handsome, dry-witted, wonderful man, 35-45. We are both high achievers, successful and honest, looking for the best life has to offer. Our enjoyments are country/city life, dancing, movies, adventure! Send photo for reply. 4605 ✉ ☎

Downtown Blond, Uptown Doctor—Quick-minded, standoffish, funny, early 40s, London-born; grammar counts. Seeks enthusiastic man under 50, with educated eye, patrician pride, prejudice of a cowboy. 4591 ✉

Fun-Loving—Down-to-earth Irish girl, 5'8", blue-eyed blond. Loves sailing, skiing and Coronas. Are you 35-45, fun/serious outdoors type? If yes, send photo. 4529 ✉

Funny, Ruggedly Handsome MD—Warm, passionate, 40-something. I love tennis, fine theater and movies, romantic dinners, the Knicks and spirituality. I'm seeking a vivacious, voluptuous female with twinkling eyes and a radiant smile, for an enchanting relationship. Note/photo. 4585 ✉

Petite Widow—Attractive, slim, blond, warm, 50ish, dedicated mental health professional - seeks thoughtful, nurturing man with whom to share my life and love. 4572 ✉

Unique Combination—Of passion and intellect. Attractive woman, divorced with two grown children - interested in movies, art, literature...elegant, with instincts of a beachcomber. Seeking man, 52-65. 4517✉

Sharp Inside And Out—Seeks attractive Jewish head-turner woman, 21-28, for good times and definitely romance - if we hit it off and get along. Me: Jewish, attractive, well-dressed man, 34, with boyish charm and looks. I can flip it in ripped jeans or the hottest sports jackets, suits, etc. I would say "dapper" is the word. You (only three requirements): must be Jewish, doesn't dress like she just got out of the mall, and must be fly-looking. If this describes you, and you're looking for someone like me, respond to this personal and I guarantee you'll be in for a pleasant surprise. NY area a plus. Note/photo a must. 4492✉ ☎

Do You Believe In Magic? Good!—So does this brunette, attractive, petite communicator/healer. Finally "arrived" in her career. She's seeking a kindred spirit, who loves life and its magical blend. He's warm, attractive, fit but not fanatic, 5'9" plus, over 45, and ready to share the journey. Photo preferred. 4524 ✉ ☎

You Have Nothing To Fear—But fear itself. Newly available, warm, open, Ivy, NYC Jewish female, alluring, trim good looks. Successfully balances top-notch corporate career with exciting stew of cultural/charitable/athletic activities and devoted friendships. New Year's wish: wonderful romantic friendship with extremely accomplished, fun, kind easygoing man, 50-60, 5'9" plus. Go for it! 4534 ✉

Looking For You—36-year-old attorney of Irish descent, tall, slim, muscular and allegedly handsome, seeks intelligent, slim, athletic female to share Upstate, NYC, family, friends, wild/quiet times, black lace, faded jeans, jazz/blues, spicy food, cold beer, private moments, simple pleasures. Note/photo. 4474 ✉

Handsome, Successful—Athletic Jewish exec, MBA/JD, late 30s, seeks bright, classy, sensitive NYC lady. 4604 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive Jewish Man—5'10", 35, Manhattanite and college professor, seeks attractive and intellectually oriented woman, 30-38, to share bookstores, Central Park and classical music. 4573 ✉

I've Searched The Galaxy—And still haven't found you. If you are a spirited, educated woman who walks a road less traveled, this 47-year-old man, enamored of stars and mountains, would love to hear from you. Should I try a parallel universe? 4481 ✉

Single Jewish Male—Early 40s, confident, attractive and intelligent, enjoys museums, dining out and exercising. Desires to meet a nonsmoking, single Jewish female with similar interests. 4563 ✉

Very Attractive, Educated Female—45, outgoing, seeks successful gent for friendship/quality time. (914). 4561 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Fit And Available—Christian professional, very successful, seeks model-type woman, 20-35, with multiple interests, for friendship and romance. Expect the best! Note/photo. 4578 ✉

Lovely Lady—36, 5'6", attractive, slim, fun-loving, Catholic, banker, who enjoys skiing, the ballet and volunteer work, seeks accomplished, Catholic, white man, 32-40, 5'10" plus and trim, with old-fashioned manners and a twinkle in his eye, for fun, companionship and romance. Note/phone. 4541 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking Gentleman—53, seeking a woman for best friend and permanent relationship. Enjoy theater, movies, travel. Nonsmoker. Photo a must. 4509 ✉

Attractive, 64-Year-Old Widow—Caring, good sense of humor, seeking traditional values, sincere, marriage-minded male, 65-70. Photo. Nonsmoker. 4589 ✉

Successful, Brooklyn Heights—Attorney, green eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs, 40, seeks attractive woman to wine, dine, send flowers to and romance. 4351 ✉

Attractive, 33-Year-Old—East Village MD who loves movies, books, skiing, good food and just about anything with the right person, seeks warm, sociable, educated man who's not allergic to cats or commitment, for a romantic relationship. Culinary skills a major plus. Please send letter with cooking sample (just kidding - photo, please). 4530 ✉

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Attorney, 63—Good-looking, trim, athletic, seeks an attractive and independent woman. POB 1775, NY, NY 10008

Beautiful, Bright And Bubbly—29-year-old, professional Jewish female seeks attractive, well-built, intelligent, upbeat professional male to share fun times, friendship and romance. Photo/note/phone. 4547 ✉

I Will Be Your Desire—Seeking a gentleman with confidence, not afraid of a strong, smart, sexy lady. Let's spoil each other! European or Midwestern background a plus. Phone/note to: POB 1100, Briarcliff Manor, NY 10510

Brunette Beauty With Brains—35, lean, leggy, athletic, deeply loves music, the outdoors, Jewish. Seeks a good man - good values, good-looking, good build, athletic, 34-40. Photo and letter please. 4531 ✉

Very Successful Jewish Male—31, seeking Jewish female, 25-30, for romantic drives, theater, good laughs, good times. If interested, please send a note. 4418 ✉

Just A Man—With faults, but with character and integrity. I love my dog, snow-boarding, sailing, rock climbing, motorcycling and the good life on the Gold Coast of LI. I'm 39, Jewish, 5'7", 135 lbs, green eyes and long hair. I seek a true friend, 25-35, fit for adventure, who enjoys contributing - whose life is more than a wish but less than a dream. Note and photo. 4486 ✉

Petite, Pretty, Passionate—Artistic, affectionate, 40ish, NJ Jewish woman - lover of home, honesty, humor and hugs. Seeks professional, romantic, health/nature/people-oriented soul mate with warm heart and desire to connect. P.S. I have a passion for beards, salt/pepper hair, navy blazers, country inns, flowers, chocolate, licorice and love. 4525 ✉

Very Pretty Lady—Slim, college-educated, Christian, affluent, nonsmoker - would like to meet gentleman, 50s-65, who is intelligent, reasonably fit and good-natured, for quality relationship. Note with phone number please. 4521 ✉

Cute, Successful Guy—34, Jewish, 6', slim, educated, never married, seeks attractive Jewish female, 24-35, for relationship. NY/NJ. Phone/photo. 4565✉

Could It Be—A curvaceous, blond, blue-eyed, early-40s, divorced Jewish female, extremely attractive, sensual professional is the one for you: a successful, attractive, special man whose heart leads the way? Photo/note a must. 4475 ✉ ☎

Cultured, Beautiful, Elegant—South FL lady looking for that special, tall, dynamic Renaissance man with integrity, for committed relationship, 60 plus. 4518 ✉

My New Year's Resolution:—Meet you! Adventurous single man, young 48, MBA, 6', likes jazz, travel. Seeks romantic, trim Christian lady, nonsmoker, for mate and family. Note/photo. 4566 ✉

Mensch Wanted—By young 53, pretty, fit, caring, fun lady. Relocate okay. 4468 ✉

Strictly Personals

Wasp Who's Blond And Pretty—Smart, warm and witty... Looking for more than a sometime date, desires a Wasp as a loving soul mate... If you're from 50 to 60, youthful, fit and tall, we can join hearts and minds and make life a ball. Phone and photo too, puh-leese. 4515 ✉

CT Widow—Attractive, youthful appearance, 60s, 5'6", secure. Interests include antique shows, art, cooking, travel, grandchildren. Would like to meet compatible Jewish man. 4510 ✉

Starting Over—After 30-year marriage. 50-year-old, attractive, slim, classy, well-educated lady seeks sincere, loving, outgoing man, financially stable, for a caring friendship and possible romance. Letter, phone and photo, please. 4542 ✉

Very Pretty, Divorced Female—Petite, in-shape, 43, with a young daughter, seeking a sincere man - healthy, with a sense of humor...and unafraid to take a chance in a relationship. Photo. 4500 ✉ ☎

Calling All Cars—This sweet, green-eyed, curvaceous cutie, 25, has a soft spot for a blue-collar man, 28-35, who is looking for a truly great relationship. Photo a definite plus. 4555 ✉

Caring Man—Late 30s, emotionally available and physically fit, successful health-care executive - enjoys gardening, dining out, racquetball, antiques and the beach. Seeks bright, kind, slim, attractive female, 25-40, to share a wonderful life, hopefully marriage and family. Note/photo/phone please. 4522 ✉ ☎

Red-Porsched, Blue-Eyed—55-year-old, masculine, slim, 6'3" surgeon seeks Westchester or Manhattan female for my lakeside home. Must be over 5'6", slim, 35-45, nonsmoker. I am seeking an aggressive, educated, talkative, intelligent woman who is an independent thinker but who knows how and when to relax - a woman who can carry her weight in life and looks naturally good without makeup. Photo/phone a must. 4499 ✉

Handsome, Athletic—Super-nice Jewish guy seeks pretty, unpretentious, quality woman to share laughs and more. Note/photo, please. 4583 ✉

Not Willing To Settle? Neither Am I!—Beautiful, trim redhead, 5'6", mid 20s, seeks handsome, successful man, 5'9" plus, 29-35, who loves all NY has to offer (theater, Soho, etc.). Note and photo a must! 4554 ✉

Recipe For Love—Take me: single, Jewish professional female, 30s, most attractive, blue-eyed, shapely, warm, terrific sense of humor. Add you: single, Jewish professional male, 35-45, integrity, good values, financially secure. Stir in kindness. Baste often with affection. I am here... Where are you? Note/photo. 4598 ✉

Spicy, Sassy, Slim—Professional woman, 40 (PR exec), who's been there/done that, looking for warm, successful professional man who wants to help write the next chapter. Travel fanatics will receive preferential treatment. Honesty and integrity are the buzz words. Serious responses only. Photo appreciated. 4497 ✉

Baby-Blue Eyes—To steal your gaze. Single Jewish male, 26, athletic, graduate student, loves to be social, meet new faces. Seeks slim, single female for good conversation, movies, romance. Note/photo/phone. 4587 ✉

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Too Good To Be True—See for yourself. Very attractive, divorced white female, 34, 5'3", brunette, fit and fun, with personality, seeks very attractive, financially secure gent with good sense of humor. 4494 ✉ ☎

New Job, New Shrink, New Year—Time for a new man. Fun, fit, funny, 40s female MD. Genuinely pretty, genuinely nice. Youthful appearance and outlook. Note/photo optional. 4546 ✉

Beautiful Bethesda/DC Woman—Sparkling, intelligent, fit, opera singer. Seeks extraordinary, unattached, cultured Jewish male, 5'10"-6', 55-65. 4597 ✉

Hopelessly Romantic—Extremely pretty, PhD-to-be, slim, fit, 5'5", Jewish, youthful 32, kind, loyal, seeks handsome, trim, sincere professional. Note/photo. 4503 ✉

Chinese Lady—Petite, warm, pretty, many interests. Seeks caring, sincere, nonsmoking professional and successful businessman, 50-60. Photo/note/phone. 4485 ✉

Queen Seeks King—Exceptional, exciting, mid-40s blond seeks Jewish king to share her life with. Letter. 4550 ✉ ☎

Ex-Russian—Jewish female, 40/5'4", seeks American Jewish man. 4560 ✉ ☎

Trim, Attractive Jewish Lady—40s, looking for a true friend to share my zest and energy for life - someone who is intelligent, with a sense of humor, and enjoys stimulating conversation, museums, theater and long walks in the woods. Note or phone. 4487 ✉ ☎

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Unsolved Mystery—Will the woman who I met in front of the Pottery Barn while Xmas shopping (7th Ave., 17th St.) last Sun. afternoon, 12/18, and asked about bolo ties, please call me?! 718-416-2320

Have You Been Keeping Your Pregnancy A Secret?...From your family or spouse, because you're afraid to tell them? Call our National Talk Show at 212-582-1722, ext. 24 or 212-265-1743

Marcie S. - Will You Marry Me?—Love, Eric G.

Are You Pregnant and Has Your Husband or Boyfriend Just Left You?... Our National Talk Show wants to hear from you! Call 212-582-1722, ext. 27.

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Are You The Woman I Met Oct. 1—At the Basically Bach Marathon? We talked up a storm. But I didn't get your name. You play the organ, run an office, have grown kids and dislike sex-neutral Lutheran liturgy. I'm a computer info service news editor, white beard, cut short. Please contact me. 4567 ✉ ☎

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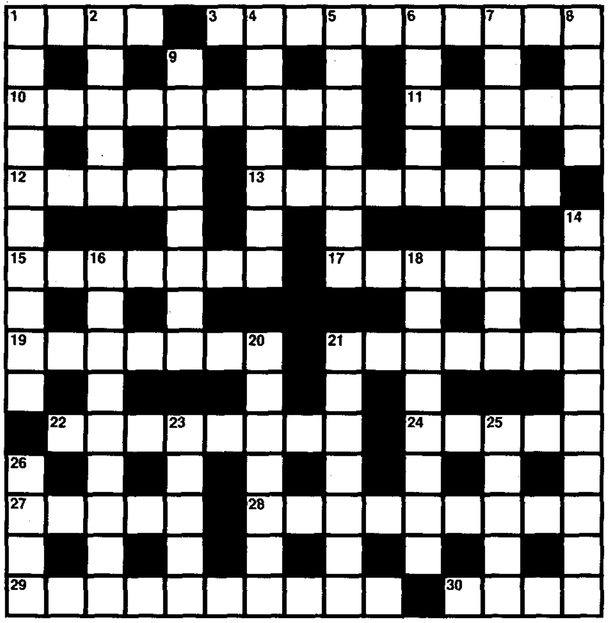
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Horse raced round ring. (4)
3 Insults about a vessel are illuminating. (10)
10 Times leader writer taken on honeymoon. (9)
11 Graduates, retreating, about to produce a weapon. (5)
12 Extravagant version of true love. (5)
13 Neither girl is going round to Hamlet's place. (8)
15 Cotton on a reel is tangled. (7)
17 Row over Aids treated with contempt. (7)
19 Played first card from a pack with ragged edges. (7)
21 Naughty novels, in English—the language! (7)
22 Perhaps I worried, gaining a stone. (8)
24 Aim the guns at the wagons. (5)
27 The foreign dog turned tail, with climber's request for assistance. (3, 2)
28 Brew cut-up leaf, providing this amount. (9)
29 Topics I lie about—to make a party point. (10)
30 Performance on piano outside the church. (4)



DOWN

1 Going back, order great changes. (10)
2 Rough description of a contest. (5)
4 Move before parking and go back. (7)
5 Bound in faith, say. (7)
6 Playwright admitted to some glib sentences. (5)
7 Breathe in and out to sleep. (9)
8 God turning up in this Egyptian town. (4)
9 Fifty-one escape in a particular way. (8)
14 Lock up a friend inside. (10)
16 Port is a spirit. (9)
18 A hair-style to save travelling time. (5, 3)
20 Is cited erroneously as a believer in God. (7)
21 Girl takes trees with acorns to be Australian ones. (7)
23 A little bird—it is after the seed. (5)
25 Dreadful when it's legal to be executed. (5)
26 Put skinhead over one's knees and spank. (4)

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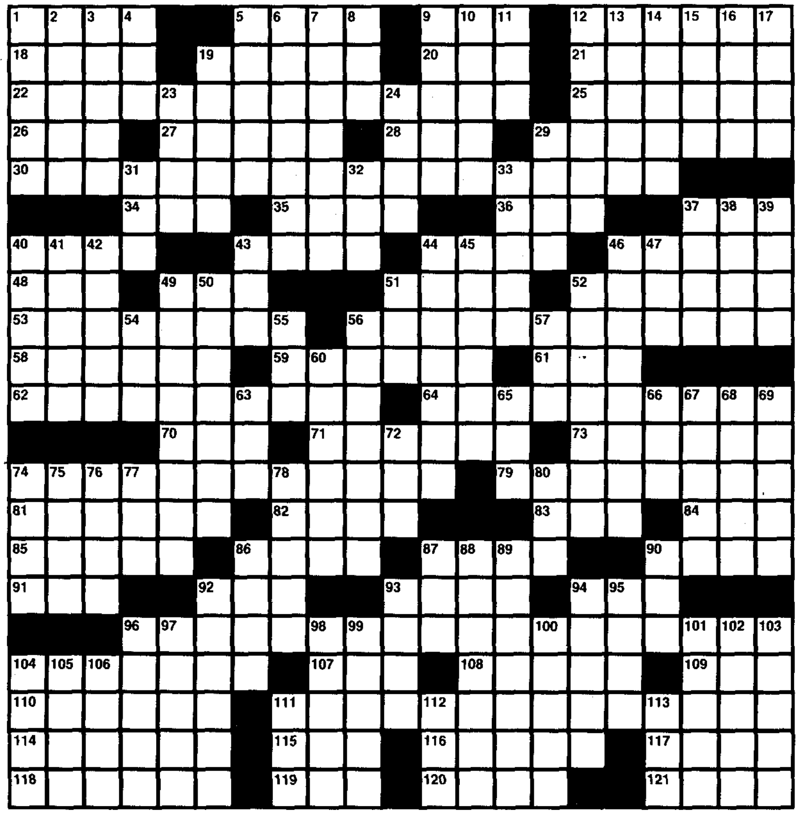
'My New Year's Resolutions': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 "Hamlet" has five
5 Shield border
9 Stallone's nickname
12 Witty reply
18 Immunity fluids
19 Valorous cockneys
20 Golf-bag item
21 Fifth or Park
22 RESOLUTION I: '72 film
25 Adjudged
26 Inventor Whitney
27 Treats for Fido
28 Choose, with "for"
29 Coiffeur colorists
30 RESOLUTION II: '41 film
34 Problem for a lisper
35 "Exodus" author
36 Tire mounting
37 Pea coat
40 "Up and ——!"
43 Dedicatory poems
44 Before sigmas
46 Edible cow innards
48 Dancer Charisse
49 Confederate Johnny
51 Earth sci.
52 Brings about an effect
53 Widespread illness
56 RESOLUTION III: '67 film
58 Prove to be wrong
59 Was attentive to
61 "Norma ——"
62 RESOLUTION IV: '30 film
64 RESOLUTION V: '51 film
70 Alphabet trio
71 Art of horsemanship
73 Shipman
74 RESOLUTION VI: '48 film
79 Candidate's hope
81 Rouse from sleep
82 Incensed
83 Floating zoo
84 Brief authorizations
85 Punchy
86 Saratoga springs
87 Aural
90 Attention-seeking whisper
91 "Right you ——!"
92 Do an imitation of
93 Castor, to Pollux
94 Fort Worth coll.
96 RESOLUTION VII: '83 film
104 Became less tense
107 Matterhorn, e.g.
108 Hold off about
109 Antelope who doesn't sound old
110 Dickensian musical
111 THE SNAG: '68 film
114 State with assurance
115 Yearling's age
116 Latvians
117 —— the kill
118 Certain believers
119 Cub Scout unit
120 Suburb of Paris
121 A snap

DOWN

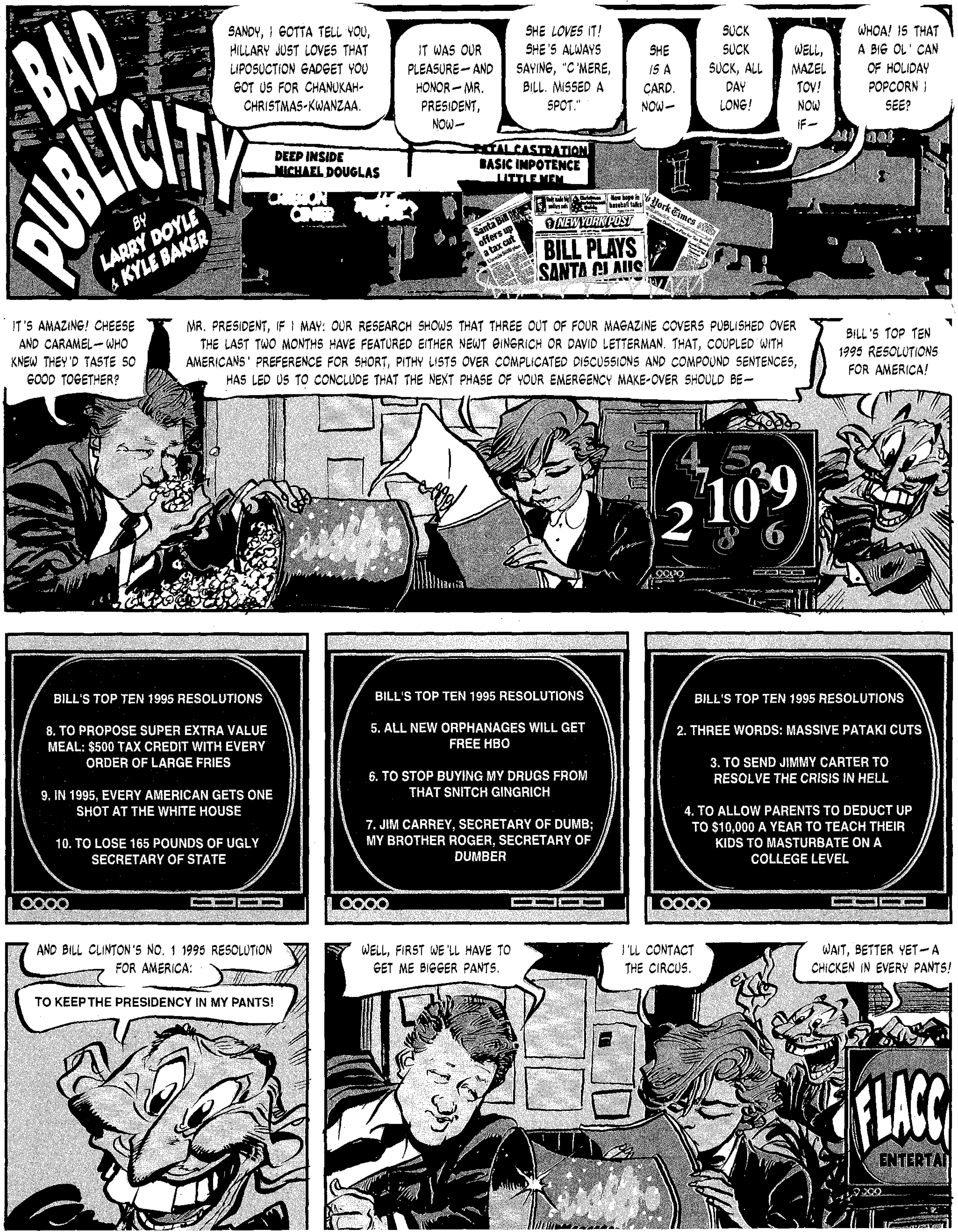
1 Colorado ski resort
2 Yo-Yo Ma's instrument
3 Characteristic
4 Recite
5 Chimp's cousin
6 Citizen Kane's dying word
7 Free time
8 "C' —— Magnifique"
9 Kin of strep
10 Philippine island
11 Toady's word
12 Curie's discovery
13 It could be blessed
14 Places for braces
15 "Don't Tread ——"
16 Regretful one
17 Koppel and Kennedy
19 Schoolboy's jackets
23 Sacred bird of Egypt
24 Oodles
29 Speaker of baseball
31 Line of fashion interest
32 "—— folly to be wise"
33 Fairy-tale gnome
37 City of Tuscany
38 Well-oiled gp.
39 Receptionist's post
40 Bitter
41 Melville adventure
42 Enlighten
43 Sapporo sash
44 Breaks a bridge rule
45 Exclamation over a frankfurter?
46 Give a refund for
47 Massage
49 Came again
50 "Self-Reliance" essayist
51 Resident of Olympus
52 Not as fine-grained
54 Couple
55 Ernesto Guevara
56 Disfigures
57 Gold, to Guillermo
60 Reformatory city of New York
63 Riv. boat
65 Service charge
66 Slow down, in music: abbr.
67 Sundry assortments
68 Weirdos
69 Director Lubitsch
72 One of the Beattys
74 Nothing, in Nogales
75 Man —— (famed racehorse)
76 Labyrinth
77 Adlai's opponent
78 Asp
80 Fond du ——, Wisconsin
86 Cannonballed
87 Have the deed to
88 Colors a fabric, in a way
89 Ventures capital
90 Slang for a boxer
92 Wards off
93 Secretary's flub
94 Aligns exactly
95 Vikki of songdom
96 Church midsections
97 Put forth energy
98 Rhone tributary
99 Veep Barkley
100 Containing nothing
101 Booster rocket
102 Pizarro's victims
103 Like a fruitcake
104 Way to Mandalay
105 Ultimatum word
106 Actress Virna ——
111 Blynken's buddy
112 Half of MCII
113 For shame!

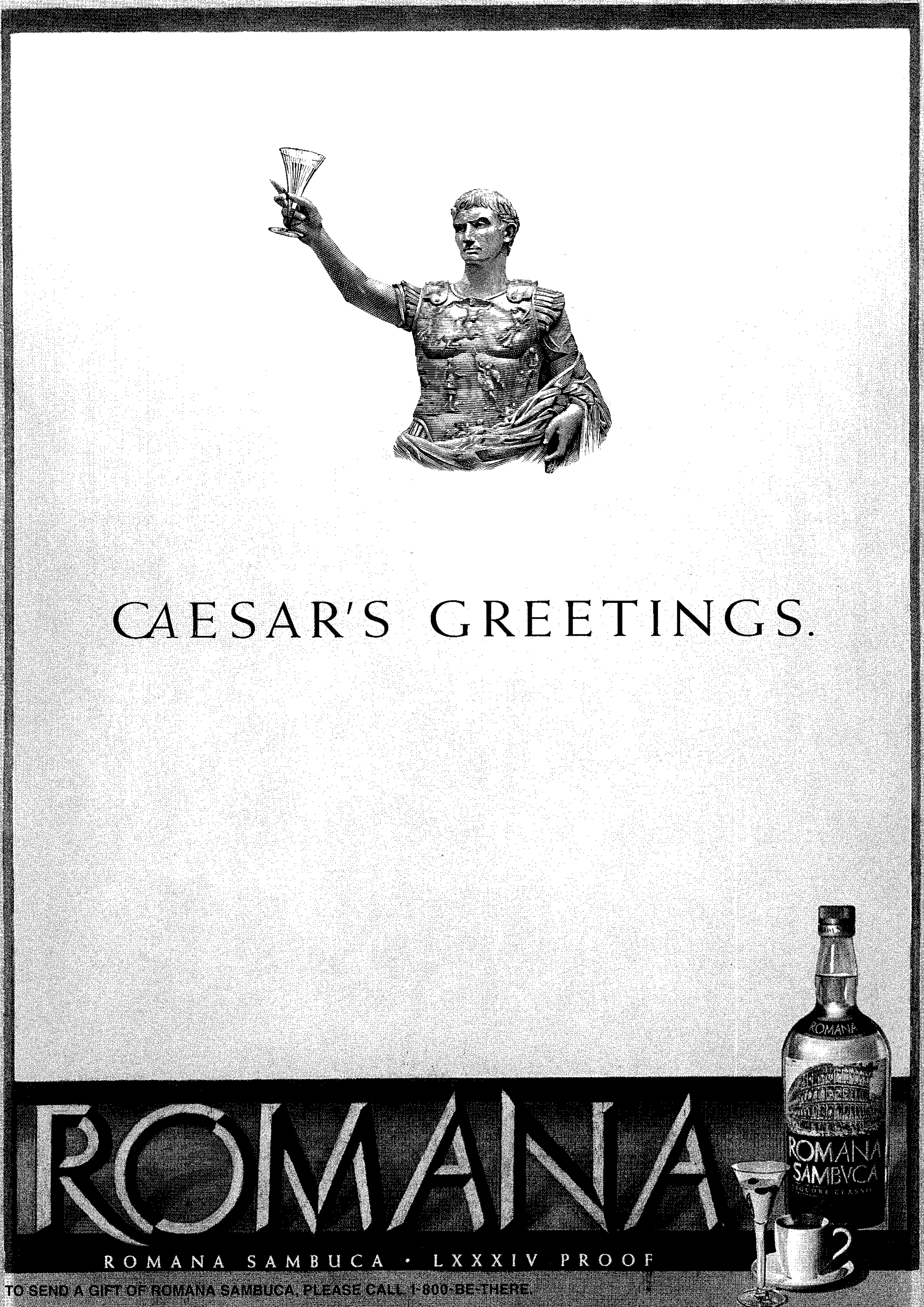


Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 108.

Meanwhile, in the bunker . . .

His tax-cut proposal failing to catch fire, Bill Clinton gets down to some real pandering.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
SANDY, I GOTTA TELL YOU, HILLARY JUST LOVES THAT LIPOSUCTION GADGET YOU GOT US FOR CHANUKAH-CHRISTMAS-KWANZAA.
IT WAS OUR PLEASURE—AND HONOR—MR. PRESIDENT, NOW—
SHE *LOVES* IT! SHE'S ALWAYS SAYING, "C'MERE, BILL. MISSED A SPOT."
SHE *IS* A CARD. NOW—
SUCK SUCK SUCK, ALL DAY LONG!
WELL, MAZEL TOV! NOW IF—
WHOA! IS THAT A BIG OL' CAN OF HOLIDAY POPCORN I SEE?
DEEP INSIDE MICHAEL DOUGLAS
TOTAL CASTRATION
BASIC IMPOTENCE
LITTLE MEN
Santa Bill offers up a tax cut
NEW YORK POST
BILL PLAYS SANTA CLAUS
The New York Times
IT'S AMAZING! CHEESE AND CARAMEL—WHO KNEW THEY'D TASTE SO GOOD TOGETHER?
MR. PRESIDENT, IF I MAY: OUR RESEARCH SHOWS THAT THREE OUT OF FOUR MAGAZINE COVERS PUBLISHED OVER THE LAST TWO MONTHS HAVE FEATURED EITHER NEWT GINGRICH OR DAVID LETTERMAN. THAT, COUPLED WITH AMERICANS' PREFERENCE FOR SHORT, PITHY LISTS OVER COMPLICATED DISCUSSIONS AND COMPOUND SENTENCES, HAS LED US TO CONCLUDE THAT THE NEXT PHASE OF YOUR EMERGENCY MAKE-OVER SHOULD BE—
BILL'S TOP TEN 1995 RESOLUTIONS FOR AMERICA!
4 5 3 10 9 2 8 6
BILL'S TOP TEN 1995 RESOLUTIONS
8. TO PROPOSE SUPER EXTRA VALUE MEAL: $500 TAX CREDIT WITH EVERY ORDER OF LARGE FRIES
9. IN 1995, EVERY AMERICAN GETS ONE SHOT AT THE WHITE HOUSE
10. TO LOSE 165 POUNDS OF UGLY SECRETARY OF STATE
BILL'S TOP TEN 1995 RESOLUTIONS
5. ALL NEW ORPHANAGES WILL GET FREE HBO
6. TO STOP BUYING MY DRUGS FROM THAT SNITCH GINGRICH
7. JIM CARREY, SECRETARY OF DUMB; MY BROTHER ROGER, SECRETARY OF DUMBER
BILL'S TOP TEN 1995 RESOLUTIONS
2. THREE WORDS: MASSIVE PATAKI CUTS
3. TO SEND JIMMY CARTER TO RESOLVE THE CRISIS IN HELL
4. TO ALLOW PARENTS TO DEDUCT UP TO $10,000 A YEAR TO TEACH THEIR KIDS TO MASTURBATE ON A COLLEGE LEVEL
AND BILL CLINTON'S NO. 1 1995 RESOLUTION FOR AMERICA:
TO KEEP THE PRESIDENCY IN MY PANTS!
WELL, FIRST WE'LL HAVE TO GET ME BIGGER PANTS.
I'LL CONTACT THE CIRCUS.
WAIT, BETTER YET—A CHICKEN IN EVERY PANTS!
FLACC
ENTERTAI



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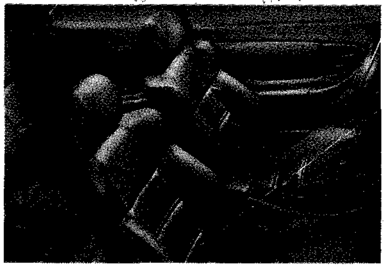

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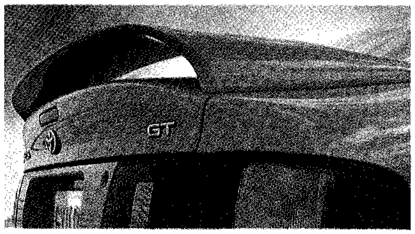

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